

DETROIT *is my*
OWN HOMETOWN

MALCOLM W. BINGAY

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DETROIT IS MY OWN HOME TOWN



IFFY THE DOPESTER

A painting of the old coot done by Artist Floyd Nixon, creator of the Iffy Tiger.

Detroit

Is My Own Home Town

BY

MALCOLM W. BINGAY



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This book IS DEDICATED TO JOHN S. KNIGHT,
A PUBLISHER WITH THE HEART OF A REPORTER
AND THE SOUL OF AN EDITOR, WHO THINKS A
TYPEWRITER MEANS MORE TO A NEWSPAPER
THAN AN ADDING MACHINE.

I WISH TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE COURTESY OF
The Saturday Evening Post IN GRANTING ME
PERMISSION TO MAKE USE OF MATERIAL IN
CHAPTERS 1 AND 2, ON THE EARLY AUTOMO-
BILE DAYS; AND IN CHAPTERS 12, 13 AND 14,
ON BASEBALL.

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DETROIT IS MY OWN HOME TOWN

INTRODUCTION

DETROIT was founded because an ancient King of France wore a beaver hat.

From that day, in 1610, when Louis XIII walked the streets of Paris proudly showing off his new chapeau, this area has been one of the storm centers of the world.

No other American city has a more ancient or a more glorious tradition or one more vibrant with drama.

Our history refutes the thoughtless observer who looks upon Detroit as a creation of this day, as a mere machine shop, as a boom town. Detroit was a city with a soul, an identity carved and shaped from a heroic heritage, long before the honk of the motor horn was heard on any hill.

French voyageurs came here at the dawn of the seventeenth century to wrest from this wilderness a great colonial empire for the kings of France. No new land is ever settled without an economic impulse to motivate the people who are to pioneer it.

D'Étroit (of the strait) was known to them as the home of the beaver, *Teuscha-Gronde*. The beaver skins grew in value as King Louis set the style. The rich of Europe insisted on having them. It was very much as it is today with the kings and queens of movie-land making popular certain styles.

The first great trading post of the French was at Mackinac. Here the Indians came from hundreds of miles away to trade their beaver skins for brandy—for every Indian headache, a noble's head-piece. The craze for the high hats spread to England.

From Fort Orange, now Albany, the English fur traders moved to the land of the beaver. The English were utilitarian. They traded the Indians molasses rum for their peltry. Made in the colonies, it was much cheaper than the imported brandy of the French. To the poor Indian it was all "firewater." He began deserting the French for the English. The French were alarmed over the fate of their dream of empire.

Cadillac, who had been commander at Mackinac, was ordered to find an ideal place for a fort on the Lower Lakes, to stem the tide of the English. He picked this site, a half century after others had touched its shores. Here, in 1701, he erected Fort Pontchartrain. Here—on June 5—Detroit was born and it has been on the map ever since as one of the significant cities of history.

Why Detroit?

That question has been asked throughout the world for years. Detroit has been the mecca of the great students of our times: economists, industrialists, sociologists, scientists, historians, philosophers. They have poured here from Europe, South America, the Orient, to learn from us and to find the answer to the riddle: Why Detroit?

The answer cannot be gleaned from any set of facts. To understand Detroit we must consider the intangible values that go to make up life itself.

The existence of all other American cities can easily be explained. Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia just had to be. The trade of the seas finds natural harbors. Chicago was inevitable. Chicago grew like a callus on a hand, from the mere friction of westward travel. So did Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo. But not Detroit.

Here was a city more ancient than all the rest, far up in a peninsula, away from the natural paths of trade. Yet through the long bloody years of warfare it was prized because of its then strategic value.

But the heart and soul of Detroit will not be found in the mere recitals of the endless wars that waged around her. Detroit was unique as a frontier city. Detroit had an established culture before it was ever incorporated as a city. While other pioneer communities were, of necessity, uncouth, illiterate, ruthless, the seed of better things was planted within this soil before the matrix of our being became solidified.

Three men gave Detroit its present unique personality in those formative years after the flags of France and Britain had been swept from our shores.

First, there was Father Gabriel Richard, heroic French priest, scholar and humanitarian. He it was who brought the first print-

ing press to the Northwest. He printed our first newspaper. He organized schools. After his Mass on Sunday morning he would gather the people of other faiths into the assembly hall and preach to them simple, inspiring, nondenominational sermons. He died a martyr's death in the streets of our city while nursing the stricken in the greatest of the cholera plagues that swept Detroit.

Second, there was an equally heroic figure, the Reverend John Montieth, Presbyterian. This rugged Calvinist worked shoulder to shoulder with his Roman brother in Christ. They brought to the Indians His Message and kept alive the divine spark among those of all faiths.

Third in Detroit's spiritual and cultural trinity was Judge Augustus Brevoort Woodward, for whom our main street is named. He was not a religionist. Far from it! He was a friend of Thomas Jefferson, an acquaintance of Ben Franklin, a follower of Voltaire and Rousseau. He was a world traveler, a cosmopolite, and a lover of the Greek and Latin classics to the point of eccentricity.

These three remarkable men worked together in this little clearing torn from a primeval forest. They organized debating societies, lectures, a library, schools. Finally they founded the University of Michigan—and were the entire faculty.

When the great fire completely destroyed Detroit in 1805, they were the ones who placed on the seal of our city that imperishable motto: *Speramus Meliora; Resurget Cineribus* (We hope for better days; It shall arise from its ashes).

And we have never ceased to hope, to struggle, to achieve. Blow after blow has been rained upon this city throughout its history and always it has arisen from its ashes—cleaner and finer and better because it has conquered adversity.

Detroit was born in battle. It has triumphed over Indian massacres, over cholera epidemics, over fires and many wars. It has stood the test of time.

The archives at Washington are filled with records from Federal examiners, who were sent here in the early days, saying that Michigan was uninhabitable. People were warned not to come here. Detroit was a marshland, under water. So they said then.

No railroad passed through Detroit. Any steam line that reached this city had to build side tracks to get here. Detroit was the his-

torical example of the Emersonian dictum on the merits of a superior mousetrap. Detroit did not have to be. Detroit *is*—despite every obstacle that has been thrown into its path.

A mighty timber industry opened in Michigan, the world's richest ore deposits were found in the upper ranges, the great salt deposits in and around Detroit poured forth their riches. The pioneer Detroiters, whose names mark so many of our streets, wrested from this soil their fortunes and their faith.

Detroit was known in those days as the loveliest city in America; it was world-famous as the City Beautiful. There was no river in all the world quite so fine. Great shade trees cooled our streets. There was a poise, a maturity, a dignity that set this community apart. We were known everywhere even then for our stoves, our chemicals and drugs, our iron and steel and shipyards. We had here an established wealth invested in the markets and industries of the world.

The automobile, the invention of which changed the tempo of the human race and revolutionized civilization, is a creation of Detroit, by Detroiters; conceived here, born here, financed here. The great pioneers who changed the world by their inventive genius were either of Detroit or of its environs. Olds, from Lansing and Tecumseh; Ford from Dearborn; the Dodges, from Niles—the list is endless. Only one of the early giants sprang from other than Michigan soil—the late Henry M. Leland. He came west to make his fortune, and landed in Chicago on the day of the Haymarket Riots. He saw police and citizens blown to pieces and he said, "This is no town for me." He took the next train to Detroit, fell in love with its quiet beauty, its solid substance and said, "Here is where I begin." His machine shop became the cradle of a great industry.

Word swept over America about a new strange thing that was happening in Detroit. A group of Detroiters were making wagons that could run without horses! American youth responded to the call of great adventure, just as our forebears hearkened to the whisperings of the sea and our sons today are responding to the call of the air.

Detroit became the rallying point of the finest mechanical brains

of the Republic: sturdy, self-reliant manhood. We need but mention the Fisher brothers, coming out of Ohio to win fame and fortune, as of the type.

This new inrush of youth and high courage found an established city. The sons of the pioneers—the Joys, the Algiers, the Newberrys, the McMillans—the endless host, blended with them. The money was here to establish the factories. Our banks financed these newcomers in their homes. They married into the older families; they became a part without ever blurring the outlines of the old Detroit.

They built not only automobiles but something else. They revolutionized industry by creating mass production because of the world-wide demand for Detroit's products.

Detroit did expand prodigiously. Overnight, farm lands yielded great crops of beautiful homes and wide paved streets. A boom town? Hardly! It was the flowering of a seed that had been planted centuries ago. Detroit was still a city with a vision and a hope of better things.

Because of this, great sewage and water systems were stretched out in anticipation of that growth. This foresight has had its reward. Detroit has stood year after year, according to United States Government statistics, as the healthiest community on the continent.

Our schools were not allowed to lag and Detroit is proclaimed today as possessor of the finest complete system of public-school education in America.

The world is filled with talk of new ideals of government and business. And the thoughtless, as they prate of such things, do not seem to realize that even these, like the motorcar, were born in Detroit.

The whole modern philosophy of higher wages and shorter hours was born in Detroit, born in high vision and sound common sense, on the solid ground of practicality and not emotionalism. Detroit has always led the world in high wages for its workmen.

For years Detroit has been the talk of the world. European writers on our civilization even coined the word "Detroitism," meaning the new industrial age. From all parts of the globe men

have come to our doors to gain knowledge and inspiration. Detroit has been hailed as Detroit the Dynamic; Detroit the Wonder City.

There came the crash of 1933!

How our rivals howled with glee! The balloon, they said, has burst. The boom was over! Detroit was no more! A deserted city! A mushroom had wilted! From all over the world correspondents rushed here once more—this time to be in on the death.

Detroit was stricken in the world economic upheaval that brought about the national bank crash—the beginning of the decade of depression that ended only with the World War. It might have been New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis—any other community. Fate decreed that it should be Detroit that was to go first.

Now, two more wars are ended. Detroit again stands forth as a city on a hill.

In the last hours of the European conflict, I stood on the ruins of the city of Munich as the guns still barked in the outskirts and heard Lieutenant General Jacob L. Devers, authority on mechanized warfare, pay tribute to my old home town.

“Never,” he said, “in the history of the world has any one group of men contributed so much to victory as that group of Detroit industrialists.

“They forgot all about their rivalries in business under that Automotive Council. They reminded me of a fighting football team. Never was there such unity of purpose. They not only gave us what we wanted, they frequently suggested things that we did not dream of ever having. Because they had the ‘know-how,’ the initiative and energy, we gave them the impossible things to do. They did them, and set the pattern.

“When our tanks were not working right—those early models—we told them. We offered to send in our engineers. They said no. ‘Send us the sergeants and the GI Joes who have to drive them; they will tell us what they are up against—that is all we need.’

“So it was with every demand we made upon them. I take my hat off to Detroit. There never has been such a team on earth.”

Now that team has been broken up.

These warring giants who were banded together to serve their country are slugging away at each other again in the most fiercely competitive business on earth.

Detroit would cease to be the "Dynamic City" if they ever did agree on anything except war. It is this very spirit of rivalry which has made possible the modern automobile with all its improvements and efficiency. The automobile is not a thing of limited production as a rich man's luxury, but is today throughout the world a poor man's necessity.

It is that sense of warring elements which gives the town its tempo so puzzling to visitors, that "something in the air." People here never die of monotony.

This fluidity of life, this refusal to "jell" or ever to grow old, helps to explain why everything that is right or wrong which happens to our nation seems to break here first. It is that very spirit which first conceived the idea of throwing away millions upon millions of dollars of machinery as obsolete to make way for better machinery and greater speed to meet competition.

This horror of obsolescence is the "Americanism" which permitted us to triumph in two great wars at one time. Other countries remained static in the sense that while they understood our standardization of parts—to a degree—they never did catch the imponderable elements of mass production in which there is nothing permanent but change.

This book is not a history. I am not a historian. I lack the patience to worry too much about the minute exactitudes. This is just "my book," the things I have seen and heard, the life and legends of my old home town.

Where it is necessary to be meticulously factual and accurate in details of vital statistics, over which professional historians gloat, I have made every effort to be faithful to their rigid code.

But all too often these worthy gentlemen, in their fidelity to detail and insistence on chronology, lose its spirit.

I have sought to offer you a glimpse of my Detroit through a series of profiles and anecdotes, the personalities, queer characters and heroic men who, through two and a half centuries, have given our town its tang.

This is our home: Detroit. Our beloved ones are buried in its soil. Our children sprang from it. We are soil of this soil. Our streets are touched with sacred memories and traditions. Our dreams of a finer life to come are a hallowed heritage. As was written on the seal of the city when we were in ashes: "We hope for better days."

BOOK ONE
PUTTING THE WORLD
ON WHEELS

*FROM THE PONTCHARTRAIN
BAR TO THE D. A. C.*

THE only place these men in the automobile industry have to meet is the Pontchartrain Hotel Bar. Let us organize a club to get them out of the saloons of Woodward Avenue."

The speaker was Henry B. Joy, president of the Packard Motor Car Company. The date was January 4, 1915, the scene a gathering of Detroit men.

The necessity of that club was apparent to everybody in those prewar years. Such incidents as this were quite common:

E. LeRoy Pelletier, pioneer auto-advertising man, stood by the swinging doors of the Pontchartrain bar one afternoon talking to William J. Chittenden, manager of the hotel. "Will," said Pelletier, "those are beautiful Persian rugs you've got on the floor. They should be taken up."

"Why?"

"So the floor can be painted with a big red circle to inclose all those tables. In the middle of the circle you should have printed: 'This is the center of the world's automobile industry.' It would be a swell ad for the place."

Chittenden shuddered. The Pontchartrain was not that kind of hotel. Yet the suggestion was typical of the times. Back then, when sports reporters were looking for stories from the leaders of the "auto game," they did not ask where these men were; they merely asked, "Which bar?"

But no one among us dreamed that Joy was speaking on behalf of men whose names were to take on household familiarity. No man could foresee that within thirty years they were to create a ten-billion-dollar industry—that they would put the world on wheels; that they would change the course of history.

Far be it from me to pretend that all the leaders of the industry were barroom habitués. They were not. Many were there because the bars were the only common ground where they could meet those they had to see. The three most significant pioneers of the business were staunch teetotalers and advocates of prohibition: Henry Ford, R. E. Olds and Henry M. Leland. And there were others. Well, maybe a few.

The Pontchartrain was the focal point and there revolved around its orbit many satellites. First there was the Normandie around the corner on Congress, just off Woodward. Then, of the Woodward Avenue row, was Louie Schneider's; then Ted Smith's Metropole—and, next door to that, the roaring "Ponch." Across the Campus Martius, up the street a block, was Charlie Churchill's. That was the last stop, the gentleman's place.

It was a careful copy of the famed Hoffman House bar of New York. Churchill's was the only place in the city where hors d'oeuvres were served. The then nascent gasoline aristocracy called them "appetizers" and cynically commented that Charlie served a free lunch fit only for canaries. The "Brunette Venus" was to them just a picture of a nude woman, which seemed then to be a standard bar fixture in every first-rate saloon. They neither knew nor cared that it was an art treasure worthy of any art institute.

When Joy made his plea for the new club, it was not that he himself needed one. This old aristocrat, member of one of Detroit's first families, belonged to all clubs that were sufficiently exclusive. He was being civic-minded both as a sportsman and a keen businessman. He was only one of many.

On April 17, 1915, the doors of the two-million dollar clubhouse were opened—the architectural triumph of the master craftsman, Albert Kahn. I can't tell you about the men who made the automobile industry without mentioning the Detroit Athletic Club and bringing you back to it often, for ever since that April day in 1915, it has been the grand lodge of the automobile business.

For a long time there were many innocents, especially those from out of town, who thought that the D. A. C. meant the Detroit Automobile Club, having no idea that the *A* meant Athletic. The vast gymnasium is still there with the running track and all the

paraphernalia necessary to the training of young manhood, but it is largely given over now to badminton, played by the ladies when they are allowed their few precious hours in the place. The dimmed *A* is kept alive only by handball, squash, swimming and bowling. It was not ever thus.

As the city was reborn under the impact of motorcar dynamics, so was the slumbering D. A. C. This club had been founded in 1887—the year Detroit won its first baseball world series—under the driving genius of Mike Murphy. Mike came from Yale and won later fame at the University of Pennsylvania, but his happiest years were as the trainer of Detroit athletes when the D. A. C. was pioneering in the organization of the Amateur Athletic Union.

It was Mike who trained John Owen, of the D. A. C.'s track team, as a 100-yard-dash man, so that he set a new world's record in 1882—the first being to go the distance in $9\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. On that team also was Harry Jewett, world champion in the 220-yard dash, who also set a new record for going down the cinders in $21\frac{4}{5}$ seconds in 1892. Theodore Luce was champion pole vaulter and Fred Ducharme was world champion in the hurdles, the broad jump, and, on top of that, was the all-events champion—the Jim Thorpe of his time. In 1889 the D. A. C. baseball team won the National A. A. U. championship. That was in the days when amateur baseball meant as much as amateur football does today—if you can find any.

Those athletes were the sons of our best families, when quiet old Detroit was known everywhere by its twin slogans, "Detroit, the City Beautiful," and "Detroit, the city where life is worth living." The old D. A. C. and its athletic field took in a whole city block far out Woodward Avenue, then one of the finest residential districts of our pleasant, overgrown village. The Spanish-American War came and half the membership joined up to serve as the crew of the *Yosemite*, later a training ship for the Michigan Naval Reserve. When they returned from what little war they saw, they had lost interest in athletics. They dropped out, and only the valiant few remained, headed by John Kelsey. They met the annual deficits and dreamed of a day to come.

Then into this city of culture there came from field and farm young men of dynamic purpose who metaphorically pounded at the doors of the aristocratic old Detroit Club for entrance. It was

not that the members did not want the creators of the new El Dorado in their midst—it was that, even if the newcomers were welcome, there was no room for them. Anyway, a gentleman's club is a gentleman's club and, by gad, sir, a gentleman cannot have his siesta disturbed by a lot of powerfully fisted men who clank when they walk and who roar when they whisper.

Fortunately for the success of our municipal metamorphosis, there occurred, just at that time, a lot of first-class funerals. The younger generation took the reins. These sons of the older Detroit, among the famous D. A. C. athletes, possessed the imagination of youth. With vision and courage, they met the giants who were coming up through the crust from the blast furnaces and the workbenches. They blended in a common purpose and out of this amalgam came the new Detroit.

These new leaders saw the possibilities of the motorcar. They stood ready not only to finance the adventure but to play an active part in it. And one of the most vital things they did, as a civic responsibility, was to create the downtown D. A. C.

Of the eighteen men, carefully selected for the first board of directors of the D. A. C., fourteen were members of the Detroit Club, and ten of them—all of the old order—were actively engaged in the automobile business. The membership committee's job was to pick the real leaders and to reject the sharpshooters.

With that line of demarcation roughly established there slowly evolved a new social setup in Detroit. In those days a membership in the D. A. C. was almost as important as a rating in Dun & Bradstreet.

The local banks willingly took the first-mortgage bonds for \$1,500,000, but an additional \$600,000 was needed to furnish the club. A dinner meeting was called in December to raise that sum. The date of it came on the "Black Friday" of the 1913 panic. That did not disturb these men. The issue was subscribed before the dinner was over. Chicken feed!

Some years later all these second-mortgage bonds were retired and the club put on a bond-burning celebration, with Abner Larned tossing them into the flames of the open fireplace in the lobby. Robert C. Benchley was brought on as the speaker of the evening and as the last piece of paper went up in smoke, Bob announced that

it was the only time he could recall that "a sucker ever got his money back."

As John Kelsey used to say in those lush days when millions were made overnight: "It's just as easy to write a check for thirty thousand dollars as it is for thirty. The only difference is a lot of goose eggs."

Kelsey was another man for whom money meant little. He was the one who kept the old Woodward Avenue D. A. C. alive for years by paying the deficits, which often ran as high as \$15,000 a year. He was chairman of the building committee for the new club. His charities were as magnificent as his manner was wretched. Ty Cobb, his greatest hero, he always called "Cy Tobb"; and he delighted in telling of his sadness, while in Europe, watching the poor "pheasants" working in the fields. This gentle Mr. Malaprop loved to hear them sing the French national anthem, which he called "The Mayonnaise." But he needed no professor of economics to explain to him the intricacies of a business deal.

He organized the Kelsey Wheel Company for \$1,000,000 and in eight years business had expanded so that the corporation was recapitalized for \$13,000,000. Everything he touched turned to gold. But he was always the simple "Kelse," whose pocketbook was open to his friends.

In one deal, the details of which are not important, Kelse went to New York for a conference with two partners in the Kuhn, Loeb banking house. John C. Lodge, former mayor of Detroit, was with him at the Waldorf. Mr. Lodge is a gentleman of the old school. So he was a bit shocked to see Kelse pull off his undershirt, and to hear him announce he was going to wash it.

"Why, John!" protested Lodge. "If you must have it cleaned, send it down to the hotel laundry."

"I will not," said Kelse. "All my life I have never asked anybody to do anything for me that I could do myself."

He went into the bathroom, filled the tub and was washing away when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" yelled Kelse. The door opened. There stood the two Kuhn, Loeb officials, accompanied by a Detroit attorney, Leo M. Butzel.

"Where are you, John?" called Butzel.

"Here in the bathroom," called back Kelse. "Come on in. I'm washing my undershirt."

They followed instructions and found him naked to the waist, scrubbing away as though it was a common occurrence for all multimillionaires to wash their own undershirts as a morning chore.

"Here's the check," one of the visitors said.

John took it between his soapy fingers, placed it on the shelf and went on talking business without ever missing a rub. The check was for \$2,000,000.

When the driving of cars by women became general, they had to discard their long petticoats and longer skirts, so that their feet could work the pedals. Logically, there came the vogue of the ankle-length dress. Who was responsible for this transition? The man who invented the self-starter—tall, gaunt, sardonic, voluble Charles F. Kettering, wizard of the General Motors Research Laboratories. "Boss Ket" started with the National Cash Register Company at Dayton. Joseph E. Fields, later master salesman of the Chrysler Company, was then with "the National." He took a deep interest in the young engineer and told him that the cash register would never be a mass sale success until they could invent something that would eliminate the long heavy arm that had to be pulled down to open the drawer. Ket conceived the idea of a little electric motor that went into action at the touch of a key—and the job was done.

That was when the idea of the starter was born.

He came to Detroit and sought out Henry M. Leland, then president of Cadillac. Leland agreed that the motorcar should have some contraption to turn over the motor. Young Ket applied the same principle he had evolved for the cash register; and, while he was at it, also developed the ignition-and-lighting system.

There was no place around Dayton or Detroit to try out his experiment, so he drove to Indianapolis and sought out Carl Fisher who had just built his great speedway. Fisher had made his fortune by manufacturing auto lights which burned acetylene gas. Ket asked for permission to run his jalopy on the track to try "an ex-

periment." Fisher wrote a permit. Later that day his superintendent came into his office.

"Who is that fellow you let use the track?" he demanded.

"Oh, some nut from Dayton who thinks he's got something. I didn't like to discourage him."

"Well," said the superintendent, "that nut is using your speedway to put you out of the lamp business."

No prophecy was ever more accurate.

Out of Ohio also came the seven Fisher brothers—one at a time, however—from the little town of Norwalk. Their father, a craftsman of the old school, ran the village wagon shop. He taught them all to be master mechanics and workers in wood.

As the youngsters grew up they went forth to take jobs in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago and other towns where their craftsmanship could bring them higher pay. Then there came to them stories of the strange new adventure in Detroit, where men were making carriages that ran without horses.

Fred and Charlie came up first. Mechanical skill was so rare that they stood apart as master workmen. It was but natural that they should get work in a body-building factory.

Charlie Fisher wanted to get married. To do so he felt that he ought to be given a five-dollar raise. Wilson, the owner of the plant, said no. Twenty-five was enough. "All right," said Charlie, "I'll quit and go back to Norwalk and work with my father. I'm going to get married."

"If you quit, I'll go, too," announced Fred. This disturbed Hugh Chalmers, president of the Chalmers-Detroit. These two young men were the only ones who seemed to know how an auto body ought to be made. Fred and Charlie approached him on the proposition that they go into business for themselves. Chalmers agreed to get them financed in a small way at the bank. And thus the Fisher Body Company was born.

Walter Flanders, roistering head of E. M. F. Company, conceived the idea of a four-door car. This had been one of the big problems—how to get people into the back seat. Models were offered the public with a door at the back.

Flanders went to the Fisher Brothers. They were not interested. They had all the orders they could handle. Besides, they were not sure that such a body would be practical.

But Flanders was a determined man. He insisted that they try out his idea. They finally consented, and turned out the first four-door body ever made. Flanders put it on a new model E. M. F. and rushed it to New York for the opening of the national show. It was the sensation of the year—orders began rolling in. There came a day, however, when, after Flanders had given a large order, Charlie Fisher called on him. Fisher said something along this line: "My brother Fred and I have been thinking this thing over. We want to talk over the matter of a price adjustment."

Now, Flanders could swear louder than any pirate that ever sailed the Spanish Main. And right there and then he reached a new high.

"Here I am," he roared, "just getting my head above water and you fellows start gouging me! Holding me up! I won't stand for it!"

Flanders raved on, with Fisher trying to get a word in. He finally succeeded.

"It is not our purpose to raise the price," he said. "What I'm trying to tell you is that we think we are charging too much. We are making too big a profit on this type of job and we want to lower the figure."

Flanders slumped in his chair.

"What's the gag?" he demanded. "I don't get you. Are you fellows crazy?"

"Not at all. We believe in a fair profit for our work. Any more than that we do not believe is right. Father always did business that way. We intend to do the same."

Flanders proclaimed this from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was the most amazing thing he had ever heard of. He was the best sales-promotion man, without salary and without portfolio, any business ever had. Incidentally, the Fisher brothers never had a sales manager. Never needed one.

When Charles T. Fisher was married to charming Sarah Kramer, of his home town of Norwalk, the young couple began house-

keeping in a modest North End apartment. Across the hall from them there moved in another young married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Walter O. Briggs. Briggs had been a switchman on the Michigan Central, had had advances to yard foreman of the C. H. Little Cement Company. Then he crossed the path of Barney Everitt, who represented the "E" in E. M. F. Company. Everitt had a small business at the time, a buggy and wagon, and—later—a body-painting shop. He wanted to get rid of his shop.

This he turned over to Briggs, then known for only two things: his enthusiasm for baseball and his handsome profile. From this start grew the great body-making industry known as the Briggs Manufacturing Company.

Neither Charles Fisher nor Walter Briggs had any idea of the parallel paths that stretched before them. Their wives were active in church work. They did their shopping together. In the evening the four would play cards. Neither man, to this day, has ever discussed their rival businesses.

As the children came, the mothers helped each other. The families being inseparable, it was natural that romance budded. The marriage of the first-born in both families, Elizabeth Briggs and Charles T. Fisher, Jr., was one of the social events of the year. The palatial residence of Walter C. Briggs stands alongside the equally palatial residence of Charles T. Fisher. Some years ago Susan Briggs was married to Everall Fisher. And still the fathers have never mentioned business to each other.

At the Briggs baseball stadium the Fisher family box is next to that of Owner Briggs—and they do not even talk baseball! Here are at least two men in the world who know how to maintain family harmony.

One of the heroes of the old Pontchartrain days was the strikingly handsome Frenchman, Louis Chevrolet, hailed then as the greatest racing driver of them all, and the bitterest rival of "Daredevil" Barney Oldfield. He came to America to represent a French company in New York, and was soon drawn to Detroit. He turned out his first Chevrolet when weary of the speedways. Billy Durant

had been ousted from General Motors and he sold Chevrolet on the idea of using his small company as an opening wedge to get back into control of General Motors. In the historic battle that followed Chevrolet went down with Durant. When he died he was a salesman for the great company that bears his name.

Another Frenchman who was a frequent fellow traveler at the Pontchartrain was Albert Champion. As a waif on the streets of Paris, he picked up an existence doing odd jobs for bicycle racers. In his spare hours he practiced sprints. Then came a day when a famed rider was taken suddenly ill. The boy known only as "Albert" filled in.

The youngster set a new world mark. The hero-loving Parisian crowd shrieked "Le champion! Le champion!" That was good enough for Albert. He took the name.

"The people of Paris gave me my name," he would say, with the proper flourish. He came to Detroit to be remembered as a reckless bicycle and motorcycle rider. But he wasn't reckless in business. He organized the Champion Ignition Company, which was taken over by Little Billy Durant. Now two spark-plug companies honor his memory—the Champion and the A. C.

There should be a word about Charles A. Hughes. Charlie was a sports writer on the now-defunct Detroit *Tribune* when the industry was a "game." Later he went into advertising. Just then the drive to organize the D. A. C. was started. Charlie was appointed as organization secretary at a salary of \$5,000 a year. Two years later when the club opened its doors they gave Charlie a testimonial check for the good work he had done and bade him good-by. Charlie had other ideas.

"Let me be publisher of a club magazine," he said, "and I'll be your secretary without salary."

The answer was that he ought to have his head examined. They pointed out that no other club magazine in America had ever made any money.

Charlie said that was all right with him. With sad misgivings, for his sake, they let him go ahead.



The Detroit River and part of the city's sky line.



Courtesy of Grossman-Knowling

The Campus Martius when the automobile was a novelty.



Julius Rolshoven's "Brunette Venus" over the bar in the D.A.C.



THE DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB

During lush years "poor Charlie" netted as high as \$50,000 a year out of his magazine, the *D. A. C. News*. He didn't know anything about making motorcars nor much about finance, but he did know advertising. He is still secretary without salary and the *D. A. C. News* goes merrily along into its thirtieth year.

There are many others who fitted into the picture eventually. Detroit was beginning to jell as the fourth city of the United States—the aspects of the mining camps were fading away. Even the fourteen-story Pontchartrain was but a memory. Its passing was characteristic of the new Detroit. There were two major factors that brought about its departure as our best-known downtown institution—the opening of the *D. A. C.* and the coming of prohibition.

The old gang gathered on the last night. A banquet was held in the great ballroom which—by some alchemy of the night—seemed to stretch all the way down the winding marble stairs to the bar itself. The gray dawn of the day that was to usher in the reign of the rumrunners, the gangsters and the speak-easies, was contesting with the brilliance of the blazing chandeliers as the festivities drew to a close. Someone suggested that the proper way to top off the affair was to start a bonfire. This seemed to everybody—including the waiters and the rest of the help—the logical thing to do.

Chairs and tables were smashed up and piled in the center of the room. They danced around the fire until it was only smoldering ashes. In the dying embers of that farewell blaze there passed away old Detroit.

The *D. A. C.* was, by this time, settled in the quiet of its way, and was beginning to take on a tradition of its own, having housed such guests as Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Charles M. Schwab, Charles Evans Hughes, Lord Northcliffe, Marshal Foch, and Charles A. Lindbergh, to say nothing of the then Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor.

To say nothing? Well, a little. When the future king arrived for a two-day visit his equerry came on ahead to make sure that the accommodations were worthy. He found they were. He was asked if the Prince would wish a shower. This lord of the realm had an idea we were trying to pull some Indian-medicine-man stuff

on His Royal Highness and would bring about rain. His mind was finally eased on this.

"A spray!" he snorted in disgust. "No! His Royal Highness never sprays. He tubs."

So tub it was.

For some time, however, there was difficulty in getting the new club fellows adjusted to their new environs. Not that they were crude or lacking in character. The membership committee saw to that when they were selected. The trouble was they were too old-fashioned! They clung to the inhibitions of their small-town beginnings. These men of motors who had transformed the mores of millions could not orient themselves to the new life they had created.

For example, when the directors laid down their code of rigid rules, it was decreed that no woman would be allowed to smoke cigarettes. They had seen such goings-on in their trips to New York. They'd seen the opposite sex smoke Sweet Caporals and they allowed as how there'd be none of that "in this man's town." Came the First World War. Smoking became a part of social life for the ladies. When it was all over, over there, it was meekly suggested, in 1920, that the rule be rescinded.

No! The answer was emphatic. Four years passed. The wives of members, led by Mrs. Henry B. Joy, began a campaign of "education." No dice! Then one of those things that happen in the best-regulated families occurred.

A prominent member brought some guests to the club for dinner—New Yorkers, with wives and daughters. Dinner over, the ladies automatically reached for cigarettes and sent soaring the first feminine smoke ever to befoul the air of our clubhouse. The headwaiter was upon them in one bounce.

"Smoking by women is not permitted in this club," he said, as though denouncing sin. The party left, insulted. The prominent member resigned.

The rebel wives seized upon this to make a *cause célèbre*. The directors held a meeting. Eighteen of us—all Caspar Milquetoasts! We did what politicians do—we voted to take a referendum. A secret ballot was conducted. The membership voted 1,083 to 834

against letting the ladies smoke. The brave directors announced that the rule stood. But, at a clandestine conference with the dining-room captains, the suggestion was made that if anybody *did* smoke, they should look the other way, and explain, to any member who protested, that she was a visitor from out of town—New York, especially. The rule is still on the books. The ladies smoke. Everybody seems satisfied.

The time has come to say a word about the "Brunette Venus," the symbol of our social evolution, who had worked her way from the walls of Charlie Churchill's saloon to the cloistered lounge room of the Detroit Athletic Club.

The artist, Julius Rolshoven, was a native Detroiter who had, years before, migrated to Paris. He became one of the best-known portrait painters of his day. His canvases hang in many of the leading galleries of the world. One day a wealthy British lord came to the studio with his young and beautiful wife, a former chorus girl. He wanted her painted in her birthday clothes, so that her loveliness, for himself, would remain imperishable. Rolshoven accepted the commission. When the task was done the lord asked Rolshoven to have it framed and to keep it in his studio. There was—er—ah—the matter of the family, and all that sort of thing.

Several times a year, his lordship made visits to Paris, sometimes with his wife. Always he came to see the picture. This went on for some years. The keen eye of the artist noticed that the once exquisite model was getting heavy around the hips.

The thing now takes on a slight Dorian-Gray motif. There came the time when the lord fell dead. His rich widow soon remarried. The pastel—which no one else had ever seen—stood for some years covered with its curtain. Finally Rolshoven wrote the lady and asked her what she wanted done with it. She wrote back promptly and said that she had no further interest in it. He could dispose of it as he pleased, with the proviso that she never be identified with it. So, on one of his rare visits to Detroit, Rolshoven brought it with him.

In Detroit, Rolshoven had a most peculiar friend, a rare old character by the name of Marvin Preston. Preston was a rich wholesale-liquor dealer who had become a keen connoisseur of classical

art. At home he had his troubles. His wife was the leader of the W. C. T. U. in Michigan, and worked night and day to down the demon rum. Preston said his home life was happy because they never talked about his business or her crusade. He was never known even to taste a sample of his wares in Detroit, for lips that touched liquor could never touch hers. But several times a year he would go to New York and spend his time at the bar of the Hoffman House. Here were art and culture and camaraderie. Preston had an employee, Charlie Churchill. So that his wife would never know, he opened his richly appointed imitation of the Hoffman House bar under Charlie's name, and adorned the walls with some of his fine paintings.

When Rolshoven told him the story of the "Brunette Venus" he bought it, redecorated the back room, and hung the pastel there. Until prohibition closed Churchill's, the "Brunette Venus" was the most discussed piece of art in our town. Now a touch of nostalgia swept through the members of the D. A. C. who once drank wassail to her. They approached Preston with the idea of buying it for their new gathering place. The gentleman of the arts was sentimental and generous. The boys had been good patrons. He understood their mood. He presented it, with his compliments, to the D. A. C. With paeans of joy it was accepted and hung in the lounge.

The explosion was terrific! An outrage! A harking back to the old days of Whisky Row! Sadly the true lovers of art saw it taken down and placed in a dim corner of the billiard room. Even here there were some protests by those who, missing a run, vowed they were distracted by her smile. But the years passed and she was forgotten.

Then came repeal. Now the lovely lady, who seems always just to be awakening from a deep and peaceful sleep, with an odd kink in her knee, looks down again through the blue haze of a smoke-charged room where men alone forgather—except on such gala occasions as New Year's night—as they did in the long ago at Charlie Churchill's, a mystic tie between the Detroit that was and the Detroit that is, between the roaring decades of our youth and the forties of our maturity.

Yes, we have matured. Some. But the giants still walk among us, firm in the faith that a conquering cause is pleasing to the gods of their destinies. They fight without rancor and without personalities. They are well-seasoned ballplayers who will use their spikes, within the law of the game, and will take every advantage of one another that they can get away with. But, after the day's play is over, they will gather in the grill, the taproom, the lounge—and jest about it.

Socrates it was who first sensed that men disagree in surface things, but that, down deep among them, there is to be found unity. This is a development of recent years in the motorcar industry. The selling forces of the rival corporations battle, yea, unto the death if needs be; the production chiefs shake the very ground with their challenging roars to combat; but down deep there is a team spirit not to be found in any other industry on earth.

A GIANT IS BORN ON A
ROARING ROAD

AT THE beginning it was a sport, not a business, not an industry. It was always referred to as the "auto game." No city editor ever bothered his head about it. Seldom, if ever, was it mentioned on the financial pages. The job of playing Homer to the Iliad of the gas buggy was turned over to the sports editors. I know. I was one of them.

As a matter of fact, I was nearly fired as a young sports reporter on the *Detroit News* because I failed to go out on the ice of Lake St. Clair in the bitter weather of January 1904 to cover the story of Henry Ford, setting a new world speed record for the mile in his "999." I didn't go up to New Baltimore that afternoon because I didn't think he could do it. This, however, was the last time I ever questioned that gentleman's ability to do anything he ever started out to do in earnest.

Ford ran his race on cindered ice. He did his mile in the then astounding speed of 39.4 seconds. He went ninety-two miles an hour. The runway on the ice was the only path he could use to travel. There was nothing but mud-rut roads in the country then, and the city's streets were paved with uneven cedar blocks.

Besides that, the city council had proposed an ordinance forbidding the use of the streets to horseless carriages because they scared the horses. It never got by a third reading and finally went the way of all other political efforts to stem the tide of industrial development.

Three years before, Ford had raced Alexander Winton at the Grosse Pointe driving track. It was a ten-mile event and Ford had won it by going the distance in 13 minutes and 23 2/5 seconds.

All the sports pages carried feature stories on it, hailed Ford as one of "America's front-rank chauffeurs," and added, for identification, "Mr. Ford began to dabble in automobiles five years ago and is enthusiastic about the game."

Later came the "999" which he turned over to Barney Oldfield after the race against time on the ice of Lake St. Clair. The *Free Press* in reporting the ice sprint said: "The carbomotor is designed to be regulated by the driver by means of a foot pedal. The jarring of the auto made this impossible and Ed Huff volunteered riding in front of the windshield and controlling the throttle. Neither wore face protectors. The machine twice swerved from the track, striking the banked snow."

Legend has it that Huff's real job was to lie over the front seat to blow on a piece of rubber hose to make sure of the mixture. This human supercharger had agreed upon a system of signals with Ford. One kick meant "blow harder" and two kicks meant "stop." Ford kicked to cease blowing, but Ed got the signals mixed and the more he was kicked the harder he blew. Ford swerved into a snow bank at the finish as the only way to check his blower system.

This was the spirit in which the "game" started. It was a carry-over from the once popular sport of bicycle racing. In Ford's private office at Dearborn today a racing bike hangs on the wall facing his desk. It is the one on which Tom Cooper, who helped him build the "999," set his world record with the pedals. He had turned to the auto game as had Barney Oldfield, another professional bike rider. When Tom was killed in an accident—not while racing—Barney took his place. Auto history will always link his name with that of the old "999." Some years ago Barney was staging one of his perennial comebacks at the State Fairgrounds in Detroit, and Ford, for sentimental reasons, went out to see the race. It was about that time that neighbors were hinting that Ford must be worth somewhere around a billion dollars. After the event the auto magnate sat in the racer with the grease-covered champion of his dirt-track contests. They were having a happy reunion.

"Yes, Barney," said Ford, "they were great old days. I helped to make you and you helped to make me."

"Yes, Henry," agreed Barney, "and I did a damned sight better job than you did."

The days they talked about were the days when speed was a-borning. At Ann Arbor, where nestles the University of Michigan, Fielding H. Yost was turning out point-a-minute football teams and he became a national character as "Hurry-up" Yost. "Speed! Speed! Speed!" was his incessant cry. The big football games then were played at our local ball park, and it was there, in August 1905, that Ty Cobb, the fastest baseball player that ever lived, began his meteoric career as a Tiger. Speed! Speed! Speed! It was in the air! But football and baseball were established sports about which we could pontificate as experts to our hearts' content. They were not like this freak horseless-carriage game that everybody laughed at or denounced as "all damned nonsense."

So we of the sports desks rather resented the demands of this new game. It was an intrusion on our time, which we felt, should be dedicated to more useful things, such as whether Joe Gans would be able to pin back the ears of Battling Nelson. But by 1907 the "game" had gained such ground that manufacturers were actually advertising, to a considerable degree. That always does have some bearing on news values.

In that summer of '07, however, Hughie Jennings, another speed maniac, was driving his Tigers to an American League championship. I most certainly had no time to listen to greasy-pawed lads who insisted they had a new type of engine that would make at least thirty miles an hour—on a good road. To me they were all a lot of perpetual-motion cranks. Yet they swarmed in upon me, day after day, with all the ardor of happy philatelists about to hold an auction.

In desperation, I turned to one of my "assistants." I had two. The one I happened to catch in the office at the time was Lee A. Anderson. "Lee," I said, "from now on you are what we will call an automobile editor. I'm tired of having the business office on my neck. You learn that game of theirs and report it. I can't be bothered with it."

So Lee became auto editor, learned the game, made a fortune, and is now the head of his own advertising agency. The other

“assistant” was a young fellow we called “Percy” because his name was Clarence. If I had picked him instead of Lee, he might today be a motor magnate instead of one of the most successful of our popular writers, Clarence Budington Kelland. It is far better as it is. We have many motor magnates, but only one “Bud.”

When E. Leroy Pelletier spoke to Will Chittenden that afternoon, the tables in the Pontchartrain barroom were occupied with men so intent on studying blueprints spread out before them that they paid little heed to the drinks at their elbows. It was the only place they had to forgather. They had little ready cash then. But the nod of a head or a sharp “yes” or “no” meant millions of capital yet unborn.

There was Will Metzger, then sales manager for the Cadillac, taking orders for cars for which not even the parts were ready—taking orders with whatever down payment could be made, to rush the money back to the factory to buy the material to build the machine he had already sold! This was a common occurrence.

Tom Doyle’s best trick, when he was giving a prospect a demonstration and the engine stalled—which it did very often—was to get out, go to the rear of the car, pull out his knife and stab the tire. He would then point to the flat and explain that a piece of glass in the road had caused the puncture; that was what had made the engine stop!

It was a wild, devil-may-care, roaring-mining-camp crowd. Under the genius of red-faced, bull-necked Walter Flanders, practically the entire business of the E. M. F. Company was passed upon at the great round table at the “Ponch.” It became known to the trade as the Flanders headquarters.

There were giants in those days: men of indestructible endurance; men like the Dodge brothers, who often slept on their benches because they had worked so late they didn’t bother going home—they wanted to be there early in the morning. They worked at a terrific pace and played in the same tempo. They “greeted the embarrassed Gods, nor feared to shake the iron hand of fate, or match with Destiny for beers.”

All advertising of cars in the early days stressed the fact that the engine would actually run. “The car that obviates the tow.”

"You don't have to carry rope when you ride a Thomas Flyer." "As easily controlled as the best-mannered horse." "Smooth as a trotting horse." The favorite vaudeville joke was the auto "that had a wooden frame, wooden wheels, wooden body—and wood'n run." "Get a horse" was the catchword of the day.

When the Model T swept the country, Ford jokes were so numerous they were put out in book form and sold on the newsstands. Any ham actor could get a laugh by springing one of them. One dull day a reporter for the *Detroit News* wrote a story on this vogue and reprinted some of the better gags. The following day the editor received this letter on Ford stationery:

"Sir:

"I hereby forbid you ever again to mention the name of the Ford Motor Company in your publication.

"James Couzens,
"General Manager."

At the same time an order went to the business office canceling all advertising.

I was city editor. I sent Ross Schram, the reporter who wrote the yarn, out to see Ford. Ford chuckled merrily as Schram told of Couzens' order.

"Jim has no sense of humor," said he. "I'll cancel his cancellation. I think those jokes are funny. And they are good advertising. Here's a couple more I just heard the other night. Use 'em if you want to."

In Detroit there have grown up legends that have become a part of the folklore of the town. Every pioneer has his own pet version of every tale—which is naturally contradicted by another player in the "game." Time plays its tricks.

Two of the most misrepresented men of the wild years were the two Dodge brothers, John and Horace. Legend has them as two wild wastrels. They were not. No two men ever worked harder or more soberly toward their objectives.

Their affection for each other was so great that, by comparison, Damon and Pythias were mortal enemies. But they quarreled, as

brothers will, even though inseparable. There came the day when they bought a yacht. It was characteristic of them to own everything in common. And the question of which one actually had title to the \$300,000 boat never came up until one night in Louie Schneider's bar. They had agreed to take a vacation, but a disagreement arose as to just where they would go. Horace was insistent upon a trip to the Thousand Islands and John wanted to take a run around the lakes to Chicago.

The argument had got to the stage where they were bellowing at each other: "I got as much to say about the yacht as you have."

"Why don't you match to see who owns the boat?" "Holiday Bill" Martz suggested.

"All right," said John. "Ed—" as he always called his brother—"we'll match for it."

A quarter spun on the bar. Horace yelled "Heads!" Heads came up. Horace had the boat.

John put his arm around Horace's shoulders and gave him a hug. "All right," he said, "we'll go to the Thousand Islands."

Though both men enjoyed drinking in their off hours, they had a moral code as sincere as any churchman's, and they lived rigidly by that code. Sometimes their fiery tempers got the better of them, for they were born fighters. If they had not been, they would never have accomplished what they did.

One cold winter night Horace left the warm companionship of Charlie Churchill's to drive home. It was before the days of self-starters and he was having difficulty cranking his engine. A passer-by, who did not know Dodge from Adam's off ox, noticed him working away.

"Pretty hard to get her started, hey?" he remarked with what Horace thought was a nasty laugh. Horace dropped the crank, walked over, socked the laughing commentator on the jaw and knocked him into the middle of the street. When a young engineer is having trouble with his beloved engine it is no time for comedy.

Some years after the D. A. C. was opened and both John and Horace had been accepted as members—after deep misgivings—John sat in the grill awaiting the dinner he had ordered. He picked up the *Detroit Times*, then owned by James Schermerhorn. John

was jarred by a headline denouncing him and one of his political cronies.

"Where's that Jim Schermerhorn live?" he demanded.

The address was furnished him. He called the headwaiter. "Hold that steak for me until I come back," he said, then turned to his companion and growled, "Come on." They drove to the publisher's residence. "Wait here a minute," said John.

He rang the doorbell, spoke to the maid who answered, and Publisher Schermerhorn appeared shortly in his shirt sleeves with an outstretched hand. John reached out his powerful left hand, and grabbed the editor's necktie. With that he jerked Jim toward him and swung on his jaw with his right, then pulled him to his feet again and hit once more. This time he let go of the tie, and the editor took the count.

"The next time you print any lies about my friend," he said, "I'll come up and hit you again."

He drove the car back to the D. A. C. and sat down in the grill again.

"All right now with that steak," he ordered and proceeded to enjoy his meal with Gargantuan gusto. The editor made no further comments in his paper.

John Dodge's friend Bob Oakman was in trouble at the bank. It happened to be the Wayne County and Home Savings. Julius Haass was president, and it devolved upon him to tell Bob that he could have no more credit. He had been asking for an additional loan of \$250,000.

"No," said Haass to his pleading. "You are a sloppy-minded businessman, full of vague promises and no delivery. You can't even give us an intelligent financial statement. We have gone as far as we can. Not only can you have no more loans but we are forced to call what you now owe."

Oakman left in despair. A half-hour later a bellow sounded through the corridors of the bank. John Dodge crashed into the presidential office.

"Is my name good in this penny-ante bank of yours?" he roared.

"For any amount you want, John," smiled Haass.

"Then you'll lend Bob Oakman what money he needs or I'll withdraw every damn cent I got in here."

"That's your privilege and this is no penny-ante bank, and you know it. This man is an impossible risk and we can't take any more chances. If you think he's so safe and sound, just you sign your own name on his paper."

"Give me a blank note," snapped John. He signed his name and filled out the rest of it, but left the amount open.

"Bob'll be back in another hour," he said, "and you let him fill in what he wants."

Bob came in—and wrote into the note a line of credit for a half-million dollars. John's faith in his friend was better than the bank's sound judgment. The loan was paid in full.

In Churchill's bar there were two well-known colored waiters who went by the names of Buttons and Brown. Brown had charge of the basement lounge room, and Buttons, so called from his magnificent uniform, served in the back room and was the guardian of the "Brunette Venus." The little lady needed a guardian, especially on week ends when the boys from Ann Arbor would come in to drink at her shrine.

Buttons and Brown had married sisters. Within a week both of the men died of pneumonia. Some time after that, John Dodge was standing at the bar waiting for Horace when he heard women's voices coming from the back room. As Churchill emerged, John barked at him: "What kind of a place are you running here? What do you mean letting women in that back room?"

"They are the widows of Buttons and Brown," explained the outraged Charlie. "The poor things are destitute. They were asking me if I knew where they could get work. They are too old for that now."

"Too old!" said John. "Well, listen here, Charlie. Old Buttons was a good man, and so was Brown. From now on draw on us for a hundred dollars a month to take care of their women. But keep your mouth shut and don't let them know it's from us."

Every month after that the two old colored women came to Charlie and collected fifty dollars apiece.

The first time John Dodge ever laid eyes on James Couzens there were fireworks. That was in 1903. Contrary to general

belief, the Dodge brothers were fairly prosperous, with a machine shop of their own, before the Ford Motor Company was organized. A. Y. Malcomson, a coal merchant for whom Couzens worked, was the main financial backer of Ford at the beginning. He took Couzens with him to talk to John regarding the price of a chassis. John made a proposal and Couzens let out a yell.

"I'll not stand for that!" he shouted. John turned on him in amazement. "Just who the hell are you?" he barked back. They were both on their feet with the fluttery Malcomson trying to explain to John that Couzens was his clerk and had a right to get in on the argument.

These two dogged fighters never quit hammering at each other through the years. The story of their adventures and misadventures when they tangled in politics is one of the most pungent of all the tales of those salty days.

What a man John was! As he matured he began taking a deeper interest in civic affairs and in politics. Though of the rough-and-ready school, he had a remarkable mind. He was a reader and a student. As an orator he was capable of holding an audience spell-bound. He had grown weary of just making money and had ambitions for public service. If he had lived John Dodge might have gone a long, long way in national affairs.

The cruelest legend about the brothers was that they died from poisoned liquor during the prohibition era. This was without a semblance of truth. Horace was stricken with pneumonia and Brother John never left his bedside, night or day, until the crisis passed. But when Horace was convalescent, John, the more powerful of the two, came down with it. His resistance lowered from his sleepless vigil, he did not rally. If ever a man gave his life for another, John Dodge gave his for his brother.

Horace never recovered from the shock of that death. He could not get interested again in the vast manufacturing empire they had built up together. He lingered on for some months and then, with no apparent regrets, joined the one from whom he had never been separated.

The roaring pioneer automobile days are gone. The scientists

have moved in. Stock-market gambling is a thing of the past. These men are sure of themselves now and know whereof they speak. They realize the unlimited potentialities of their "know-how." Here is a study in contrasts from the First World War to the last (we hope). It has to do with John Dodge of the first war and K. T. Keller of the second.

As we got into the First World War, the French Army was in desperate need of recoil mechanisms for their famed 75's. A delegation of French Army officials arrived in Washington with Marshal Joffre. They told Secretary of War Newton D. Baker that the fate of the war depended on their getting a supply of these recoil parts. They would send their skilled craftsmen over here to show our poor benighted workers how to tool them. Would we help? Baker called John Dodge to Washington. He presented him to the French delegation, and they explained their desperate plight.

"Do you know anybody who can do this kind of work?" they asked Dodge.

"We can make all you want of anything you can give us a blueprint of."

"The man is mad!" they told one another and Secretary Baker. "He thinks that this is a production job, this delicate mechanism."

"Do you want these things or don't you?" bellowed John.

"But this is not a mass-production task!"

"The hell it isn't!" John let loose a line of factory comment.

"Look here, Mr. Dodge," Baker said sternly, "I'm not accustomed to being spoken to in that kind of language."

"The war would be a hell of a lot better off if you were!" yelled John. "Do you want us to do this job or don't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"No buts about it! Gimme that phone!"

John called Brother Horace at Detroit. He told him to get the new factory started that afternoon. They were going to make French recoil mechanisms. Thousands of them! He would arrive in the morning with the blueprints.

The brothers poured forth so many flawless copies of the carefully hand-tooled originals that the French Government awarded John Dodge the Legion of Honor and proclaimed his achievement as one of the major factors in victory.

In the last war K. T. Keller sat in the seat of authority once held by John Dodge in what is now the vast Chrysler-Dodge works.

The United States this time was in desperate trouble. Sperry gyrocompasses had to be turned out for the Navy and the vast flotilla of cargo and convoy ships. The German submarine developments made this vital. The Sperry gyrocompass is one of the most complicated and delicate of mechanisms.

"Can you make them?" asked Rear Admiral E. L. Cochrane, Chief of the Bureau of Ships. He was appealing to Keller.

"Send us one," answered Keller, "so that we can see what it looks like. Put one on the Detrouiter tonight."

"But this thing weighs half a ton!"

"Put it on the train and let us have it here by tomorrow morning."

"We should have thought," observed Captain Hall, representing Cochrane, the next morning, "to have sent somebody along with this compass—experts to disassemble it."

"Somebody put it together," was the answer of Master Mechanic Kirsch. "I guess we can take it apart—and put it together again."

These master mechanics disassembled the compass, figured out the machinery to make each part by mass-production techniques, and began pouring them out. Once the "make-ready" was finished, semiskilled and unskilled workers did the rest.

The Sperry Company estimated that it would take Keller's "factory hands" fifteen months to turn out the first compass. The first one, responding to every test of the Navy, was on a fighting ship within six months. A total of 5,500 were delivered. Not one of them failed to live up to every specification—and at a price of \$20,000,000 lower than the estimated cost.

"One of industry's contracts," wrote Admiral Cochrane, "originally considered impossible."

This is but one instance of the technical mastery of the automotive giants who carry on the faith of rugged old John Dodge: "We can make anything you can give us a blueprint of."

The "know-how" of Detroit swept the country. The guiding genius of the miracle by which the whole United States was made into one vast assembly line was William S. Knudsen.

HE HAD TO WIN A WAR TO
WIN TWO WARS

IT WAS 1933, late in January.

Charles T. Fisher, then a vice-president of General Motors, sat at the same table as I did and through the evening's flow of conversation he asked me in semiserious mood:

"Why is it that the Ford Motor Company and the Chrysler Corporation get so much front-page publicity in the Detroit newspapers while there is seldom much attention paid to GM?"

"The answer to that," I pontificated, "is personality. Personalities make news. People want to read about people. When people hear about a Ford Car or the Ford Company they instinctively think of Henry Ford. It is much the same way with Walter Chrysler. His personality sticks out all through his organization.

"But General Motors is, so far as the public is concerned, a vast impersonal Chinese empire. A reporter cannot get human nature into a story which starts off, 'Mr. General Motors today announced—'"

"Isn't Alfred P. Sloan a personality?" demanded Fisher.

"He is. A delightful gentleman," I said, "and one of the master minds of business. But he lives in New York. This is Detroit. When anything happens here there isn't a newspaperman in Detroit who knows who to call at General Motors to get information."

Fisher argued that I didn't know what I was talking about. Probably I didn't.

However, a few weeks later, the day after Lincoln's birthday, our banks were all closed. The town was completely paralyzed. That morning a Chrysler executive called me.

"Bing," he said, "there is a swell story out here. Walter Chrysler came into town with a trainload of money to see that all our

workers get paid. It's a sight to see him surrounded with bags of money."

I told the city editor to send a reporter and a photographer out to the Chrysler Plant. The photographer came back with a picture that was a honey. With a big smile on his face Chrysler was snapped holding out, in each fist, great bags of money. Other bags were piled all around him. This was a "first-page natural" and the caption writer swung a line across it to match the photography: "Come and get it!"

Now, I submit, that was grand publicity for Chrysler products, but also legitimate on its news value.

Well, after Chrysler's office had called, I remembered what Fisher had remarked about GM and publicity. So I suggested to the city editor, Andy Bernhard, that he have GM called to see what that corporation was doing. He looked at me blankly and said, "Oh, yeah? Just tell me: who do I call?"

I went back to my office and called Fisher.

"Charlie," I said, "tell me who to call at GM to get some information about how your company is paying off its men."

"I'll find out," he laughed, "and will call you back."

He didn't know either!

Later that year William S. Knudsen was made executive vice-president in charge of production. In 1937 Sloan moved up to be chairman of the board and Bill took his place as president. It was not long before the town began to feel the presence of a quiet, powerful influence. Without anybody's being aware of it at first, Bill became our most widely known and best beloved citizen. GM was no longer "a vast impersonal Chinese empire."

The Knudsen smile is soft and soothing because it is from the heart. But his will is of steel. This premier production master of America did not gain his eminence by telling his droll parables. Bill came up the hard way and learned in his bare-knuckle youth that fighting is a waste of time.

Just why Henry Ford let Bill go was the mystery of the town for a long time. There had been no open break. I think Bill was as mystified as any of us.

He was called into General Motors and put in charge of Chevro-

let production. Under his driving force, the Chevy swept by Ford in the low-priced field. It was the beginning of the annual Automobile Derby—now resumed—the race between Chevrolet, Ford and Chrysler's Plymouth. Everybody in town was talking about the results of the race. Henry Ford himself had a few remarks to make. He was having dinner with some old friends when one of them mentioned the fact that Chevrolet had passed him.

"That is not at all surprising to me," said Ford. "I consider Mr. Knudsen the best production man in the United States."

"If you think that," said one of the startled guests, "why did you let him go?"

A nervous laugh ran around the table, but Ford responded: "That's a fair question. Mr. Knudsen was too strong for me to handle. You see, this is my business. I built it up and as long as I live I propose to run it the way I want it run. Mr. Knudsen wanted to run it his way. I woke up one morning to the realization that I was exhausting my energy fighting Mr. Knudsen to get things done the way I wanted them instead of fighting the opposition.

"I let him go, not because he wasn't good, but because he was too good—for me. Now I can concentrate my energies."

When Knudsen reported to President Roosevelt and took over the leadership of the War Production Board, to orient our national resources into battle formation, he found himself immediately in one of the strangest fights that ever was fought. It was a war with lead pencils as weapons.

It wasn't funny then.

The Army brass hats had decided that, so far as the war was concerned, Detroit was out of bounds and could not take any part in the conflict. They had taken a pencil and had marked the map eliminating Detroit as any part of the United States.

At the time, you will recall, we were stunned by the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Duck hunters were being organized to shoot down German planes if they dared attempt the destruction of our republic. Sand was at a premium because the Office of Civilian Defense had us all putting it up in our attics.

What was left of the Grand Army of the Republic was standing guard over Civil War guns in our parks.

This hysteria hit not only Congress but some of the leaders of our Army. Then the imperturbable giant, Bill, moved into the picture contributing common sense.

The Army had ruled that all war industries should be built in the interior of the country, away from the borders so that the enemy could not wreck us. Detroit bordered on Canada!

Bill figured the difference in minutes that it would take to blow up a plant in Iowa and a plant in Detroit. And he wondered, smilingly, what we had on hand, anyway, to stop a swarm of Nazi bombers from getting to Iowa if they so desired. The answer was: nothing.

So Bill took his pencil and restored Detroit to the United States. They pushed it out again.

Bill made heavier markings and put it back.

"You can't win a war without Detroit," he said doggedly.

"But we will build great plants in the interior so that they will be safe," they told him.

"Then you will have to move the population of Detroit out there to man the job."

They didn't like that line of argument. They hinted that Bill was favoring Detroit.

"I know Detroit," was his answer. "My job is to get production started."

It was all terribly complicated to those around him but to Bill the whole war-production problem was as simple as auto making at General Motors. He merely applied the fundamental principles he had learned making bicycles in Buffalo, making ships and cars for Henry Ford and making cars for GM.

"Just tell me what you need," he kept saying, "and I will do the getting."

He wanted no theories from anybody. All he said all day and all night to various men seeking contracts was: "Can you make tanks? Can you make ships? Can you make planes? Can you make uniforms? Can you——" and so on.

And each man had to prove by past experience that he possessed the capacity for doing the job assigned to him. Official Washington

quickly learned that "pull" did not count. Bill had no political ambitions.

He was so naïve politically that during a brief rest at White Sulphur Springs he confided in me that he thought President Roosevelt approved of the way he was tackling the job. To prove it he explained: "He calls me Bill."

He applied mass-production methods of the auto industry and ignored the shrieks of the airplane men who howled that he was letting "blacksmiths attempt to make Swiss watches."

To settle that argument officials watched while one Pratt-Whitney engine, a second, identical one turned out by Ford and another that Buick had made were broken down and so disassembled that nobody could tell which part was from which factory.

Then mechanics, taking parts indiscriminately, put together three engines. Each one worked as smoothly and as efficiently as the original Pratt-Whitney product.

One senator from one of the Western states—strong for moving Detroit out to his prairies—tackled Big Bill in his office in those early days. He insisted his state be given contracts to build planes.

"Have you got anybody out there," asked Bill, "who knows how to make airplanes?"

"No, not as yet! But we can get plenty of money and we can hire men with experience."

"Look," said Bill, "I learned a long time ago that when men with money meet men with experience, the men with the experience get the money and the men with the money get the experience. Nobody who does not know how to build airplanes is going to build airplanes. This is not a matter of money. We've got all the money we need. What we must have is men with 'know-how.'"

Bill, back in 1911, was superintendent of the Keim Mills Stamping Company, at Buffalo, getting \$45 a week. He had started as a laborer some years before at \$10.50 a week. He was never hired by Henry Ford. He was "bought." Ford absorbed the Keim Mills Company and the personnel went along with it.

When Ford exercised his option to buy, Bill was paid \$400 a month. That was when he felt so "rich" he joined the Harmonie

Singing Society in Detroit—just to sit and listen to the talk to learn more about American ways of life and our idioms of speech. Greatest listener you ever met.

Ten years after joining Ford he was production manager and was getting \$57,500 a year. His salary as president of GM was \$350,000 a year. He gave it all up to work, as his commission said, "without remuneration."

That is what the commission said, in plain black and white, but the Army gave him something that money could never buy and which Bill treasures more than all the money he ever made: the Distinguished Service Medal. The citation reads:

"By his untiring energy, leadership, resourcefulness, foresight and thorough grasp of many difficult and novel problems of manufacturing weapons of modern design, he has contributed materially toward expediting the production of aircraft, guns and other munitions.

"His vast knowledge of mass production, his unique talents and his broad practical experience have been placed at the call of all manufacturers, civil and military, and have added immeasurably in the solution of their problems, hastening the flow of war materials and supplies."

FROM DURANT TO SLOAN

IF YOU will strain your neck just a bit when in the neighborhood of the General Motors Building on North Grand Boulevard you will find large letter *D*'s in the upper corners of this Himalayan concept in architecture.

Those *D*'s stand for Durant.

The building was born in the brain of William Crapo Durant, father of General Motors. This mild little man had never had time to think of anything small. With him all superlatives were understatements. The world for him was just a hickory nut which he, and he alone, knew how to crack. He was quite sure that he had the lever long enough and the prop strong enough with which Archimedes could have moved the world single-handed.

All that he needed was plenty of credit at the banks and a bull market.

The building immediately became known in Detroit as "Durant's Folly." He tossed \$20,000,000 into it as though ordering the construction of a chicken coop. When the crash came in 1920 James Couzens, as mayor, made a proposition to General Motors—then in the agonies of reorganization—to have Detroit buy it at a knock-down price, to be used as a City Hall. GM said no.

The building is now too small to house all the activities of General Motors. The *D*'s remain against the skyline as the symbol of man's frustration when his ambitions carry him beyond human capacity. The *D* of Durant in our town ranks with the historic *N* of Napoleon in France.

To compare Billy Durant with Napoleon is to transcend the usual cliché. The analogy is exact, with the exception, perhaps, that there was also a touch of Mark Twain's Colonel Mulberry Sellers in Billy. Like the redoubtable colonel, whatever the propo-

sition was, Billy would proclaim, "There's millions in it!" He never thought in dollars and cents. Always it was millions.

I have not seen little Billy in recent years. They say he has taken on some weight. If so, he must weigh close to 125 pounds. He was an exquisite dresser, dainty in everything. Among the raw giants he dominated for a decade, he looked as though he might make a nice watch fob for one of them.

Yet he drove them night and day to sheer exhaustion. He worked steadily twenty hours out of every twenty-four. Like Napoleon, he never needed more than four hours' sleep. He would take on his executives in relays. As they were overcome with sleep, he would dismiss them with a gentle, kindly nod and call in others. He made appointments around the clock.

"I will see you at one-thirty Thursday morning," he would tell a man.

"You mean Thursday afternoon, don't you?"

"No! Thursday morning. You're on the night shift this time."

There were periods when his telephone bills ran as high as \$25,000 a week. In his expressive hands he held the power over more than a billion and a half dollars of securities. His own private fortune was estimated at anywhere from one hundred to two hundred million dollars. Wall Street speculators trembled when he whispered. And he barely raised his voice.

This is the story of how Wall Street saved the nation's financial structure from "Wall Street."

I mean by this that there are two Wall Streets. There is the one the solid businessman and industrialist knows. And there is the Wall Street that has been pictured to the American public since the days of the Populists and William Jennings Bryan: a vast cavern of iniquity wherein lurk ogres and hideous, slimy octopuses, fire-spitting dragons and one-eyed Cyclops, who plot together to destroy all honest business and to devour widows and orphans.

There is just enough truth to the phantasmagoria of the demagogues to make their arguments sound plausible.

But here we have an instance of the hated capitalistic interests moving in to rescue the youthful automotive industry from stock plungers, to stabilize not only that industry, but the entire financial structure of the country.

That is how Wall Street defeated "Wall Street" and removed the motorcar out of range of the speculators' dreams of paradise. You can still buy all the General Motors stock you please. A half million people do. But the stock now represents production of goods and solid values. Stock-market speculators cannot buy standard auto stocks any more as though they were in a crap game.

Not that Billy Durant was any such type. No man has ever questioned his integrity. As long as the present generation of motorcar men lives you will hear hot arguments about Billy Durant. You can start a debate any time in the D.A.C. grill by just mentioning his name. There are those who mourn for his glorious days as did the marshals of France when Napoleon was tucked away on St. Helena.

They will tell you that he had the vision. Did he not proclaim in 1905 that the day was coming when the industry would turn out a million cars a year? They said then that he was mad.

They called his giant edifice on North Grand Boulevard "Durant's Folly." Look at it now! Others harp on the wild plunging, the feverish nights and days of watching the stock tickers instead of the production lines, of the ruthless driving ambitions of the man which forced him inexorably to expand and expand and expand until the balloon burst.

"That," they will tell you, "was a hell of a way to run any business."

Nothing about Billy with the quiet voice could possibly remind anybody of a "Bet-a-million" Gates. He was a highly moral man. Night life knew him not. He drank nothing, never smoked and was devoted to his family. He was a leader of civic affairs in Flint and Detroit and gave of his wildly acquired millions to every worthy charity—quietly and unostentatiously.

But his mind seemed to have a time-bomb attachment. No one ever knew when an explosion was to take place. They proclaimed him as the darling of the speculators. His title was "The Bull of Bulls." Everything would always go up. He was the quintessence of young America's indomitable optimism. Once he mildly boasted: "For two years I absolutely controlled the stock market and I never sold a share short in all that time."

A former grocer clerk in Flint, he got interested first in a wagon

works and converted it into an automobile plant as the industry started. He took over the then small Buick plant. Using this as a basis he organized, in 1908, the General Motors Corporation, with a capitalization of \$10,000,000. Within two years the profits were 100 percent on the capitalization. The following year net earnings were more than \$12,000,000. He began tossing in other properties right and left. The sky was the limit! Croesus had been a bat boy and Midas a third baseman with a dead arm in the South Atlantic League.

All this dazzlement in the financial firmament alarmed conservative business. Especially the bankers who had been loaning the money to promote the automobile industry. They could not see eye-to-eye with Wild Willie on its future. They were not alone.

In 1908, the same year in which he organized GM, Durant met James Couzens, then general manager of the Ford company, on the train going to New York.

"I'll buy you out for eight million dollars," he told Couzens.

Couzens was receptive. Ford had been in poor health, he said, and was willing to sell out. Eight million to them looked then like eight billion does to us now.

"I'll put it up to Ford," said Couzens.

Couzens, Ford and Durant all had different versions of what followed. The gist of the story is that Ford agreed to sell, but insisted upon cash. He did not want paper. He believed in dollars and cents, the coin of the realm, and production. He told Durant he was not interested in notes. "I can make all of those I want myself," he said, "but I do not believe in them."

Durant said he would deliver in cash. He spent the day up and down "The Street" trying to interest bankers. They brushed him off indignantly. Always when he approached them they began twittering, wondering what new sort of a bee he was going to put on them.

This tale of Ford's being willing to sell for eight million has become a legend with a distorted moral. Durant worshipers point out his vision. He saw the possibilities in the Ford company when all others doubted—and look at it now! What they overlook is the simple fact that the Ford company would not have been the Ford company without Ford in it. They overlook, too, the endless

companies that Durant did buy with the same *sang-froid* that he attempted to buy the Ford company. Most of these are forgotten names now—companies acquired for stock-pyramiding purposes. No share of Ford stock has ever been on any market.

But the world is not given to careful thinking in the selection of its heroes. Little Billy Durant was hailed as the wizard of finance. Magazines, with the Horatio Alger story as their leitmotiv, proclaimed him as the most dazzling success of the age. Fathers pointed to him as an example for their sons and told them to be good little boys and grow up like Mr. Durant—and always bet on a rising market because anybody who sold America short was a traitor to his country's cause.

Bankers, however, are people who have to use adding machines which lack imaginations, to keep their accounts straight. Just a few years earlier Thomas L. Lawson had coined the phrase he used as the title of his book, *Frenzied Finance*—with Anaconda Copper as his horrible example.

The bankers began to hedge on Wild Winsome Willie. They did not want any more of the same. Credits were curtailed. By 1910 Durant had so overexpanded that he was desperately in need of \$15,000,000. It was that or collapse. To save the situation the bankers sounded the "fire alarm." After a conference the financiers agreed to save the structure by advancing the \$15,000,000. But they added the proviso that all General Motors common stock would be held by a voting trust, with the lenders having the majority vote. This trust was to continue for five years; and, without the payment of dividends, so that the business could be stabilized.

This meant that Billy Durant was on the outside looking in.

It was the belief of the Street and the motorcar industry that Durant was through. It was figured that when the five years were up others would have control.

But Durant promptly bought the Chevrolet Company from Louis Chevrolet and started all over again, using the Chevrolet as he had originally the Buick. He raised \$250,000 to launch the Chevrolet adventure. In eighteen months he had holdings through the Chevrolet manipulations estimated at \$92,000,000.

He also organized the United Motors, a corporation made up of companies making automobile accessories. This brought in the

Hyatt Roller Bearing Company of Newark, the president and chief stockholder of which was Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. United Motors became the child of Sloan and led to his present position as the mastermind of General Motors.

Time passed and on the Street interest in General Motors faded. There was no use gambling on a stock that did not fluctuate because there were no dividends. But as the five-year voting trust drew to a close, brokers began noticing a movement in GM stock. Shares that were bought—then as low as \$24—did not come back. The rumor spread that Durant was buying. The bankers discredited such talk. It could not be. Yet toward the finish the shares soared to \$558. "Something," the Street whispered, "is cooking."

Then came the day of the dissolution of the voting trust. Durant walked into the room to dominate the meeting. Napoleon's *coup d'état* was like playing marbles for fun. Wild Bill was a national hero again. He had gone into the dark dungeons of Wall Street, had slain the dragons and the octopuses like a valiant knight.

And besides, he had immediately declared a \$50 dividend.

Little Willie was again president of General Motors. Profits soared to \$70,000,000 a year. Durant's only worry was that his empire was not expanding fast enough. It was during this period that he ordered the \$20,000,000 building for Detroit, to be the general executive quarters of all the various units.

Time plays tricks with memories. All, however, are agreed on the wizardry of Little Billy in selling himself. I am told he first charmed tough, wise old John Raskob, financial man for the DuPont interests, to the idea of buying in on General Motors. Then Durant charmed the DuPont brothers.

The Delaware Dynasty had been told that Billy was a practical operator, a production man. They were to look after the finances and he was to be the producers of cars and other—to him—such trivia. By the time they took a second look they realized that they had a wildcat by the tail. They were not quite sure how to let go without losing their investment.

So they began moving in their own men in whom they had faith, to protect them—such sturdy citizens as John Pratt, J. Brooks Jackson, Alfred R. Glancy, Donaldson Brown and Earl F. Johnson, to name but a few.

They kept pouring money in to save the situation but Wild Bill was spending it and expanding without surcease. Any cat-and-dog company that came along he would buy. The Samson Tractor Company is a good example. That was a small company out in California. Durant took it with half a dozen others and merged them all together with the Janesville Implement Company at Janesville, Wisconsin. With this Samson corporation he set out to crush the International Harvester Company and Henry Ford through the tractor and farm-implement market.

That the Samson corporation had \$16,000,000 in current unpaid bills by the time the DuPonts caught up with it never bothered Billy a bit.

He poured out more money—not in product, but in promotion. Great show places popped up all over the country. He built a salesmanship college at Janesville and organized a complete faculty to educate salesmen on how to sell. He himself gave a regular course of lectures. His “Samson Iron Horse” was to chase ol’ Dobbin off the farm. It was made to look as much like a horse as a motor-drawn vehicle could look—even with reins to direct it.

When, after a grand promotion campaign, he announced that the Samson tractor was ready for the market, at \$840, Henry Ford announced that his tractor was selling for \$420. The International Harvester Company slept on without ever being aware that its existence was threatened.

Al Glancy was put in charge of that mess. He was told to report to Durant at his New York office. He waited all day watching a steady stream of callers. The next day it was the same. Finally, Carl Zimmersheid, Durant’s right-hand man, told him that Durant would see him the next morning in Detroit.

Glancy came back to Detroit. All day he again waited, watching a never-ending stream of people going in and out. Back to New York again. Then back to Detroit. Al was having lots of fun. He finally met John Chambers, the aged president of the Samson, and told him that he was going to be his assistant. Chambers had some vague idea that this was the plan.

“How much do you want?” he asked.

“Twenty-five thousand dollars a year,” said Al.

“That’s a lot of money,” said Chambers.

"Yes," said Al, "and it's a lot of work."

That got him a priority on the human assembly line. It was the first time he ever saw Durant.

"Young man," cooed Billy, "I do not like men to set their salaries. You are only asking for \$25,000 a year. You put too low an estimate on your services. I want men worth more than that."

"That's my minimum," said Al.

"Well, I do not pay such salaries directly, you understand. I have a private payroll. I will pay you \$15,000 through the company and send you my personal check for \$10,000."

"That is all right with me," said Al, "so long as I get it."

At the end of the year no check. Al wrote a note of reminder. No answer. He wrote another, sharp this time. No answer. He wrote his resignation. By the next mail he got a check for \$30,000.

"Do not bother me with such details," wrote Billy. "Here is your check—and the same amount for the next two years."

The story is that when Durant took over Chevrolet he had one car, turned out in the little building which still stands at the corner of the West Grand Boulevard and Bangor Street. With this one car—the legend says—he sold that \$92,000,000 of stock, to begin buying back the General Motors from the voting trust.

If all this sounds fantastic and you enjoy such legends, just pull up a chair at any casual meeting of the old guard of the automotive industry. This is just a sample.

The Samson headache was finally liquidated, at a loss to General Motors of \$42,000,000.

Came the boom of the First World War. The reaction. The slump, when people ceased buying cars. Desperate days . . . the market kept falling. Durant poured in his millions to bolster it. Down, down, down. . . . Everybody was unloading. . . . 100,000 shares were tossed out for sale in a block. . . . Who threw that brick? . . . Down, down, down . . . the crash that rocked the nation. And Billy Durant, who a little while before had the world at his feet, was not only broke but more than two million dollars in debt.

He was undismayed, as debonair as ever. "People," he said softly, "value money too highly. Money is only loaned to a man. He enters the world with nothing and he leaves it with nothing. What matters it?"

But it was quite a considerable problem for the banks. They are only agents for people whose money they lend. Out of the wreckage there came a new order in General Motors. Speculation was out. Statesmanship in industry became the order of the day for General Motors.

Pierre S. duPont took over the presidency temporarily. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., was being watched. When Durant had returned to control he had brought the Chevrolet and Sloan's United Motors into the organization. In 1921 Sloan was made vice-president in charge of general operations. In 1923 DuPont retired and Sloan was made president.

For fourteen years Sloan labored silently, self-effacingly. He was the pioneer of a new era in American business, the philosopher and statesman who contends that bigness is not incompatible with a social conscience. He is the antithesis of the roaring-mining-camp days, a coolly intellectual gentleman, immaculately dressed.

When he was graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1895 he joined the Hyatt Roller Bearing Company. John Hyatt, inventor of Celluloid, had started it—to make composition billiard balls to take the place of ivory. Sloan began as a draftsman, but in a few years, through his financial abilities and his father's backing, he assumed control of the company and began attracting national attention as a sound financier and organizer.

One of the things he did with the dawning of the horseless-carriage age was to conceive the idea of roller bearings for these gasoline buggies. That, people said, was going too far. Too fancy! At one of the first auto shows in New York he put on an exhibition. Henry Ford saw them and understood their value. He bought and others followed after. For years he was Hyatt's biggest customer.

Sloan served as president of GM until 1937 when he was succeeded by William S. Knudsen. Sloan became chairman of the board to devote his energies entirely to administration. His hobby is work. When he wants to relax, he does more work.

General Motors, as it stands today, is the product of the organization genius of Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. It is a commonwealth of industrial states. There are ninety-four plants in fourteen states and seventeen countries. In each of these units there is such complete

autonomy for management that the fierce competition between them frightens some conservative old-timers.

Policy groups guide each one of the functional activities of the corporation. These groups in turn report to a general policy committee. This group formulates the policies controlling the administrative offices. This is oversimplification, I know, but to go into details would require another volume larger than this one.

In this commonwealth of industrial states Sloan is a passionate advocate of "State rights." The keynote of his whole doctrine is decentralization.

"Men work better," he has argued, "when allowed to use their own intelligence."

To paraphrase Thiers, a study of the GM hierarchy suggests that "the king reigns but does not govern."

Recently he created a \$10,000,000 endowment "for the purpose of promoting a wider knowledge of basic economic truths." His statement in making the gift simply said: "Having been connected with industry all my life, it seems eminently proper that I should turn back in part the proceeds of that activity with the hope of promoting a broader as well as a better understanding of the principles which have characterized American enterprise down through the ages."

The Sloan experiment in the management of a vast and ever-growing industrial empire has been proved and tested under his guidance. The question sociologists and economists ask is whether he is pointing a way to a new corporate order.

It continues to expand because there is always present the machinery of impersonal government.

If we could have a Federal Government that would be, to any degree, as efficient and still would keep the power in the hands of the stockholders, most of the problems of democracy might be solved.

In 1941 General Motors paid to the Federal Government \$297,000,000 in taxes. When that precursor of the Sloans, Fords and the Chryslers, Michael Faraday—whose induction system made mass production possible—was exhibiting his magneto at the British Royal Scientific Society, William Gladstone, then a rising young



The Big Three's most famous masters of production, K. T. Keller, William S. Knudsen and Henry Ford.



Walter P. Chrysler congratulating honor graduates of Chrysler Institute of Engineering.



Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., presenting William C. Durant at a GM celebration of the making of their 25,000,000th automobile.

politician, asked "the father of electricity" what on God's earth it would ever be good for.

"Someday," was Faraday's historic prophecy, "you politicians will be able to tax it."

In conclusion, a few words more about William C. Durant.

When he again lost control of General Motors he was still his same old buoyant self. Though past sixty he started right in again. He organized the Durant Motors, the Flint Motor Company, the Star Motor Company. He acquired the Locomobile and other odd lots. The word flashed through the stock market: "Hang on to your hats, he's in again!" But there came the collapse of the Coolidge credit prosperity in 1929. The national balloon burst this time. Durant was wiped out again. In 1936 he filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. His assets consisted of \$250 in clothing. He was seventy-four years of age, but his smile was bland, his dress exquisite, his figure neat. He drifted back to Flint—the scene of his beginnings. Old General Motors associates organized a comfortable pension for him.

He refused to remain idle. The news was flashed that he had opened a bowling alley when past eighty. People thought that that was just too bad. What they did not understand was that Billy Durant had another vision. This bowling alley was to be just the basis of another plunge—as had been the Buick and the Chevrolet.

This time Billy saw millions in bowling. The sport, he said, would sweep the country. He would organize a national chain. He was right again! Bowling did become the great national vogue. But the years were on the kindly, soft-spoken, little man, and the banks were not open for loans.

The transition from Durant to Sloan marks an era in our national development as well as in the stabilization of Detroit.

CHARACTER AND PRODUCT

THEODORE F. MACMANUS spent hundreds of millions of dollars in his lifetime promoting the sale of automobiles through advertising though he knew nothing about the mechanics of a car. He never even learned how to drive.

I kidded him about this one day. I could at least drive one of the contraptions. His answer was: "The character of every man is revealed in his product. I never wanted a client I could not trust. When I wrote that first advertising campaign for the Dodge Brothers I didn't write about the car at all. I simply described the character of the two men who made it."

That campaign still remains the classic of automotive advertising: block letters against a quiet blue background, just one word to each ad: "Dependable," "Reliable," "Sound."

By different means, but with the same technique, "T. F." did the same job in bringing out the first products of Walter P. Chrysler, spending over \$16,000,000 a year in the doing of it.

And so here is the story of how the characters of men are revealed in their product.

The Dodge brothers' product lived up to the ads. Then they both died, each leaving his share of the business to his widow.

With their driving power gone, the great institution they had built up together faltered. The product wasn't the same. Not quite as good. Management! So the widows agreed to sell.

Through the Detroit Trust Company bids were asked for. Two institutions made known their intentions to submit offers. One was the J. Pierpont Morgan house—supposedly for General Motors. The other was from Dillon, Read and Company. The time to open the bids was set for two o'clock on a certain day.

A half-dozen Morgan representatives arrived in town, including

Thomas Cochran. Over at the Statler Hotel were the Dillon, Read group. At the advertised time, the Morgan representatives made their appearance at the trust company offices and filed their sealed bid. Everybody waited for Dillon and Read.

A trust company official called them at the Statler. The Morgan representatives had agreed to twenty minutes' delay—but no longer. At twenty-one minutes after two, Attorney Howland, representing Dillon and Read, dashed into the room with a sealed Statler Hotel envelope. The one minute was waived by Mr. Cochran, who silenced the protests of others in his group. The bids were read.

Morgan offered \$125,000,000.

Dillon and Read offered \$146,000,000.

That twenty-one-minute delay netted the two Dodge widows \$21,000,000—a million a minute.

Now Dillon and Read were splendid bankers. But bankers do not know how to make automobiles.

The character of the famous old Dodge car deteriorated. Sales fell off. Dillon and Read decided it was a good business—to get out of.

Walter Chrysler was asked to make a proposition. He had already launched his own company in Detroit by taking over the old Maxwell in 1921 and developing it into the Chrysler Corporation.

Never mind the involved statistics. They bore me too. He took over the vast Dodge corporation without paying a cent for it.

There were \$60,000,000 in debenture bonds. Chrysler assumed this debt. Dillon and Read gathered from its owners 90 percent of the outstanding Dodge stock and received in return Chrysler stock.

When the deal was closed, around midnight, some one of the bankers suggested making an announcement on the following day.

"The Chrysler name will be over the door when tomorrow's sun rises," was Chrysler's answer.

And it was, with K. T. Keller on the job.

Chrysler was the same type of mechanic as John and Horace Dodge. Under men with the "know-how" the Dodge car swept back to its old position of popularity. The \$60,000,000 debt was quickly paid and all the stockholders were happy.

Chrysler knew engineering and production, he knew and could

pick men, and he knew finance. That's all it takes to make success in this tough business; with, of course, stamina, will power and courage. And character! All very simple. Try it sometime!

At seventeen Chrysler quit school at Wamego, Kansas, to take a job as engine wiper at five cents an hour, because he loved engines; saved that money to pay for a course in mechanical engineering from the International Correspondence School. At thirty-three he had fought his way up to superintendent of motive power and machinery for the Chicago and Great Western. Then to manager of the American Locomotive Works at Pittsburgh.

In 1912 he tossed away an \$18,000 job to go to work for Charles W. Nash, at Buick, for \$6,000 a year, because he wanted to learn the automotive business—though Nash warned him that the “game” could never pay much more.

William C. Durant had used the Buick as the base for creating General Motors. Chrysler rose under him to be general manager in charge of production. Durant was a stock-market plunger who thought only of finance. Chrysler was a production man, a mechanic, a disciplinarian, who wanted order in the organization as much as he did in an engine. He resigned, selling his holding for something like \$18,000,000.

When General Motors was reorganized on a sound financial basis, the new leadership wanted Chrysler back. But he said he was tired of making money, tired of working. He was going to have a good time for the rest of his life. He went off to Europe.

When he came back from his long vacation the bankers were in trouble again. This time with the Willys-Overland at Toledo. They had lent so much money to Willys-Overland they hired Chrysler for a million dollars a year to get them out of hock. Which he did.

Then other bankers in a worse mess brought him the trade's well-known headache, the Maxwell. Maxwell was \$20,000,000 in debt, had only fifty more or less disinterested dealers and 26,000 unsold cars in the freight sheds around the country.

Again it was getting out a product with character. Theodore MacManus simply put out ads, “The Good Maxwell.” “Oh,” said the public, “this is different! This is the *good* Maxwell.” And it was! In a few years Chrysler owned the company and in 1924

brought out his first car under his own name. It was a sensation.

Why? First of all it was Fred Zeder's engine. Fred came off a farm in the Saginaw valley, worked his way through high school and the University of Michigan as a mechanic.

He designed the famous E. M. F. engine. That company later merged with Studebaker. Fred went along as chief engineer; salary, \$150,000 a year. He quit to organize the Zeder, Breer, Skelton Engineering Laboratories and there they designed the Chrysler engines that caught the public's fancy.

Fred is a very devout churchman though you would never suspect it around the Chrysler engineering laboratories when something goes wrong. Fred goes to church every morning. He believes that God is the Great Engineer. He spent months up at Rochester, Minnesota, studying human anatomy with Drs. Charles and Will Mayo—to get engineering ideas!

How does the human heart pick up "horsepower" when you run a hundred-yard dash or chase a streetcar? The supercharger! How did God make this human machine so that you don't get jarred when you walk? The heart, liver and all those things are suspended inside you so they do not get the jolt when you jump off a barn—if you are given to that. Floating power!

I do not know enough about mechanics (It always surprises me how little I know about anything!) to go into his theories on thermodynamics, but you get the idea of how his mind works. I hope!

It is a bit difficult at times for me in talking to Fred to determine whether the famous Chrysler engines have been designed by the research trinity of Zeder, Breer and Skelton, by the Drs. Mayo, or by God—or a combination of all.

Then there is the man who took Chrysler's place as president, Kaufman Thuma Keller. Do not address him as Kaufman even if you are a fellow thirty-third-degree Mason. He doesn't like that name. And, of course, K. Thuma Keller would hardly be an improvement among that hard-hitting group of colleagues. So to intimates and the great wide world he is known as "K. T."—or "Katy."

As a youngster out of business college K. T. left a Philadelphia suburb to go west. His idea of "west" was Pittsburgh. The first

thing he did when he arrived was to walk right up to a policeman.

"Officer," he said, "what is the largest business in this town?" He wanted a job.

The cop suggested Westinghouse, but, being one of those curious cops, wanted to know why the young man wanted the biggest place to work in.

"Because," K. T. said, "if I got what it takes to make good, I can go farther in a big place; and, if I haven't, it will take them longer to find out."

He got an office job. At twenty-one, with the pay good and getting better, he walked into the general manager's office. "I've been around here long enough," he said, "to learn that anyone who amounts to anything comes out of the factory or the engineering department. I don't like my job."

He started to wear overalls as an apprentice machine hand at far less pay—two years at twenty cents an hour. Then he roamed the country learning all there was to know about the automobile business. By 1919 he was master mechanic at the Buick, under the eye of Chrysler. When Chrysler quit and Sloan took over, K. T. went to Toronto as general manager of the General Motors of Canada, where he turned a large deficit into a larger profit.

When Chrysler started fooling around with the Maxwell, he telephoned K. T. to join him.

"Are you in to stay?" asked K. T. "I'm sitting pretty here. But if you are in for the duration, tell me."

"I can't say that yet," said Chrysler.

"Then let me know when you can."

In 1928 Chrysler telephoned him again.

Chrysler had picked him for the toughest job in the industry: the return of character—reliability—dependability to the Dodge car. The night the deal was closed he was at the Dodge plant until morning getting ready to rehabilitate the organization.

Though physically tough and daring of mind there is in this personification of driving force an awareness of the imponderables of life. His love of beauty has given K. T. an established reputation in art circles. He possesses one of the finest collections of Chinese art in America. Until his war job took all his nights and days he served on the Board of Trustees of the Detroit Art Institute.

As for his religious bent, a nap in church cost him a large sum of money, and aided largely in finishing the Metropolitan M. E. Church, supposed to be the largest in the United States. The Reverend Dr. Merlin S. Rice ("Mike" to all Detroit) had a national reputation as a platform and pulpit orator.

One morning he was asking the members of his congregation to buy bricks—one dollar a brick. K. T. dozed. When he went to sleep "Mike" was talking about bricks. When K. T.'s mother nudged him, the preacher had swung over to great foundation stones. Still thinking of bricks, K. T. said, "Put me down for five thousand."

Then there is my fellow journalist, B. E. Hutchinson. He doesn't like his first name either, calls himself officially B. Edwin Hutchinson. If you ever see his hairy chest, all covered with scars from his blast-furnace days, you will understand why the name Bertram might pall on him when the gang called him "Bertie." Yes, "Hutch" was, is and forever will be a journalist. He can sit at a typewriter and pound out copy like a star reporter who wants to get started early to meet his girl.

Hutch's father was a wealthy tack manufacturer in Chicago. He sent his handsome young son to Massachusetts Institute of Technology to learn to be an engineer. Dad Hutchinson was of the old school of fathers and insisted his son live within a proper allowance.

So Hutch got a part-time job on the Boston *Transcript* as a reporter, without Father's knowledge. By his third year at M. I. T. he had organized a staff to take care of the string of newspapers he was doing correspondence for across the country and was living the life of a young Mr. Riley.

Such shenanigans annoyed the faculty. One day Father got a note that his pride and joy had been canned for flunking in "Course F"—whatever that was. Dad was outraged and Hutch was independent. He would show 'em that he could go on his own and be an engineer—without M. I. T.

He got a job as a furnaceman. From that to general foreman of the open hearth department—then to London as chief engineer of the Blair Open Hearth Furnace Company, Ltd. Then vice-president and sales manager of the Blair Engineering Company of

New York. All the spare time studying business, accounting, finance. He joined the staff of Ernst and Ernst as an expert accountant. Then to the American Writing Paper Company, Holyoke, Massachusetts, where he started displaying his genius in financial affairs, to such an extent that New York bankers began to coo over his keen judgment.

When Chrysler wanted a financial man he asked one of them who to get. The banker shouted the name "Hutchinson." Hutch wasn't so sure he wanted to take the chance but he agreed to go to New York for a conference.

He sat in Gramercy Park in New York, near the Chrysler residence, and talked it over with his wife.

"I'm a big toad in a little puddle now," he said, "and I do not want to be a little toad in a big puddle."

"Why not," asked his ever-loving, "be a big toad in a big puddle?"

He took the job.

We will now play some quiet music to denote the passing of the years. There came one day a request from Dr. Karl Compton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, asking Hutch to organize for the school a course on automobiling—engineering, production, finance, et cetera.

Hutch mapped out the course and the faculty was so delighted they asked Hutch if he would serve on the board of trustees.

When this journalist-engineer-productionist-financier got up to speak they learned for the first time that he had attended that school and had been bounced out of it.

"And," said Hutch, turning to the ancient secretary, "here is the gentleman alongside of me who fired me—and notified my Dad."

"Mr. Hutchinson," responded the secretary, "in its long and glorious history this institution has made many mistakes. You are our biggest."

"That's all right," said Hutch, "but the reason I mapped out this course of study and accepted a trusteeship here is that I want to abolish that Course F. It never was any damned good."

For sales manager, Chrysler picked Joseph E. Fields, of the National Cash Register Company, the man who inspired Charles F. Kettering to revolutionize the cash register, which led to the

auto self-starter. Joe is now retired. Of him "Boss Ket" once remarked:

"Joe is like a perfectly cast bell; no matter how you strike him, he rings true."

Of the Big Three: The Ford Motor Company is the lengthened shadow of one man, Henry Ford; General Motors, the largest industrial corporation in the world, is the result of the lifework of America's finest administrative genius, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.; the Chrysler Corporation clicks consistently because the dynamic Walter Chrysler organized and left behind him a winning, fighting team that keeps alive his mighty spirit.

6

SOCRATES IN INDUSTRY

GENERAL MOTORS is building a Technical Center at Mound and Twelve-mile Road at a cost of \$25,000,000. Charles Franklin Kettering, who worked out the self-starter, the ignition-and-lighting system for automobiles in an old barn near Dayton, Ohio, will wind up his career in the costliest laboratories dedicated to science that the world has ever known.

Boss Ket once advised business leaders of Florida to organize research laboratories so that the potential wealth of their state could be uncovered. The state legislature voted for the fund. The money went to build a fine building. All of it! There was none left to do any research work.

"A shed is good enough for research," snorted Boss Ket, "until you know what it is you're looking for. Ideas are what count, not buildings."

Now, in the zenith of his career, Boss Ket has so many ideas, with the whole universe as his hunting ground, that the vast technical center will be but a shed covering the nucleus of his imagination. Ket, of course, jeers at such talk.

"All I know," he says, "is that I know nothing."

Though president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and chairman of the National Inventors' Council throughout the war, Ket is the iconoclast in science. He still thinks with the clarity and directness of the farm hand he once was in Ohio. He is of the earth, earthy in the American tradition of Ben Franklin, Eli Whitney, Lincoln, Edison, Ford—whose thought processes have never been inhibited by book-bound minds.

While a student of electrical engineering at Ohio State University, Ket studied so hard that his sight became affected. Finally he had to quit altogether and worked as a telephone lineman until his

sight grew stronger. In keeping with a theory of mine that his blindness may have helped emancipate Kettering from textbooks, Ket himself has a favorite story which illustrates what I mean.

Two professors of physics had ordered a machine to make manifest cosmic rays. The machine arrived with detailed instructions on how to erect it. The professors labored for weeks to put it together but could not get it working. Most of the time they were at it an old colored janitor in the building stood around watching them. On the night before they were to give a demonstration they struggled with the contraption all evening. In despair they agreed to rest for an hour and have a cup of tea, then to stick to the job until morning, if necessary. When they returned the machine was clicking merrily and the red rays were flashing around the room.

"Who did this?" they demanded.

"Ah did," said the old janitor.

"You did?"

"Yessuh, gemmen. You see us colored folks, we ain't got no education, so we jes' have to use ouah heads."

Whether my hunch is right or not does not matter. Ket's sight had improved enough so that he could return to school for his fourth year but not enough for him to do much reading. His roommate read the textbooks for him at night.

"I could always tell in the morning how much I had studied," Ket used to say, "by how hoarse my roommate was."

And when he was graduated he took his diploma home and threw it into the fireplace. When it was in ashes he said, "Now I will learn something about engineering."

This was not histrionics on Ket's part. It was the beginning of his system of self-discipline to keep his mind open. His favorite aphorism is, "The fellow who believes the last textbook is stuck with it."

At a luncheon given for Dr. Karl Compton, president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I heard Ket say something like this: "If you have any good third-year men at M. I. T., send them to me. Their minds are still open. But I do not like them so well when they have been graduated. Once they get a sheepskin, it's sometimes a job prying their minds open again."

Later I asked him what he meant by that.

"What I said," he answered, "was partly in jest. But, neverthe-

less, it is true that graduation brings about a psychological change in a boy. It is a matter of pride, of face saving. He has acquired an education. It is his. He's proud of it, as we are all likely to become proud of anything that we have achieved after hard work. He doesn't want it questioned. There is always associated with it that pride of opinion which is the beginning of the end of an open mind. Education should but often doesn't discipline a youth to a realization that he does not know. The hope of the world is in intelligent ignorance. Just as soon as you become satisfied with what you think you know, the concrete has begun to set in your head."

Ket once elaborated upon this theme in this manner:

"I can never see any difference between chemistry and physics or between biology and physics. They are all material and energy relationships in which molecules, atoms and so forth, are involved. Calling them different sciences and adding a lot of Latin and Greek doesn't help the situation.

"We are getting into the Tower of Babel as far as technological lingo is concerned and we need to get down into common words. Some time ago an effort was made to prepare a dictionary of scientific terms. As I recall, we got as far as the word *atom*. We didn't get any further because we couldn't reach any agreement on what an atom is. So we finished up by calling our dictionary 'a glossary of the probable meanings of these words.'

"In industrial research all we are searching for is the truth. When you come to work for us you do not have to defend what you do not know. Your willingness to admit what you don't know is not held against you.

"Men can be trained to be inventors by the simple process of telling them that it is not a disgrace to fail. In research work there is no such thing as failure in the accepted sense of the word. If an inventor does not get what he is after by one experiment he has not failed; he has made progress. They speak of Thomas Edison's many thousands of failures before he developed the incandescent light. None of them was a failure to him. He was just eliminating the wrong methods and reducing the field of possibilities until he at last found what he was looking for all the time.

It is as important to know how not to do a thing sometimes as it is to know how to do it. And out of these 'intelligent failures' often come astounding by-products which open other avenues of learning. These are the rewards of the open mind."

A group of engineers recently visited the General Motors' present research laboratory in the shadow of "Durant's Folly." They wanted to know what the world was to do when our present supply of fuel runs out.

"Maybe," said Ket, "we can run our cars by radio. Maybe all we will have to do is to have some central power stations with big antennae and have a little antenna like you have now for your radio receiving set."

"You can't do that," they told him. "What we are after is a gasoline supply."

"What is gasoline?" asked Ket.

"Gasoline is a substance distilled from petroleum."

"What is petroleum?"

"Petroleum is an oil taken from the earth which apparently comes from ages of decayed vegetation."

"Where did that come from?"

"From the growth of plants, of course, aeons ago."

"No matter how long ago it was, what made those plants grow?"

"The sun."

"Yes! And that being true, we are already running our automobiles by radio through ages of indirection. All we need to do, then, is to take a few steps more and we can run them directly by radio."

You can readily see that Boss Ket is a difficult man to visit with. He refuses to accept a static world or any part of same. An evening with him and he so surcharges your imagination that you go home with a headache.

Charles F. Kettering is one of the world's great teachers, the evangelist of the open mind.

He has set aside an endowment to find out why we can see through a pane of glass. A group of scientists visiting his laboratory told him such research was unnecessary. Everybody knew why we could see through a pane of glass; it was transparent. Ket

reached for the dictionary, looked up the definition of the word "transparent" and read it to them: "Having the property of transmitting rays of light so that bodies can be seen through."

"Where," he asked, "do we go from here?"

So it is with his famed endowment at Antioch College where research is conducted "to find out why grass is green." To be scientifically correct, this is the study of the chemistry of chlorophyll. The chemistry of chlorophyll and of the blood pigments is so closely related that information derived from the study of one of these groups has had repercussions in the other. Physics, biology, chemistry to Kettering are all vaguely divided branches of one great stream of knowledge.

All energy comes from the radiations of the sun and all life is but different manifestations of that power. If you think this is in the realm of pure science, sacrosanct to the sequestered laboratories of the universities and far removed from the "taint of commercialism" that is supposed to be associated with industrial research engineering, then you have never met Kettering.

With his interest in every field of scientific endeavor, Ket has gone far into medical research. He and Dr. Roy McClure, chief of staff at Henry Ford Hospital, have worked together for years with his now famous "heat box," which produces artificial fever by radioactivity in the cure of syphilis and various types of rheumatism. For years he has financed a group of doctors in Dayton to do original research along this line. He also finances a clinic for Dr. Cowdry at Bernard's Free Skin Cancer Hospital in St. Louis. His purpose here is to see whether or not cancer is caused by some deficiency—probably calcium.

He addresses medical gatherings as often as he does those of physicists, chemists and engineers. He pleads with the medical profession to adopt the methods and techniques of the research engineers—to keep their minds open, and not to remember too long that which they once learned from textbooks.

When Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., recently announced an endowment of \$4,000,000 for cancer research, he insisted upon calling it the Kettering, Sloan Foundation because while he is contributing the money, he wanted Ket to be the director.

I asked Ket what doctors they were going to get to head the

institution. His answer was in keeping with his philosophy. "We want to know what our problem is first. I do not believe we ought to start with any 'famous cancer authority.' Too many of these have already established their convictions. Maybe the long-range solution does not lie in a cure at all, but in a preventive. It is our present plan first to apply the research engineer's methods to the problem, just to see what it really is."

The recent war has broken down old barriers between educational centers and industrial centers of research. Both the universities and the industrialists have benefited. This cleavage between the supposed theoretical and the practical began back in the ages of the Renaissance, when the ancient wisdom of the Greeks was rediscovered.

The universities were for the nobility. The great common mass of mankind was never considered in higher learning. For them there were the guilds in which apprenticeship for five years—until each youth could turn out his "masterpiece" and become a master mason or carpenter—was the established vocational educational system. For four hundred years there has been that wall, slowly being worn away by the march of democracy and the development of the Machine Age, in which the "grease monkey" of the factories has taken the place of goose-stepping battalions of soldiers. (I'm talking, not Ket.)

The new General Motors Technical Center announces there will be classrooms for accredited students. Professors will be invited to use the vast resources of the laboratories for purposes of "pure science."

This movement, to me, transcends all Boss Ket's inventions. This is my story and I'm sticking to it.

Kettering is absolute boss of the GM research laboratories. E. P. Rippingale is general manager and Harry Maugey is technical director. Kettering is relieved of all details of management. He spends his nights and days in the endless little "lab" rooms with "his boys" who know him by no other name than "Boss."

Awhile ago he became interested in Diesel engines. "For the first twenty years," he told his staff, "the world tried to make Diesel engines run like steam engines. For the next twenty years we tried to make them run like gasoline-combustion engines. Now our job

is to let a Diesel engine run the way a Diesel engine wants to run."

At the beginning of this research Ket ordered a yacht for himself. The boat makers almost refused to take the commission. They said no such fine yacht should be built that way. The lines were not orthodox. It would not look like other yachts, therefore it would not be beautiful.

"Who is going to say so?" demanded Ket.

"Why, other boatowners."

"But they will not be on my boat," said Ket, "so what does it matter to me how it looks to them? I'll be on it—not they."

What he wanted was space to do research on Diesel engines.

(Incidentally, the yacht was named Olive K. in honor of his wife who is the boss of the "Boss" and the only thing he has never wanted to change.)

Now nobody in General Motors dreamed of going into the Diesel-engine business. But Kettering worked out in detail the application of the internal-combustion principles patented by Rudolph Diesel in 1892, so that the engine can be used for farm work, trucking, small power units, and railroads and ships in any size and for any purpose.

A tremendous new force has been added to our industrial, mercantile and agricultural life by a man with "nothing else to do" and an insatiable curiosity to know why the engine did not function in accordance with the dreams of the man who had conceived it. Diesel either fell or jumped off an English Channel boat before his research had been fully developed.

When, as a youngster, Kettering quit the National Cash Register laboratories at Dayton to perfect his self-starter, ignition-and-lighting system he made an old barn over into a laboratory. In those days there were two schools of thought about the automobile. Henry Ford represented one and Alex Dow, of the Detroit Edison, for whom he worked, represented the other. One insisted the gas engine was the power of the future. The other insisted on electricity. Characteristically Kettering did not join either school. He combined them with his electric motor that turned over the gas engine.

But when Henry M. Leland put his self-starter and ignition system on Cadillac cars, magneto manufacturers howled that it was

the ignition which caused the knock in the engines. A wave of propaganda against Ket's system swept the country.

In self-defense Ket began a study of fuels. In those days gasoline was gasoline. The textbooks said that the lower the gravity of the fuel the less power you could take out of the engine and the more likely it was to knock. Ket discovered that there were certain volatile fuels, such as ether, that would knock even worse than the lower gravity fuels such as kerosene. He called in Thomas Midgley, Jr., a brilliant young mechanical engineer who had just finished a job for him on hydrometers. He outlined his theories to Midgley. But Midgley protested.

"I'm an engineer, not a chemist," he said.

"That is why I want you to tackle this job," Ket explained. "This is a subject which nobody knows anything about. If we bring in specialists, they will try to make the problem conform to what they already think they know. Let us start out with a little laboratory. If we need some chemical apparatus, let's get it; if we need some physical equipment, get that also. But do not let us separate this job into physics and chemistry."

That was late in 1916.

Midgley, who "knew nothing about chemistry," died as the revered president of the American Chemical Society. Under Boss Ket's inspiration and guidance he discovered tetraethyl lead. This led the way to the development of higher-powered motor engines and high-octane aviation gasoline.

"We could not have won the Battle of Britain," declared Jeffrey Lloyd, Secretary of Petroleum for Great Britain, "without 100-octane gas."

It was a long, bitter, exacting search on the part of Kettering, Midgley, T. A. Boyd and their staff, now grown to include specialists in chemistry. The younger men felt at times that they were wasting the best years of their lives up a blind alley. One night they intimated that it was useless to go on.

Kettering was leaving for a meeting in New York. On the train he picked up a newspaper. A little item at the bottom of a column attracted his attention. It announced that a professor claimed to have discovered a universal solvent. It would dissolve anything.

Ket remembered the old story of the simple farmer who was

told that by another chemist. "If," asked the farmer, "it can dissolve anything, what kind of a container have you got to hold it?"

He took the item back to the laboratory with him and showed it to Midgley, Boyd and the rest of the boys. They had heard of the supposed discovery but they had not tried it out as an antiknock material. On Ket's insistence they switched over to this material, "selenium oxychloride." This brought them to the study of metallic-organic compounds. From this to organic lead—and ethyl. Then the long search for a supply, which came finally by joining forces with the Dow Chemical Company of Midland, Michigan, to take bromide out of sea water.

More than seven years to prove that Ket's ignition system did not cause the knock!

Now it was another long and bitter battle to educate the public. One year after he had started his work on antiknock fuels, Kettering read a paper before the Society of Automotive Engineers. In this he declared that it was *not* the specific gravity of the fuel which influenced its combustion at all. It was the molecular structure. This was an entirely new point of view for both the oil industry and the engineers. There were immediate repercussions.

Standard Oil of Indiana sent Frank Howard to Dayton to find out whether Kettering should be put in prison or an asylum. Howard came away convinced that Kettering was neither criminal nor lunatic.

Even when the lead compound was proved to be the thing that would eliminate the knock, the fight was far from won. The medical profession rose up and shouted, "Death from lead poisoning!" By mutual consent with the Federal Government—that is between Kettering and Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce—ethyl gas was withdrawn from the market.

There was the amazing battle over the goats. To detect any possibility of lead poisoning, fifteen goats were used at Yale University. The procedure was to shave the bellies of the goats and then apply to the shaved parts a certain amount of ethyl gas each morning. All of the goats died within fifteen days! Here, said the medical men, was positive proof.

Not to Kettering! All they had was fifteen dead goats, but no proof that it was the lead in the gas that killed them. They were

just dead goats. Ket is also a student of biology and zoology. No other man has ever made such a study of cats as Ket. He has hundreds of them. Says the cat is the most intelligent of all animals. The only trouble is that people insist on bringing up a cat as they do a dog and a cat insists on being a cat. He knows much about bats—the original radar—and wasps and ants and bees. Also, goats.

Ket had to prove that those goats would have died if there had been no lead at all touching their tummies. In fact, if benzole gas had been used they would have died sooner. Goats, it seems are allergic to hydrocarbon compounds. This he had to prove.

One of the Yale professors had given the story of the deaths of the goats to the New York *World*. That paper made a national sensation out of it.

Experiments with human beings followed all over the country and at last ethyl gas was officially and publicly proclaimed safe.

Kettering, the blind student who refused to wear blinkers that kept him grooved to textbooks, is today the same defiant youth grown older. His parallel can be found in the city of Athens in the middle of the fifth century before Christ.

Socrates came on earth when there was a chaos of conflicting systems of scientific beliefs. Each school of thought could establish only one point: that all the other schools were wrong. As a reaction to this still another school held that there was no use seeking for truth; truth being impossible to find, the search was a waste of time. All this puzzled Socrates.

"I have no head for physics," he sighed, "so I must fall back on my mother-wit."

Contending that he knew nothing except that he knew nothing, Socrates made life miserable for those in Athens who insisted they knew everything. He opened the windows of the human mind.

Charles Franklin Kettering is his twentieth-century disciple. Under his guidance, the General Motors Technical Center, out there on Twelve-mile Road, may well become the mecca for the inquiring minds of the world. Like Socrates, too, Ket laughs, and is undismayed.

"The people," he says, "will climb out of their troubles on a ladder of new ideas."

HOW IFFY WAS BORN

THE time has come to introduce Iffy.

It all began in 1934 in the worst of the depression. Detroit's banks had been closed, our factories remained idle, the marts of trade were deserted, office buildings empty. Detroit was a city that once was.

And then a strange thing happened. Mickey Cochrane, greatest catcher that ever stepped on an umpire's toe, had been bought from Philadelphia to be playing manager of the Detroit Tigers. He was a ball of fire on the diamond, a field leader *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Exhausted business leaders, without anything else to do, spent their afternoons at the park. Mickey was the only thing in all Detroit that seemed alive. They saw in him a reincarnation of the old fighting faith they had once possessed and which had made Detroit the talk of the world. Detroit went baseball mad. The Tigers were headed for their first pennant in twenty-seven years.

That's how Iffy was born!

When, some years before, I had taken over the executive editorship of the Detroit *Free Press*, I found a "situation" in the sports department. The youngsters knew nothing of the ancient glories of our baseballic history.

Over on the *News* there was my friend and protégé of other days, the brilliant H. G. Salsinger, writing his head off, giving the folks what they wanted in the way of comparisons of players with the other championship years—and reminiscences. He was running us bowlegged and I had nobody to match him.

There came to me an old-time baseball writer who had gone to advertising and had made big money. But the depression had hit him, too, and he was "at liberty." He asked me if I knew where he could get temporary work until he made another connection. I told him I would see what I could do.

Through the night I got a hunch. I called up the gentleman the

next day and asked him to drop in. I told him what Salsinger was doing to us. "I'll pay you twenty dollars a column," I said, "for five columns a week during this excitement."

He gave me a dirty laugh.

"Look!" he said, "I know what you're up against. You can't get along without me. Pay me two hundred a week."

"No, thanks," I said, "yesterday you were asking for coffee-and-cakes money and now you are trying to dictate a price."

"O. K.," he said. "I'm the only one in town who's got what you have to have. So when you get sensible, give me a ring."

He walked out. I was so mad I just about blew a fuse.

"O. K., yourself, smarty-pants," I said to myself, "I'll write it."

I had not seen a game of baseball for fourteen seasons but I had been a sports editor in the glorious days of Hughie Jennings and I had watched the rise of mighty Ty Cobb. I pounded out a column of anecdotal stuff, deliberately burlesquing the hysterical writings of the day. I dragged in what classical references I could remember about the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. Homer, Milton, Dante backed up the Tigers, via Bartlett.

And when I had finished I got a shock. No! I could not sign my name to it. All too utterly mad. Besides I had my own "Good Morning" column on the editorial page. Well, in this now wholly insane town of ours people stood on street corners with pencils and paper figuring out the win-and-lose percentages. All the papers carried "If" columns—"If Detroit wins today and New York loses." Everybody was "iffing." So I slugged it "Iffy the Dopester."

I had an idea that folks might enjoy the satire. To my amazement they took it all seriously and yowled for more. The heat was on. I tried to kill old Iffy then and there, but the popeyed populace would have none of it. Floyd Nixon, head of our art department, drew a portrait of Iffy the Dopester and he became overnight a mighty man of mystery. The wilder he wrote the more they loved it.

Iffy clubs sprang up all over Michigan. The *Free Press* handed out a half million Iffy buttons. A superstition grew that if the Tigers lost it was because some fan had failed to wear his Iffy button at the game.

Women, when not at the ball park, made Iffy quilts. Florists

filled their windows with Nixon's Iffy Tiger. The Iffy cocktail became the most popular drink at the Book-Cadillac Hotel bar. Night clubs had Iffy songs.

Artist Nixon created what he said was Iffy's Iffing machine—a horrendous Joe Cook-Ed Wynn affair of wild whirling wheels with horoscope attachments, made out of wrecked slot machines, old clocks, thermometers and parts of the Nixon kitchen stove. The Iffing machine was placed on display in one of the windows of the J. L. Hudson department store and later in the lobby of the General Motors Building.

Seemingly there were only two questions in town: "Can the Tigers win?" and "Who is Iffy?"

Iffy, the old rascal, always referred to himself as "The vicarious manager of the Tigers."

This infuriated Cochrane. He thought Iffy was horning in on his prerogatives and, as a matter of fact, he was.

In 1935, things got even worse. I was on a twenty-four-hour schedule of work running an editorial department and managing Iffy. The old coot always insisted on sitting out in the bleachers, and no man with a beard was safe in the park.

When the Tigers won the World Series that year against the Chicago Cubs the city went stark, raving mad. The crowds swarmed through the streets until daybreak. I think Iffy could have been elected mayor without opposition though still nobody knew who he was.

That baseball excitement was the catharsis the town needed to get it out of the doldrums. Mickey Cochrane and his Tigers had brought back to it the old faith and fighting spirit.

And then the mystery ended. *The Saturday Evening Post* published an article exposing Iffy and telling who he was. For a year I was getting letters from all over the United States and Canada asking me if it were true that I was really Iffy. Many people in Detroit will not believe it to this day.

With the town restored to normalcy and the baseball fever ebbing, the people still demanded their Iffy. So, since then—with occasional excursions into other fields—I have kept the old fellow with his whiskers close to the typewriter, commenting on the passing parade.

*“WHO DOES HENRY FORD
THINK HE IS?”*

IN THE summer of 1879 a boy off a farm walked into Detroit to find work in a machine shop. At the age of sixteen he had determined that he was to be a mechanic and the nine-mile walk he had to make did not lessen that determination.

After some days of hunger he landed a job at the thing he wanted to do. But it paid him only \$2.50 a week. His board and lodging cost him \$3.50 a week. To make up the difference he found work in a jewelry and watch store on Baker Street. He worked ten hours a day in the machine shop and then from seven in the evening until eleven at night at repairing watches. For this night work he got two dollars a week, which gave him one dollar over his actual living costs—for clothes and shoes and other essentials.

Working fourteen hours a day, six days a week, did not bother him at all. He did not consider it work. He was learning. So when his chance came to go from a machine shop to an engine works he was ready. That was his real ambition: to learn all there was to know about engines.

Like all truly great men, Henry Ford has never been understood. But he has never lost faith in himself. It was even so at his beginnings. His own father did not understand him.

That father, William Ford, was born of English parentage near Cork, Ireland, and came over here in the steerage with his family as a child to settle in Dearborn. He married Mary Litigot, whose people came out of Holland. The mother died when Henry was twelve. All the other children followed in the footsteps of their father as successful farmers. But as Father Ford used to say after a meeting of the school board, of which he was a member in Dear-

born: "I don't know what I am going to do with that boy Henry of mine. He just will not conform."

The rest of the task I must turn over to Iffy. The irascible old Dopester got irked one hot Saturday afternoon when Louis Stark, brilliant labor editor of the *New York Times*, dropped into my office after a blistering session in the Federal Court across the street. There was a hearing going on over there having to do with strike riots at the Ford River Rouge plant.

Dick Frankenstein and other CIO organizers had invaded Ford property, without permission, and had been kicked off with more force than judgment. It was sound propaganda in a union organizing campaign to make this a *cause célèbre* and the lads went to it with a right good will. Hence Mr. Stark's appearance on the scene.

"Who does this man Ford think he is?" asked Mr. Stark more in anger at the heat than anything.

Let Iffy speak:

BY IFFY THE DOPESTER

"Who does Henry Ford think he is?"

That is the question the feller from New York shot at me. I didn't like it. Here I am minding my own business and at peace with the world, when this feller from New York comes in and asks me if it is true that I knew Henry Ford "when." And just when I start to answer some of his questions—why, I don't know—he pops that one.

"Who does Henry Ford think he is?"

Mister, I says, I ain't seen Henry Ford 'nigh on to two weeks so I can't say for certain. But, seein' you've asked me, I'll tell you this much: I got an idea that he thinks he is Henry Ford, a feller who has been able to build up a pretty successful business by minding it and not wasting his time trying to run anybody else's.

It's all his, that business. He made it. He don't owe a thin dime and he doesn't have to be beholden to anybody. He's a funny old coot that way; just can't see why he should let Wall Street or Washington run his affairs for him. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Morgan

and Mr. Lewis are just ordinary plain folks to him. Don't scare him worth a cent.

"But," says this feller from New York, trying to get me into an argument about Henry Ford and the C.I.O. and making me mad because I don't like arguments, "but," says he, "doesn't Ford realize that this is a new age? Does he think he can go against the whole stream of world thought? Isn't it a fact that Henry Ford is crazy?"

I pops off right then and there and delivers the longest speech I ever made:

Mister, I tell him, you are absolutely right. Henry Ford is crazy as a loon. Always has been. Why, way back when he was a mere lad his father said as much himself—almost. An old friend of mine, Frank Chovin, used to be on the school board out in Dearborn with Henry Ford's father, Will Ford. And Henry Ford's father used to say then, after a board meeting: "I'm worried about that boy Henry of mine. Just can't do a thing with him on the farm. He spends all his time in that watch-repair shop and down at the railroad station—always fooling with machinery."

That always gave Frank Chovin a laugh because he was an engineer on the Michigan Central and used to sneak the boy Henry on to his train for a ride to Toledo with him.

"Don't worry about Henry," he used to tell Will, "the boy is all right."

But he didn't think so himself. Couldn't understand Henry either.

Well, sir, this William Ford, he came over from Ireland on the same ship with a feller named Maybury, whose son was to be one of the long-time mayors of Detroit, a very good lawyer and a very fine man, but a politician. Just keep that in mind for a while and remind me to tell you about him if I forget.

Then there was another feller named Alex Dow. He came over from Scotland and became the general manager of the Edison lighting company here in Detroit. For quite a while he also wondered about Henry Ford's sanity. You see, Henry worked for him as night engineer after he had left the farm and come into Detroit to follow his mechanical bent.

Henry worked all night as engineer and was a very good one,

too. But he spent all his days—when he should have been sleeping—fooling around with a horseless carriage which was to be run by a gasoline combustion engine. Alex Dow didn't like the idea of having a night engineer who might fall to sleep because he was so tired.

So he called Henry in and he says to him: "Henry, you're a good man and I like you. But you are crazy as a loon wasting your time with this gasoline combustion engine in this electrical age. It's all damned nonsense, Henry. Now you cut it out and we'll raise your wages. You are getting \$75 a month, Henry, but if you will just stick to your job and sleep days we'll raise you to \$125 a month. You will have to make up your mind one way or the other, Henry, because I'm afraid every night you will fall asleep and wreck the machinery."

Well, Henry, he just smiled and said he would like to talk it over with his wife. He had a baby then and he felt that the missis and son Edsel ought to be considered. But Clara Bryant, that's his wife, had faith in him, like every true woman has faith in a good husband even if people do go round saying he's a queer 'un. Why, Mrs. Ford and Henry made up the first Ford assembly line, in that little old shed at the rear of their house. She used to hand him his tools and hold the light for him when he was making his first car.

And one night—about two o'clock in the morning—Henry came into the house to announce to her that he had finally made it run. And she got dressed and went out into the shed with him, and the first Ford car ran out of that shed under its own power and down the alley with her holding the lantern so Henry could see where he was driving. It made a lot of noise, that first car did, and I guess the neighbors when they heard that hullabaloo sure must o' thought Henry was just plain nuts—at that hour, anyway.

In those days Henry used to work forty-eight hours without stopping sometimes. That was in the Dark Ages of horse-and-buggy America, before the Brain Trusters came along to educate us into an understanding that the less work you do the better off you are, and that the less food that is grown the more there will be to eat, and the way to increase wealth is to print more money. Henry was always either too crazy or too dumb or too busy to ever

learn these lessons; though at one time Gin'ral Hugh S. Johnson, he came right out here and offered him personal instructions. The Lord knows they must send him enough pamphlets and letters and circulars and forms. They've sent even me enough to paper my back room.

Well, to get back to what I was saying, Henry, the next morning, he told Alex Dow that he was resigning and although Mr. Dow gave him a good Scottish scolding for doing such a very foolish thing, they parted good friends and have been cronies ever since.

And a'fore I forget it, here is another funny thing—though Mr. Dow and Henry are about the same age, Mr. Dow always called Mr. Ford “Henry” and Henry always calls Mr. Dow just “Mr. Dow.” That was the way they addressed each other when Henry worked for Mr. Dow and they have never changed their salutations through the years.

“Isn't that right, Henry?” Mr. Dow will say.

“Yes, sir, quite right, Mr. Dow,” Henry will say, all unaware of how funny it sounds.

But I guess Mr. Dow is the only one in Detroit who calls him Henry, that is to his face. Not that he is uppity or anything like that but folks just don't do it. 'Course we all call him Henry when we talk like I'm talking but we never mean any offense. It's like the boys used to call Lincoln “Uncle Abe” and everybody called the first Roosevelt “Teddy.” To us our Henry is just a home-town boy who made good with a bang.

We have seen Henry Ford start from scratch and make a billion dollars by putting the world on wheels and there isn't a one of us old-timers who begrudges him a penny. The only thing Henry Ford ever gambled on was himself and he has very seldom lost. That's why I tell you I think he still has an idea that he is Henry Ford.

He quit one of the best paying jobs any working man had in Detroit—refusing \$125 a month when he really didn't know where his next meal was coming from—just because he had faith in himself and an idea.

I'll tell you something else. It seems just a year before he quit that job, Tom Edison was in New York for a banquet in his honor

given by the Edison company and Henry, as night engineer, was at that dinner. First time he was ever in New York. He went right up to Tom Edison and asked the old man for advice about that gasoline combustion engine. And Edison said to him right there and then:

“Ford, you are on the right track and do not let anybody argue you out of it. The gasoline car carries its own fuel, whereas an electric car has to run on batteries and is not an independent unit. Stick to your conviction, my lad, and you’ll make good.”

Henry Ford he never forgot that bit of advice. That is why he so worships the memory of Tom Edison and that is why they became lifelong friends.

When Henry got that first engine of his going, he careened around the streets of Detroit at the breath-taking speed of fifteen miles an hour. We all knew then he was crazy as a loon. The whole town got indignant about it—scaring the horses the way he did and endangering the lives and limbs of innocent women and children—to say nothing about us men.

That hue and cry lasted long enough for the aldermen to see some politics in it. In 1905 they met upstairs there in the City Hall and passed a resolution forbidding the use of the streets to “horseless carriages” because they caused horses to run away and, anyway, the streets of Detroit were not paved with such beautiful cedar blocks just to have such things running around loose.

Well, Henry, he remembered that his father and Mayor Maybury’s father they came over from Ireland together, and Henry went right over to the mayor’s office and asked the mayor if, for old time’s sake, he couldn’t help him.

And Maybury, he pretended to the public to be awfully outraged about this wicked contraption, the horseless carriage, but he told Henry he would see that it was never enforced. And it wasn’t. I guess Henry hasn’t taken politicians very seriously since because if he had there might not have been any Detroit as the motor center of the world. And, I also guess, that, whether they are in the common council of the city of Detroit or in the Congress at Washington or anywhere else, they all look alike to Henry.

There used to be a trick bicycle rider by the name of Joe Jackson on the old Keith circuit and in the old Wonderland Theater here

in Detroit there was a manager who had no sense of humor. He made a report to the Keith office at the end of the week on the various acts and about Joe Jackson, he said:

"The audiences laugh very loudly at this feller for some reason but he will never learn to ride a bicycle."

That's the way it was with Henry when he started out. The people laughed very loudly at him but they said he would never be able to make an automobile. Why? Because he was crazy as a loon, they said. Had a mad idea that a low-priced car would be a success when everybody else knew that only rich people could afford horseless carriages and that the motorcar would always remain a wealthy man's luxury. "No," said Henry, "the car will some day be a poor man's necessity."

That very remark proved he was crazy and his stockholders walked out on him. Company after company organized by Henry and his associates failed or quit because they all insisted Henry didn't know how to make a motorcar. That didn't bother him a bit. He kept right on.

A. Y. Malcolmsen was the last big stockholder to quit. He said either buy me out or let me buy you out. Henry bought him out. Only time he had to really borrow money from the bank.

That was about the time, too, when the whole world came right out and said Henry was crazy as a loon for still another reason. He refused to pay the Selden patent crowd anything. All the other motorcar manufacturers were paying royalties to the Selden company which claimed to have the original rights to the gasoline combustion engine. Henry thought he knew better and that is why everybody said he was crazy.

All his competitors started advertising campaigns against the Ford Motor Co. The ads said right out that "if you buy a Ford car you buy a lawsuit." The ads went on to explain that when the Selden patent case was decided by the United States Supreme Court, and Henry lost, why, the Selden people could seize your car and where would you be then?

Henry's advertising department started to come right back with sassy answers to this, knocking the other cars. But Henry said "no" to all that. He was just a crazy farm hand, they all said, but he argued that his company would never knock a competitor.

"It will give the public the idea that we are afraid of them, that they have a better product than we have. Never mention a competitor unless you say nice things about him."

People couldn't understand any such crazy nonsense back in those days of primitive advertising. All Henry did was to advertise that every buyer of a Ford car was safe from any damage suits as the selling contract would provide that with every car sold there would be enough money put in escrow to meet the patent costs—if, as and when.

At that time Henry Ford didn't even have a partner in his business who agreed with him. They were all agin him. But that didn't bother him either. And finally the Supreme Court ruled that the Selden patent thing was phony, that their claims were unwarranted—that Henry was right.

Well, all that money that he had been piling up in escrow to pay damages was ready cash at hand. The whole sum, some odd millions, was thrown back into production and that tremendous impetus made the Ford Motor Company the biggest thing of its kind on earth.

And those who had been saying all the time that Henry was crazy—his own competitors—they carried him around on their shoulders that night at the New York auto show when the verdict was announced. Henry had emancipated the industry from the extortionists and made it hum.

I was telling you about that victory agin the Selden patent gang that was trying to choke the motorcar industry and demand tribute from all the makers. Henry licked 'em hands down. But folks soon forgot all about that Selden patent fight. Our memories are always short. Those very same people were screaming from the tops of their lungs some years later, saying that now they were positive our Henry really was crazy as a loon. That was when he announced his five-dollar-a-day plan. Why, some of those old fellers nearly died of apoplexy they were so mad at him; they called him an anarchist and a destroyer of the capitalistic system and all that sort of thing.

All Henry really said was that with the development of mass production the only market left to consume goods was the working

man—therefore, he had to be paid enough to buy the product and he had to have sufficient time to use it.

There are many college professors and advanced thinkers right now who are writing great big profound books announcing this “new philosophy” but Henry said it all back in 1914 in one very simple paragraph. The practical phases of the whole philosophy of plenty were worked out by Henry back then before these young professors were dry behind the ears.

And when Henry said that higher wages and shorter hours meant greater production of goods and therefore greater wealth for all the people, they said that proved he was crazy. But he didn’t care what they said; and, incidentally, he got more free advertising out of that five-dollar-a-day scheme of his than any other man ever got on this earth.

He was still the idol of the masses. When the World War came on, they all announced again—that is the capitalists—that now he sure was crazy. A syndicate of British bankers were coming over here to float a two-billion-dollar loan. Henry startled the world by publicly saying that they should turn the boat around in mid-ocean and go back where they came from, that the American people would not stand for any such loan. The hint went out to banks all across this country that if they bought any of those bonds Henry might have to withdraw his deposits.

As I heard the story at the time, he tied Wall Street into knots for two whole days. The bond issue wasn’t going across at all. They came out here to Detroit to find out what was eating Henry. He told them.

The Wall Street crowd was sore at him for that five-dollar-a-day scheme. He was a lone wolf. He wouldn’t play ball with anybody, didn’t belong to any trade associations and wouldn’t cooperate with ’em in “regulating” the market. That Wall Street crowd figured it out this way:

They controlled about 80 percent of all the steel manufactured in America and about 75 percent of all the rubber. When they got ready they could step on Henry just like you could step on a cockroach on the sidewalk. They would show him what happened to lone wolves who didn’t play ball—if you know what I mean.

So when he slowed up that bond issue and they came out and asked, "How come?" Henry said that all he wanted was a fair field and no favors. He would like something like a blanket contract for five years' duration for all the steel he would need at the going market price the day he ordered—and another one of the same kind for rubber.

To get him off their backs they had to take him to their bosom long enough to give him that agreement. And during the next five years our Henry he bought ore mines and ships and built glass plants and developed rubber plantations and blast furnaces so they could never step on him as you would a cockroach.

And then there came the time after the war when he bought out his partners and there was that money panic and he was in need of \$85,000,000. They all said that Henry had run his course at last, as they had been predicting he would all along.

The House of Morgan sent a fire-alarm squad out to "save" the Ford company because they didn't want all other business to go down like a row of dominoes. The syndicate stood ready to flash Henry \$85,000,000 as soon as he said the word.

"But, of course," said the spokesman, "we will have to have our representative on your board to look after our investment. That is to say, I will be the treasurer."

"See that door?" said Henry.

"Yes," said the Wall Streeter, "what about it?"

"Go through it," said Henry or words to that effect, "Git."

And the Wall Streeter got. And all the world said Henry was crazy as a loon—wrecking a great business like his when there was help at hand. But weeks passed and Henry did not go out of business. In a few months he was in more sound financial position than ever. He didn't need their \$85,000,000 and how he worked it became one of the greatest financial mysteries of the age. There they had his business right within their grasp—and it was gone again. How?

Well, the way I get the yarn, Henry sent agents all over the country to the smaller banks of the crossroad towns and offered them deposits of Ford money which they were very glad to get indeed.



Charles F. Kettering perfecting the self-starter which revolutionized the auto industry.



Rivals Charles F. Kettering of GM and Fred M. Zeder of Chrysler have fun after working hours.



James Couzens and Henry Ford before their bitter fight which was so vitally important in the great bank crash.

“But,” the agent would say, “if we give you a deposit we will expect, of course, a line of credit for our dealer at your bank.”

“Sure, sure.”

So the agent he would go to the dealer and tell him he would have to buy more cars and that there was that line of credit for him to draw on at the village bank. He had to sell those additional cars and millions rolled into Dearborn without benefit to Wall Street.

Then there was the time that Henry bought a railroad and that gave everybody a big laugh, for they asked, what did Henry Ford know about running a railroad? Well, Henry had an idea that those who had been running railroads knew too much about them to be successful.

He went around his organization asking men, “Do you know anything about running a railroad?” And if they swore they didn’t know anything at all, why Henry picked them to run his railroad. Crazy as a loon, they said.

“All there is to railroading,” said Henry, “is picking up a load of something here and delivering it there in the best possible manner and at the lowest possible cost.”

He had funny ideas about light, powerful engines that would not have to use up most of their power pulling themselves. Well, he took that old dilapidated Detroit, Toledo & Ironton railroad and, without benefit of any railroad experts, made it into a bang-up, well-paying system. And when the Guv’ment said he couldn’t own a road and be his own best customer or something like that, he sold it and made for himself a good many millions of profit. And he woke the real railroad men up to the fact that they had been in a rut. He jarred ’em loose from a theory they had that everything was all right because that was the way their grandfathers ran railroads.

They laughed at him, too, when he announced he was going to build and run a hospital, but they all have to admit now that the Ford Hospital here in Detroit is one of the great medical centers of the United States.

And the whole world had a grand laugh, too, at Henry’s expense years ago when he said the cow was a costly machine for getting milk and that someday there would be a synthetic cow. That was

a good one! All the cartoonists and comics had all sorts of fun out of that idea.

But now they are making fine grades of candy out of sweet potatoes, and ol' George Washington Carver has developed about 300 products out of the peanut, and the soybean is being used for everything from high class foods to making auto parts and door-knobs and all the college professors are busy writing books telling us that the new era which is dawning will be known as the Bio-chemical Age and that milk will be turned out in this manner along with all sorts of other foodstuffs.

And Henry has spent millions of his own money financing these researches.

Why, one time after the war when Uncle Sam was trying to sell for what he could get out of them that fleet of ships, one of those dollar-a-year naval engineers he came here to Detroit to see if Henry Ford wouldn't buy some of them.

Well, sir, Henry called in his best engineers and experts and he says to them that he wants to help the Guv'ment and will buy \$4,000,000 worth of them ships if they can figure out any use for them.

They sat down for weeks with this naval engineer and tried their best to think up some reason for buying them ships. No use. They were not fit for any purpose, they all agreed. They even had the navy man so convinced that he was apologizing for ever having suggested such a deal.

Then Henry came in for the final decision.

"Have you made up your minds?" He asked.

"Yes, sir," they said they had, and the navy man he added his word that it would be foolish to spend \$4,000,000 for those worthless ships.

"All right," said Henry to the navy men, "come on in here and I will sign the contract to buy them."

The navy man he protested in a dazed sort of way, wondering whether Henry wasn't crazy as a loon.

"I said," said Henry, "that I wanted any possible use we might be able to make of them figured out. All they thought of using them for was ships. That is not every possible use. I'm buying them for scrap iron.

“You see,” he went on, “there is a corner on the scrap-iron market and we have to use scrap iron in this business. But we are paying three times the price it is worth. Now I am going to have these ships cut up—after the engines have been salvaged—and I will have the biggest mountain of scrap iron on the continent. It will get prices down where they belong and will serve as a warning.”

The which he did. And the feller who was telling me about it says Henry made over a half-million dollars' profit on the deal.

His mind doesn't work like those of other people. Why, he was fooling around with water power long before the Guv'ment ever thought of the Tennessee River Valley thing as a place to experiment with the taxpayers' money.

He had dams built all through Southern Michigan and was running branch factories by water power—testing out the ideas with his own cash. One day his chief engineer on the job got a bright idea. He figured that in the winter the water would be frozen at times and in the summer it might be low. So he installed automobile engines in each plant. He thought it would be fine to have them handy to turn 'em on as auxiliary power when the water was low or frozen. Sounded sensible to all of us.

But he just had 'em installed when Henry drove by the plant at Plymouth and he asked what was going on with that gas engine there. The man in charge he explained to Henry.

“Crate up that engine,” said Henry, “and send it back to the plant. And dismantle any other gas engines that are at any of the other plants.”

This feller got in touch with the chief engineer and tipped him off to Henry's order and the engineer he was badly worried. So, bright and early the next morning, he went in to see Henry about this matter.

He expected the boss to open right up on him about it but Henry never said a word. The engineer he talked about many things, to all of which Henry listened very kindly and patient-like. Then the engineer he talked himself out and decided he had better leave. He hesitated at the door awhile and then he said:

“Oh, by the way, Mr. Ford, I understand you ordered those gas engines out of the water-power plants?”

"Yes," said Henry, ever so gently.

"Might I ask why?" said the engineer.

"Why, yes," smiled Henry. "That's what you came in here for in the first place, wasn't it?"

"Well, yes," confessed the engineer.

"It's just this," said Henry. "When I want water-power plants run by gasoline motors, I'll tell you about it. That wasn't the idea I had in building them."

That's just the way he is, always doing his own thinking. Why, even some of the carpenters who built his new house told me they thought Henry was crazy as a loon.

It was in the spring of the year and a pair of robins, not knowing any better, built their nest right over the screen door at the rear of the kitchen. The sensible thing to do was to throw away the nest and teach those birds a lesson. But, no.

"Nail up the door," said Henry, "so those robins cannot be disturbed."

"But," asked the kitchen help, "how will we get out?"

"Use the side door," said Henry, "until the birds are through with the back one."

May sound crazy to you, too, Mister, but Henry just didn't want those birds bothered.

I could sit here until tomorrow at daybreak telling you stories about Henry Ford to prove your point that he is crazy as a loon. All of us old Detroiters have heard them so often they are a part of the folklore hereabouts. But I ain't going to. I don't think you would understand a lot of them. You gotta know old Detroit to know Henry Ford.

He's just a home-town boy who has made good and there's nothing high-hat or fussy about him either. Just as comfortable as an old shoe, is our Henry. He's been a clean-living, decent citizen, friendly and neighborly as they make 'em. Would like to be just plain folks like the rest of us but he can't because of the mobs.

Used to like to get shaved in the village barber shop out at Dearborn. Waited his time like everybody else. Then the curiosity-crazy folks made that impossible. Then he used to slip into the Detroit Athletic Club, they tell me, for his shave and haircut but

even there he couldn't find privacy. So, in order to be natural, he had to hire a private barber. That ain't Henry's fault.

But I'm wandering away from the subject about which you asked me. Yes, we've been hearing about Henry being crazy for the past forty years. There was the time the whole nation swore that he must be absolutely insane because he refused to let Gin'ral Hugh Johnson of the NRA bluff him into signing a code that would let the Guv'ment run his business for him. That was a funny one.

The gin'ral he puffed and he blowed and he bellowed but Henry he never said a word. He just went off into the woods. All the other motorcar manufacturers signed on the dotted line and they abused—some of them—our Henry frightfully. This proved their forty-year contention; Henry sure was off his trolley.

The gin'ral and the President and all the New Dealers made all sorts of threats and the gin'ral announced in every other edition some new plan for “cracking down on Ford.” But Henry he was what they call adamant.

He wouldn't let Washington run his business any more than he would let Wall Street run it. He was paying his men away beyond any scale in any code, the hours were shorter and their working conditions better. Henry had built that business himself. His board of directors is under his own hatband. He felt he had been getting along pretty well and he didn't see why he needed Gin'ral Johnson's help.

Oh my, yes, they all said he was awfully crazy but some of us couldn't help thinking that he was running his affairs much better than the New Dealers were running the Guv'ment and we smiled at that old accusation against Henry. We knew it by heart.

“He can't get away with it,” they all said. “Who does Henry Ford think he is?”

Henry never said a word. He never said an unkind thing about Mr. Roosevelt or anybody else. Just minded his own business, which is more than the boys down Washington way seemed able to do.

Why, once upon a time there was a feller who used to be pretty close to Henry and when they parted company he wrote a book

which was supposed to be a character study of him. Henry never answered it. Paid no attention to it as far as I ever heard.

Someone asked him about it one day. Wanted to know what he thought about it. And Henry jest smiled and said, "It is a better character study of the author than it is of me." Mister, there's a whole volume in that one sentence if you figure it out.

Henry, you know, didn't get much schooling. Too busy thinking out for himself. A lot of book-taught fellers think that means he don't know nothing. Mebbe he don't; it ain't for me to say. But then Tom Edison never went to school either and there was a feller named Franklin (Ben) and Abe Lincoln and a whole lot of chaps like that who didn't either. Mebbe Mark Twain would not have been so great if he had had some college professor teach him how to write.

So when Henry, back in 1914, sprung the idea that the solution of our economic problems was greater production and lower prices, not higher prices and less production, the college professors they said he was crazy as a loon. They harped and they harped on over-production because that is what the standard books on economics said and all they knew was what they learned from books. And books ought to tell anybody everything.

That was years ago and we've had a couple of world wars since that idea was sprung back in 1914. The Brookings Institute and all the fellers who have had all these years to study out the matter, why, they are saying in seven-syllable words what Henry said in plain ordinary mechanic's English. Only it sounds more impressive when they say it.

Now they are beginning to see that the more abundant life cannot come through higher wages, higher food costs and higher prices for everything we need or want. If Henry had read books before he started to make automobiles mebbe there wouldn't be any low-priced cars today. But he didn't know what the professors were saying so he went right ahead—just too plumb crazy to lissen.

People can't eat dollars. They eat food. And if a loaf of bread costs a dollar and a hungry man only has a dollar, why, he's no better off than if bread was ten cents and he only had a dime.

That's what Henry has been trying to make the world see all these years.

Back in those days when everybody talked about overproduction someone repeated that line of talk to Henry.

"There can be no such thing as overproduction until all the wants of the human race are filled," he said. There was a pair of scissors on the desk. He picked 'em up.

"Now take these shears," he said. "They cost about a dollar. The material in them is actually worth about a nickel. If they were turned out in mass production they could be sold for a dime or a quarter with big profit. Then, instead of one pair of scissors to each household, there would be ten pairs and everybody would have his own. Right now there is a scarcity of scissors in every household because Mother guards hers for her sewing and the whole family have to seek her for them. If they were cheaper ten times as many would be sold."

Henry doesn't argue these things. He just says 'em as he goes along and you can take 'em or leave 'em. Winning arguments don't interest him; he's just interested in getting things done.

I got a great laugh when Harold Ickes used to say that industry ought to organize to put Henry out of business, because he made the New Dealers so mad by refusing to conform—like he did in the NRA.

Well, I wondered what Mr. Ickes thought his rivals had been doing for the past thirty years. When the game started every motor company was trying to put the others out of business. Only the giants lived. It was a survival of the fittest, all right.

Every darned one of them worked as hard as he could to put Henry out of business. And they have not stopped since then. That's business. His rivals want him to sell as few cars as possible because the less business he does the more they will do.

And now you ask me, Mister, if Henry Ford isn't crazy because he won't turn his plant over to John L. Lewis, and the CIO—a little plan whereby John L. Lewis would get about a million dollars a year for his union—paid out of the envelopes of the workers for the privilege of working for Henry Ford when they have always had that right before John L. Lewis started in.

Let me tell you a little history. Back in 1914 when Henry sprung that five-dollar-a-day plan, Detroit was swamped with workers from all over the world. They poured into this town from all corners of the earth to get jobs at Ford's.

Racketeers sprang up all over the country. They were "selling" jobs at Ford's. Right here in Detroit some of them made a regular business of guaranteeing employment at Ford's for fees ranging as high as \$100.

Henry was so angry at this that, to protect the poor victims, he had ads put in all the papers warning the people against such extortion.

"Nobody," he announced, "has to pay to work at Ford's."

Henry has a memory like an elephant. He can remember that time. And he still insists that nobody has to pay anybody anything for the privilege of working at any of his plants. No industry pays its men any better wages or has better working conditions and nobody knows this better than the men who are working out there. Just go and ask 'em.

And another thing, Mister, if you want a good story to write, why don't you go out to the Ford plant and see the 12,000 blind and hopelessly crippled men Henry has working out there at regular wages; rehabilitated men who are as economically independent as any man on earth who has his eyes, his legs and his arms?

No, Henry won't talk about that and he won't let his organization speak of it very often. He doesn't believe in charity, hates the very word itself as meaning something besides what it pretends to mean. Funny feller that way, too.

As far as I have been able to find out, he's never violated any law, he's never been accused of not conforming to every regulation that Gov'ment has exacted and he has never been accused of entering into any agreements, legal or otherwise, for the restraint of trade or the development of monopolies.

Instead he has made the motorcar business the most fierce competitive industry in the world today. Because he is the great unpredictable, he keeps his competitors on their toes. He doesn't belong to any of their organizations and when he wants to consult stockholders he just has a quiet talk with himself out in the woods.

Because of his philosophy of rugged individualism, which you

don't seem to like, he has kept alive this fierce competition, about which I speak, and that competition has driven the prices of all motorcars down and forced new improvements every year.

Sure, he's crazy, because he still clings to the old-fashioned idea that competition is the life of trade. Obsolete methods have to be thrown out to meet the market, the public gets the benefit, more cars are sold, and business booms.

No statistician will ever be able to compute how many millions of men, women and children have been benefited, not only in America but throughout the world, because our Henry was just crazy enough to stick to his principles.

Now, you come in here and ask me who I think Henry Ford thinks he is and I've been trying to tell you. You ask me if he ain't crazy and I'm agreeing with you because that's what people like you have been saying about him for forty years.

Well, he won his argument about the low-priced car, he proved his point with the Selden patent crowd, he's beaten Wall Street in every battle he's had with the money fellers, he stopped the British loan and he's won his battle with the Roosevelt administration over the NRA.

Yes, sir; he's beat Threadneedle Street, Wall Street and Pennsylvania Avenue simply by minding his own business. He still thinks, as far as I know, that he is plain old Henry Ford, who doesn't scare easy whether it's Pierpont Morgan, Gin'ral Johnson, Franklin Roosevelt or John Lewis, who insists on telling him how to manage his affairs.

His favorite authors are Emerson, Walt Whitman and Thoreau and maybe it's reading them that makes him crazy like you say—

Right here this feller from New York, he interrupts.

“What about the Ford peace ship?” he asks. “Didn't that signify anything?”

Mister, I went right on, you got me there. That peace ship you ask about was the only completely sane thing Henry ever attempted. He tried to end a war and took the only means he knew to make the effort.

If any of your friends down in New York think that that war was a good thing, ask 'em for me who won it, and what did the winner get out of it?

BOOK TWO
THE MYSTERY OF THE
CLOSED BANKS

THE BANKS CRASH

ALL my life I have fought against intolerance in every form, whether religious, racial, social or economic.

This may be a strange way to begin my version of the collapse of the Detroit banking structure, which started the downfall of banks throughout the nation—like a row of dominoes on end with the first one touched. But I hope my reasons will become apparent as I go along.

At the end of the First World War I was a fairly young and altogether enthusiastic member of the Masonic order. I never held any office or took any part in lodge activities. I joined because I had been studying the ancient labor-guild systems and sought a key to the understanding of their philosophy. I was amply rewarded.

In the postwar years the Ku Klux Klan with its hymns of hate and blind bigotry was sweeping the nation with more than 5,000,000 members wielding a poisonous influence over our politics. I discovered that these nightshirt racketeers were seeking to infiltrate their foul poison into the Masonic order—in violation of every tenet of Masonry.

I spearheaded a campaign against their activities and fought them in and out of the order. For this, some years later, I was awarded the honorary thirty-third degree in Scottish Rite Masonry.

It was my firm conviction then, as it is now, that racial and religious bigotry is the greatest danger that confronts our American experiment in democracy. I saw how it worked in Germany, with its apotheosis of hate flowering into the Nazi power which first conquered Germany, then Europe and almost the world.

I was forever buttressed in my faith in this principle by my lifelong friendship with Peter J. Monaghan, brilliant lawyer and de-

vout Roman Catholic. No more serene and kindly soul, no more saintly character ever walked the streets of our city.

Only one man ever spoke unkindly of Peter Monaghan and that man years later asked his forgiveness and offered to make a public apology. Peter granted him forgiveness, but declined the public apology. He did not want to embarrass the one who offered it.

That one man was Father Charles E. Coughlin who had violently assailed Peter because he had protested against Coughlin's accusations against the Detroit bankers. Coughlin was then, in his radio addresses, following a course which paralleled that of the Roosevelt administration, and was so close to the President that he was a regular guest at the White House.

During these mad years E. D. Stair was owner and publisher of the Detroit *Free Press*. He was also president of the Detroit bankers. Father Coughlin spoke of him in this dual capacity as "a criminal bankster" and other equally gentle references not to be found in any known version of the "Sermon on the Mount."

Stair had taken the presidency of the Detroit bankers without salary, and by unanimous urging, to save, if possible in Detroit, a desperate financial situation which was world-wide.

Seventy-four years old then, tired and ill from his labors, he was motoring through Texas to California for a rest when the Detroit banks were illegally closed. It was then that Coughlin went on the air and shrieked: "Stop E. D. Stair! He is running away!"

Well, as Stair's editorial representative, I had a mess on my hands.

All I had to fight was Father Coughlin, Senator Couzens, William Randolph Hearst and the whole Roosevelt administration.

Through Peter Monaghan and the late Judge William F. Connolly, devout churchman and power in politics, I found that the vast majority of the Catholic Church—priests and laymen—were outraged at Father Coughlin's part in the strange drama. Ironically enough his real support was coming from the Protestant elements that usually go to make up such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan.

I am willing to believe that Father Coughlin was misinformed and misled by smart politicians who used his remarkable crusading

zeal for their own purposes. Before he was induced to enter politics, he had a great national following due to his beautifully tender "Golden Hour of the Little Flower" on the air.

About that time I was scheduled to make an address to Palestine Lodge at the Masonic Temple. With Peter Monaghan in my mind's eye and with full realization of the spiritual greatness of the Church he represented, I made a plea for tolerance. This brought about the strangest experience in my whole newspaper career.

Detroit was literally torn apart with religious and racial hates.

Hotels were taken over by Federal investigators. There were so many detectives of so many different types in town that they were shadowing each other. Telephone wires were so freely tapped that I had a pretty good idea of the workings of the Nazi Gestapo before I ever went to Germany.

My entire "detective force," in counterespionage, consisted of a few reporters. But I did not admit this. I let the "enemy" believe that we, too, had hundreds of investigators. It was a time of hysteria when no man's reputation, public or private, was any safer than a snowball on a hot stove.

On one of the rare nights that I was able to get home for dinner and a change of clothes I had just sat down to eat when a reporter called me on the phone.

"There is a young fellow here in the office," he said, "who insists on seeing you and you alone. He will not talk to anybody else. He hints that he has some evidence that you will want in this bank case. He has something under his arm that looks like a wrapped-up stovepipe. I don't know whether it's an infernal machine or not. I'm afraid he may be just one of those nuts. But I don't want to take any chances."

It never pays to take any chances in this newspaper business.

I left my half-finished dinner and raced down to the office. The little fellow was waiting for me, terribly agitated. He said he would not talk to me unless I went into my office along with him—and locked the door. He looked more frightened than dangerous to me and I agreed.

When the door had been shut he began shaking hands with me in such a way that I was puzzled. Then when he called me "Brother" I began to understand.

"Listen, son," I said, "if you are trying to give me the Masonic grip, it's no use. I do not get to lodge often enough to remember such things."

"I know you are a Mason," he said. "I was just trying to prove to you that I'm one."

"What's this all about?" I asked.

"Well, sir," he said, "I heard you a while ago at Palestine Lodge. You gave me a message that changed my whole life. I began to understand what you meant in that column you wrote at Christmas time, 'He Who Went About Doing Good.' I went home to my wife that night and I told her that from now on I was going to be different. I also told her that if there ever was a chance to repay you I was going to do it. And the time has come.

"I worked as a clerk in the branch bank in the Fisher Building where Father Coughlin did his banking. When the banks closed I still had my passkey. Tonight I went to the bank and took out the whole record of Father Coughlin's dealings in the stock market. Here it is."

He unfolded what the reporter had said looked like a stovepipe.

Now, Father Coughlin had talked at length about the bankers "gambling with other people's money," and about their horrible crimes of playing the stock market.

I grabbed this pile of records and told the young man to remain where he was. I rushed them down to the photographic department and had photostatic copies made of all of them as quickly as possible. This done, I returned the originals to the frightened youth, who hurried out into the night to return them whence they came.

I never knew his name and have never seen him since.

But in the following issues we plastered the evidence of Coughlin's speculations all over the *Free Press*. And, until the minute of this writing, I have never admitted that we did not have a large army of "detectives" too.

That exposure was the beginning of the end of Coughlin's "Reign" on the air. His finish, so far as all thoughtful people were concerned, came with his attack on Peter Monaghan.

Gentle Peter was so stunned he never fully recovered from the blow, though friends poured forth to his defense. All day and

night they sought to see him, to offer him their hand. He shunned them all, too heartsick to see anybody but just one man. He slipped into Judge Keidan's court chambers.

It was Judge Keidan who conducted the strangest grand-jury session ever held in the history of American law. The hysteria in the old town was such that nobody trusted anybody.

Popular clamor on all sides demanded that a grand-jury investigation be held, but that it be a "public grand jury"—so that everybody could hear what everybody else testified. Furthermore, it was generally agreed that only Harry Keidan should be entrusted with this amazing performance.

Keidan, an orthodox Jew, was so devout, so sincere, so courageous and so well trusted that he was the unanimous choice. He had to take the task, knowing very well that the "grand jury" would merely be a sounding board for all the wild accusations and rumors. But he hoped that some good might come of it by bringing all the mess into the open, in a court of record.

Keidan and Monaghan, both leaders of their respective churches, were lifelong friends who, in happier days, delighted in talking over their relative religions, Peter recognizing always that Christianity was cradled in the Jewish faith.

And so when he called on Judge Keidan, Peter asked: "Harry, you tell me! What did Father Coughlin really say about me? Did he actually call me a scoundrel-lawyer?"

"Yes, Peter," replied the Judge. "But let us forget that for a little while. To get your mind off it, let me talk to you about a subject that used to interest us: the difference between the way my people read the Bible and the way yours do. I think by that we may get some understanding of what happened here yesterday."

"All right," said Peter, too broken to care.

"Now," said the Judge, "you take the case of Abraham in the book of Genesis. Christians seem to have a concept of it different from ours.

"As I was taught to understand it, Abraham as the 'friend of God' and the 'father of the faithful' was the real founder of the Jewish faith. Now, God was worried because pagan religious rites were intruding upon the true religion. You will remember how he destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah for their wickedness. These people

worshiped false gods. In their rites they were given to terrible crimes. Among these was human sacrifice.

"These wicked cults were influencing the people of Israel and God wanted to make them understand the evil of their ways. How best could He do this?

"He did not pick out an ordinary fellow, like myself, born over a store on Gratiot Avenue by the railroad tracks. He did not open the heavens and talk directly to all the people. He wanted to set an example. So He picked the best beloved, the most highly respected man in all Israel—Abraham.

"And He told Abraham that he must sacrifice his only son Isaac. He must go to a mountaintop where all the people could see. And there he must build an altar, place his beloved son upon it and cut out his heart. But, when Abraham raised the knife to do God's bidding, an angel came down from heaven and stayed his hand, and God spoke to Abraham, and told him the wickedness of such sacrifices, so that all could hear.

"Peter, I do not think God has changed. In ancient days He picked Abraham as the best beloved of all the people. Yesterday He picked you, as the best-beloved man in Detroit, so that all the world would understand by your agony how misled this man has been."

Peter understood.

With the Roosevelt administration it was just politics, with Hearst it was just circulation, with Father Coughlin it was just excess of crusading zeal. The riddle of the madness was Senator James Couzens.

JAMES COUZENS: A STUDY

THIS is the story of a man of contradictions.

It is another chapter in the saga of the automobile giants, those restless, warring pioneers, who, with bare hands and empty purses, put the world on wheels—and became themselves masters of undreamed millions.

It is an interpretation of the life of James Couzens, one-time partner of Henry Ford, Detroit street railway commissioner, police commissioner, mayor, United States senator, philanthropist.

In many aspects it is a tragic tale—of one of the richest men in America, but one of the loneliest; who, though hungry for friends, spurned with bitterness every proffered companionship.

Shortly after Couzens had been elected mayor he joined a small group of us at a table one night at the Detroit Athletic Club. We had been in the habit of meeting there at intervals to talk about books. Something in the give-and-take fascinated Couzens. He asked us if he might join us in our meetings. "I just want to listen," he said. "I won't butt in. I have no knowledge of books, yet all this interests me."

For a long time after that he sat with us either at one of the clubs or at our homes. To hear men get excited about books, fictional characters, abstractions, amazed Mr. Couzens. Amazed and delighted him.

"Do you know, fellows," he said one night, "I would give all the money I have in the world if I could enjoy life like you do? Why, you get worked up over books as though there was a big deal on with a profit to be made."

At another one of these dinners he wistfully spoke of success as though he had never achieved anything. This puzzled me.

"Are you not a success?" I asked. "You are mayor of the fourth city in the United States, one of the richest men in the nation. You

are proclaimed as one of the great business pioneers and public-spirited citizens. What do you figure constitutes success?"

"Peace of mind! Contentment!" he said. "That would be success."

His voice took on a bitter tinge. "Yes, that is it—and I'm damned if I will ever know it. I'm the biggest failure I have ever known.

"I mean it," he went on. "All my life, from the day I was born, has been a struggle. Only in the fight to get things did I ever find any satisfaction—and once I got them, there was no thrill.

"We were so poor in Chatham that we could not have a hanging kerosene lamp in our parlor, like the neighbors. I organized the rest of the kids in the family and we went into the alleys and collected old iron and scraps to get pennies for a lamp fund. We ran errands. We did everything—a nickel, a dime, a penny. I acted as treasurer.

"The day came when we could buy a second-hand lamp, I bought it and brought it home. I stood on the table and a chair and screwed the chain to the ceiling and then pulled the lamp up and down. My sister lighted it."

He laughed freely and happily in remembrance.

"I wish now that I had not made so much money. I wish I had been just fairly successful in business so that I would have something to keep me going. Now there is nothing.

"I can remember when I was first married and getting \$18 a week or less, what a thrill I got out of life! We would set aside so much each week to save for a show that was coming to town. We used to drop the change into an old cracked sugar bowl. And when the great night arrived we would go down to the theater and sit in the balcony. God, how we enjoyed it! There was life! Always something to look forward to.

"Now I cannot enjoy the theater. My mind has been so engrossed in business that, instead of looking at the show, I am counting the house to see if the thing can make a profit. If I don't like a show I can charter a train to New York and see all the others I want. So it is with everything. There is nothing more to strive for. I got sick of making money. That is why I quit all business and went into public life. I wanted something to do that others said I couldn't do. Now even that palls on me."

I interrupted. "Mr. Mayor," I asked, "did you ever read Schopenhauer?"

"Who is he?" he asked. "I never heard of him."

"He was a philosopher," I said, "who argued that there can be no complete happiness out of worldly achievements. I'll send you over a book I have, interpreting him."

"You needn't," said Mr. Couzens curtly. "I wouldn't understand it."

"If," said one of the bright young men at the table in gay mood, "your money is making you a failure, turn it over to us and we'll give you our books and everything will be just dandy."

To our surprise Couzens flew into one of his angry outbursts.

"Don't talk like a damned fool," he rapped. "You can't give money away! You make an ingrate and a loafer out of every man you give money to. I know! I've tried it."

"There are honest and grateful men in the world," someone said coldly, resenting Couzens' failure to see the joke.

"I doubt it," he retorted. "Every man who comes near me wants something. They are all alike. If I were poor they wouldn't speak to me. It's never Jim Couzens. It's always Jim Couzens' money."

This was one of his strange obsessions. It was what brought upon him his great loneliness. Hungry as he was for companionship, every man who approached him was immediately suspect. He could not believe that anyone wanted to be sincerely friendly. To those who had as much or more money than he did he took on an even stranger attitude. He could not get over the sting of his days of poverty. He thought those of his own financial station sought to show their superiority over him and so he picked constant quarrels with them.

"I am," he boasted throughout the years, "the scab millionaire! They hate me because I won't conform. I'm still a poor man as far as they are concerned. The only difference is I've got as many millions as they have."

One noon there were gathered around his table over a dozen of the leading financial and industrial leaders of Detroit. (This was long before the banks closed.) Mr. Couzens looked them all over and laughed sardonically.

"There isn't a man at this table," he said, "that at some time or other I haven't called a son of a bitch."

Yet he never could understand why he was always denied the intimacies of friendship with them.

Only babies, children and old people did he love and trust. They were without guile, not seeking to trick him out of his money. His family was his one exception. He was devoted to his wife and children.

He himself largely explained his own attitude of mind. From abject poverty he had come into the possession of millions in what seemed little more than a night and a day. The genius, Henry Ford, had tossed into his lap the lamp of Aladdin. For this he hated Ford.

Another phase of it was that he was absolutely literal-minded, with practically no imagination, and wholly devoid of a sense of humor. There was no give-and-take, none of the little byplay of life; everything was in deadly earnest. Even a golf game. Often he had difficulty getting anybody to play with him.

Couzens' first recollection in life, he used to say, was collecting wood ash for his father's soap works, going through alleys trading in a bar of soap in return for wood ash. His hands were forever chapped from the lye.

At the age of eighteen he came to Detroit to get a job as a car checker in the Michigan Central yards for \$40 a month. Here was more hard work—out in the yards at night in zero weather, in the sleet and rain—checking, checking, checking.

The older men in the yards called him a bitter-tongued "Canuck" and made his work doubly hard. But his boss, Pete Hunter, liked him. He was always on the job, always working, always determined to make good. Then came the break.

A. Y. Malcolmson, the coal man, had a chain of offices around Detroit. One of them was by the Michigan Central freight yards. He asked Pete Hunter if he knew of a boy who would answer night calls for that yard as a part-time job. He would pay him two dollars a week. Hunter picked Couzens.

Malcolmson liked the determined young Canadian. He offered him a job as a clerk in his downtown office. Couzens grabbed at the chance.

That was back in 1903. The automobile then was something

being dreamed of even as television is today. A man named Ford was tinkering with a horseless carriage.

One day the lean wiry figure of this man Ford appeared in the office of Malcolmson, who was considerable of a capitalist in his day. Young Jim Couzens was working at his desk as bookkeeper and all-around office clerk.

That day the world changed. But neither Ford nor Malcolmson nor Couzens knew it. Ford induced the hardheaded old Scot to put \$10,000 into his new company. But there was one proviso. Mr. Malcolmson wanted his investment watched. He called in Couzens and explained to him that he was to go out to the little Ford factory to handle the finances and be the bookkeeper—his “pair of eyes.”

Henry Ford reached one of the famous hunch decisions—his first—that made him an immortal figure: that his destiny lay in making the best possible car for the lowest price. The motorcar, everybody else argued, was a rich man's luxury.

No amount of argument could persuade Ford of the error of his ways.

Malcolmson was bitter. Henry Ford was going to lose him his investment. Finally Malcolmson issued an ultimatum: “Sell out yourself, or buy me out.”

On the \$10,000 investment of a year he demanded \$150,000. He made the figure high, feeling that Ford could not raise the money.

“You and I, Jim,” he said to Couzens, “will start a plant of our own.”

“Not me,” said Couzens, “I stick with Ford.”

They were desperate days and nights for Ford and Couzens, the Grays, the two Dodges and the other minor stockholders. Couzens himself put his few-hundred-dollars savings into the concern and borrowed from a married sister to make his contribution a total of \$2,000. That investment reaped him a fortune estimated at \$70,000,000 in little more than ten years.

Couzens had an uncle by marriage, A. A. Parker, the coal broker, to whom he went for advice. Parker listened to the story of these two men and took them to William Livingstone, veteran banker and president of the Dime Bank. He, too, listened. He saw the light. He was willing to advance them the \$150,000.

"But," he explained, "under the law I cannot advance more than \$75,000. Now, I'll tell you what we will do. Mr. Ford, you indorse Mr. Couzens' note for \$75,000 and, Mr. Couzens, you indorse Mr. Ford's note for \$75,000. By these two separate notes I can raise the amount for you."

That night A. Y. Malcolmsen was handed his check for \$150,000. It is interesting to note that he did go into the manufacture of cars. He lost it all in an air-cooled motor. His car never reached the streets.

And in nine months the two notes totaling \$150,000 were paid in full at the Dime Bank—paid ahead of their maturity date.

By 1914 Henry Ford had become a legendary figure. He was one of the most talked-about men in the world when in the fall of that year he announced that his company would pay each one of his workmen a five-dollar-a-day wage.

About this time factory intimates of Ford and Couzens began noticing a parting of the ways. Two divergent personalities were at war.

Ford had dreams that Couzens knew not of. Their parting was as friendly as such partings can be. Couzens demanded his way, could not get it, and resigned.

For a little while Couzens ran a bank, called the Highland Bank of Detroit. He had his own ideas of how a bank should be run. They did not conform to what other banks believed to be sound or dignified banking procedure. There was the usual war, as with everything Couzens took up. He refused to follow the regulations of the other banks and they therefore refused to permit his bank to be a member of the clearinghouse.

"Someday," he swore violently, "I'll get even."

For thirty years there had waged in Detroit a battle for municipal ownership of the street-railway system, a crusade launched by Mayor Hazen S. Pingree. The conflict gave Couzens the opportunity to launch his career as a public official. He accepted a position as a street railway commissioner. From that to police commissioner.

The prestige of his association with Ford and his millions made him national news. He was picturesque in his language, forceful in his actions. He caught the public fancy. But he had much to learn.

One of his first orders was along this line. "I'm going to run the Police Department," he said, "just like we ran the Ford Motor Company." He called the superintendent of police, Ernest Marquardt, and all the inspectors into his office.

"I want all gambling and prostitution stopped in Detroit," he said, "and I want the liquor laws rigidly enforced."

"Yes, sir," said the dazed inspectors. There was nothing else to say.

The new police commissioner informed the newspaper men that afternoon that all gambling, prostitution and liquor violations had been abolished. Had he not issued an order!

None of the older officers questioned his sincerity or his courage. His presence gave them heart to clean up. Yet they shuddered when he demanded an efficiency expert to reorganize the department "along Ford lines."

From some source he found his "efficiency expert." His name is forgotten now. He was from Chicago. Commissioner Couzens proclaimed him as the man who was to give to police work a completely new deal.

There were those of us newspaper men who had heard of this man. He was well known to the Chicago police—not, however, as an efficiency expert. There were hints that he had been involved in some love cult.

As a friendly service some of us spoke to Mr. Couzens about him. Had he better not ask the Chicago police about the fellow? Was he quite sure that he was all he pretended to be? Couzens flew into one of his well-known rages.

"You newspapers can't dictate to me," he screamed, pounding his desk. "I know what I'm doing! I take orders from nobody!"

The survey of the department under the direction of the "expert" went on apace. He got out a weird and wonderful booklet. Commissioner Couzens got one glimpse of it and promptly fired him. But the "expert" declared he was under contract and would not quit. He threatened a suit. Couzens settled with him out of court for a flat sum of \$5,000. (The last we ever heard of the efficiency man he was owner of a taxicab, driving it himself, and stationed at night in front of the City Hall.)

But the fact that a multimillionaire was willing to work night

and day for the good of the department brought attention to Couzens.

In his campaign for mayor, his managers wanted to "dramatize" him. Following what Pingree had done years before, they had him "kicked off a street car." At an appointed time with the camera men and motion-picture operators ready, he boarded a car and offered a five-cent fare. The bored conductor, knowing that an act was being framed on him, refused to accept anything but six cents.

"Put me off," yelled Couzens.

"Get off," said the conductor. And Couzens got off while the cameras flashed and whirred. His managers made him shake his fist at the receding car. This he did under protest but they reminded him: "You know, the people—"

"Damn the people!" he shouted to his advisers as he climbed into his waiting limousine and sped to his office.

Once during a rally at the National Guard Armory with the big building packed to the rafters he received a tremendous ovation. He walked off the stage and said to me with astounding bitterness:

"Listen to the bastards cheering! They're not cheering me. They're yelling for me because I've got money!"

Innocent as he was of the wiles of politics, the fawning parasites who swarmed around him during the campaign and after the election justified much of his cynicism and contempt. He was unable to differentiate between those who supported him for the best interests of the city and those who were after political plums. He thanked nobody for supporting him.

"If they are on the level—any of them," he said, "they were working for the welfare of the city, not for me. Why should I thank them? They ought to thank me for taking the job with all its grief and worry."

He threw himself into the new tasks with all the zeal of his early days in the Ford Company, with this difference: he could not understand that private business and public business are not conducted by the same methods.

His appointments were wholly nonpolitical, and most of them were excellent. He himself worked twelve, fourteen, even eighteen

hours a day. He dominated the entire city government, warred with everybody—and achieved little.

In his first term the municipal-ownership program failed of passage but he had made advances. He pledged when he ran the second time that he would take over the lines and make them a success. There were rumors even then that his health was none too good and that he might retire. This he indignantly denied.

But the battle for municipal ownership and his nerve-racking wars to get things done just the way he wanted them done were taking their toll. One operation followed another. The doctors shook their heads. He would have to relax, to get away from the strain, or he could not live.

“I won’t quit,” he vowed. “I’ll die in harness if needs be.”

His headaches became so terrific that he was found several times collapsed on the floor of his office. Then there came about one of those strange breaks of fortune that dotted his whole career.

Truman H. Newberry had been elected to the United States Senate in 1918, defeating Henry Ford by 4,000 votes. It was Ford’s only venture into politics. It was freely charged that Newberry had bought the title by the lavish expenditure of funds. The fight to unseat him grew so bitter that in November 1922 he resigned.

The story is that he gave his resignation to Governor Alex J. Groesbeck with the understanding that Groesbeck would appoint somebody in his place favorable to President Harding and the Old Guard Republican senators. This Groesbeck indignantly denies. He chose Couzens for the vacancy for what reasons I do not know. One theory is that he heard Couzens might run against him for governor. Most certainly the two men never were political associates. Couzens was usually bitterly critical of the governor.

There were two large factors in Couzens’ acceptance of the office: he was to get what his former partner, Ford, wanted and could not get; and he was freed from the nightmare of the City Hall. His doctors sighed with relief. He himself thought he would find peace in the Senate. But the bank drama was to unfold, as inexorably as a Greek tragedy.

“NOT ONE CENT!”

IT WAS while Couzens was mayor that he severed his last link with the Ford Motor Car Company. Henry Ford wanted to buy out all the other stockholders so that he could have the freedom of movement that he always craved. The other stockholders were willing to sell. Couzens was the last of them all. His pride held him back. He did not want to go with the rest.

He demanded a three-million dollar differential from the other stockholders as an official attestation that he was more than a mere stockholder, that he was one of the major factors in the success of the company. To this Ford agreed.

Mayor Couzens had promised to let me know when the deal was closed. One summer evening he walked over to me in the lounge room of the D. A. C. and handed me a slip of paper.

“Here is a little present for you.” He laughed.

I looked and understood. It was his way of letting me know that the story had “broken,” that he had sold his stock.

It was Ford’s personal check for \$29,308,857.80.

We talked together that night until one o’clock in the morning. Never at any other time did I find him in such a tender mood. There, time and again, he expressed a wistful longing for the joys of intimate friendship that were denied him.

“Too many years of battling, I guess,” he said. “I never learned to relax, to play as other boys and men learned. Every man’s hand was against us in those early days in the Ford factory. I learned to distrust and suspect everybody who came near me.”

“Ford is not that way,” I reminded him.

“Henry Ford is different,” he answered. “I did the driving. I was on the firing line. I was the battering ram.”

“Now that you are all through with the company, what do you think of Henry Ford?” I asked him.

"No man knows Henry Ford," was his answer. "I don't; and no man was ever closer to him."

And then he added (strange comment): "Ford is just a bundle of contradictions. Or at least he seems so to the ordinary mind. The mistake everybody makes in trying to figure Ford out is that they depend on the usual normal thought processes to understand him. But Ford does not think along ordinary lines. He has thought processes all his own. How his mind works is more than I can understand.

"For example, let us say that you and I were standing at the corner of Woodward and Michigan and we should agree to meet each other at the corner of Griswold and State. The only means we would know would be to walk halfway round the block. But not Ford! By some process, unknown to us, he would go right through the walls of the buildings and would be there on a direct line waiting for us to go the ordinary, normal way. Maybe this sounds silly and crude, but I hope you get what I am trying to explain.

"I've had my fights with him and so have the rest, but, as John Dodge and I agreed some time ago, Ford taught us all. He deserves his success. The business is his alone now and I wish him every luck in it."

These were the only kind thoughts I ever heard him express for Ford.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked. "Any more business ventures?"

"None! I'm through. I am going to put every cent I have into tax-exempt bonds so that I can be absolutely independent. If I own a share of stock in any company or corporation my political enemies can say I have an ax to grind. This way I will be free from entanglements."

Here was a strange contrast. Ford, wanting all stock in his company to stake it as he pleased, was aiming at absolute independence; and Couzens wanting no stock of any kind so that he could be independent!

I handed him back his check for \$29,308,857.80, which I had, as a joke, put in my pocket.

"Be careful you don't lose it," I said.

He laughed. "Who would cash it if I did?" he said.

It was that check, or what it stood for, that led to the bitterest fight in all Couzens' stormy life; the unto-death feud with Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the United States Treasury under Harding, Coolidge and Hoover. That controversy played its part in the tragic climax of Senator Couzens' career, the Detroit bank crash.

Immediately upon taking his seat in the Senate, Couzens opened war on Secretary Mellon. Here was a natural antagonism. Mellon represented old, established, reactionary wealth—one of the richest men himself in the world—and Couzens, the bitter, who boasted that he was the "scab millionaire," was out to war against those he liked to call the "predatory wealthy."

He violently assailed the tax-reduction program of the Coolidge administration. As a member of the Senate special committee to investigate the Internal Revenue Department, he publicly offered, at his own expense, to hire Francis J. Heney, spectacular California lawyer, to act as counsel for the committee. This strange proposal was bitterly resented by the committee.

He openly charged that Mellon was giving special consideration to business interests in which he had investments. This he was unable to prove, nor, later, under his urging, could the Roosevelt administration. President Coolidge felt called upon to administer a stinging rebuke to him in a special message to the Senate, a personal rebuke unique in our history.

Then followed what Couzens always claimed was a deliberately unfair counterattack on the part of Mellon. Couzens had sold his Ford stock for \$29,308,857.80 in 1919. For that year he had paid an income tax of \$7,281,807.50. It was the last year before he put all his fortune into tax-exempts.

In selling to Ford, Couzens and the others had insisted that the tax be determined as part of the sales price. So closely held was the stock that there were no market-fixing values. In an unprecedented procedure, an Internal Revenue Department agent was called in advance to fix, for the record, the taxable profits. Mellon sued not only Couzens, but all the others who had sold their stock to Ford. He attacked the profit-finding plan as inadequate.

Mellon charged that Senator Couzens was in arrears on his tax for 1919 to the tune of \$9,455,303.10.

It was a bitter, long-drawn-out battle with Couzens using all his array of invectives against the secretary, Coolidge and the whole administration.

The stockholders won the fight. Couzens kept his promise to turn the money over to charity. He created a \$10,000,000 trust fund with all interest in the sum to be added and the total spent within twenty-five years, for the relief of crippled children. This, added to his other gifts, made a total of \$20,000,000 he had given away.

But even in these munificent charities, born of his great love for children, this strange multimillionaire could not enjoy the benison of peace. “It’s just my political bulwark,” he said bitterly. “Nobody can beat a man who gives twenty millions to charity.”

His early years in the Senate were also marked by fiery attacks upon his old associate Henry Ford, but these Ford calmly ignored, making only one comment, which further infuriated Couzens. He simply said: “Jim knows better.”

Hating Mellon and hating Coolidge and Hoover, too, because they stood by the Secretary of the Treasury, Senator Couzens became a Republican in name only.

All his life, he was always the great nonconformer, the lonely man; in religion an agnostic, in politics neither Republican nor Democrat. “I am,” he told Washington newspapermen, “a strong left winger.” Then he denounced both communism and socialism. He was an ardent advocate of technocracy and gave many interviews endorsing it, until Howard Scott, the founder of it, was exposed as a harmless theorist.

James Couzens’ thirteen years in the Senate were not marked by any constructive planning. No bill of any consequence bears his name. He worked furiously hard at any tasks assigned him, but never took a significant part in any of the major issues of the day.

Five and more major operations had taken much of his remarkable strength and energy and had increased his irritability. He had become a victim of diabetes. The terrific headaches which had afflicted him all his life—migraine—came with increasing frequency.

This, then, was the physical and mental condition of Senator Couzens when the long years of business depression were climaxed

by a national bank crash, with Detroit receiving the first terrific blow of the storm.

It was generally believed in local financial and industrial circles that Detroit would be able to weather the crisis. President Hoover, through Congress, had created the Reconstruction Finance Corporation as a means of staving off a panic by rushing money to the aid of weakened institutions.

General Charles G. Dawes saved Chicago from being the first big city to go under by resigning as president of the RFC and obtaining a loan of \$90,000,000. Senator Couzens approved this.

Then on Sunday, February 12, 1933, there came rumors over Detroit that the Union Guardian Trust Company was in difficulties and because of them, the entire Guardian Detroit Union group would have to close their doors on Tuesday, following Lincoln's birthday, celebrated on Monday, to prevent panic.

Here again stood forth stark raw drama with two old associates, now enemies, on opposite sides: Ford and Couzens.

Edsel Ford, the son, was a director of the Guardian Detroit Union group. He and his father had poured millions into the institution time and again to save it—and had written them off as losses.

Now the trust company needed something like \$43,000,000 to save it from going under. Appeals had been made to the RFC. The members of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation stood ready, at Hoover's urging, to advance the money.

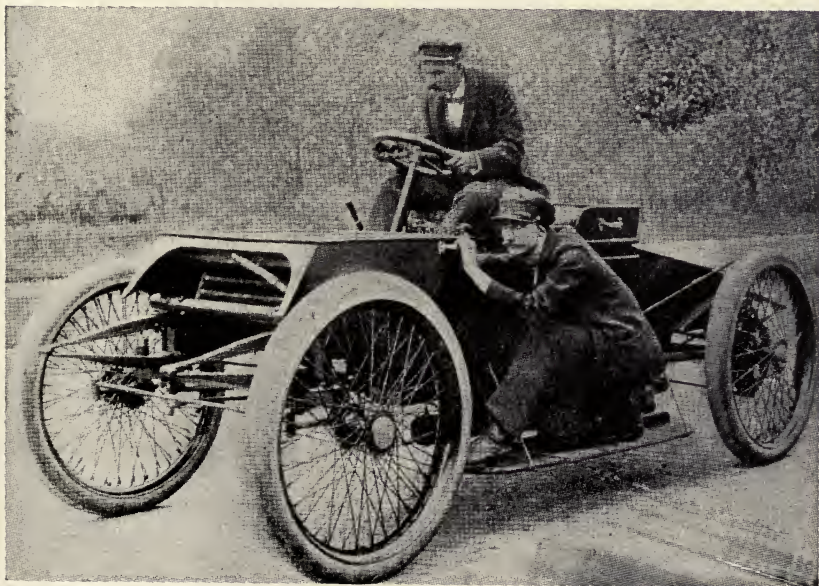
There had been some talk that this amount could be lessened if Henry Ford would subordinate his deposits of \$25,000,000. This, Ford declined to do. He had given something like \$16,000,000 already. Now the RFC was functioning. Ford was the largest individual taxpayer in the United States. The RFC had been created to meet just such situations as the one in Detroit. Why, he demanded, should he, a private citizen, be asked to underwrite the United States Government?

"Ford is bluffing," Couzens told President Hoover. Nothing better describes his physical condition and his state of mind. He knew Ford never bluffed. "Why should the RFC bail out Ford?" he shouted.

The old enmity toward the Detroit bankers as a group flamed



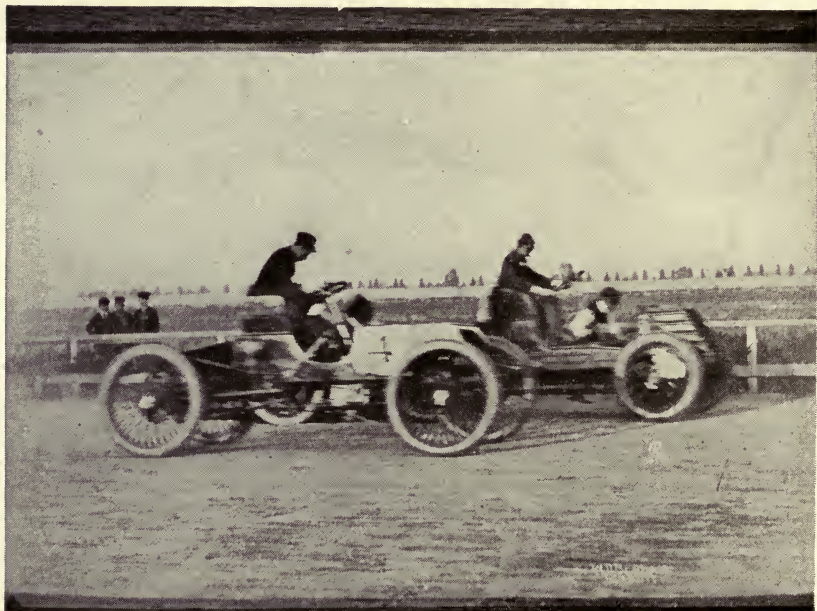
Henry Ford setting a world speed record in 1904 at Lake St. Clair.



Henry Ford trying a new racer with a "human carburetor" on the running board.



Start of a terrific race at Highland Park, with both cars making over 50 miles an hour.



Close-up of one of the early races.

anew. Couzens was gloating now in memory of the day when he was barred with his bank from the clearinghouse. He gave out interviews and statements claiming that the Detroit banks could not pay out, that they were hopelessly insolvent. He said that a loan of \$43,000,000, or anything like it, was an outrage and that he would denounce it.

President Hoover entered the controversy. He saw ruin ahead for the nation if Detroit toppled. He called Couzens to the White House and pleaded with him. Couzens shook his fist in the President's face. The White House "Day Book" records his words. "If you grant that loan," he said, "I will scream from the housetops. I will go on the floor of the Senate and denounce you."

Hoover was desperate. He called Ford by long-distance phone at midnight.

"If the RFC grants the loan," said the President, "Senator Couzens says he will denounce it from the floor of the Senate. That would mean disaster."

"I do not intend to risk \$25,000,000 just to keep Jim Couzens from making a speech," said Ford.

What followed is history. The bank holiday was illegally declared by Governor Comstock (who had no more right to close a national bank than he had to close the Mississippi River). It was to be "only for eight days." Weeks passed; the Roosevelt administration; the arrival of "conservators"; the months of desperate effort to straighten out the tangle without avail; the closing of all banks throughout the nation.

Senator Couzens sought to justify himself on two grounds: first, that the local banks were in such shape they could not be saved anyway and had to crash; second, that he was an officer of the United States Government and his duty was to protect the Federal funds and not to come to the rescue of Detroit and Michigan.

The Detroit banks paid 100 cents on the dollar.

Daily Couzens denounced the Detroit financiers. For several days before the Keidan public grand jury, he made endless accusations but produced no proofs. He boasted that he was out for revenge and that he was going to get it.

He finished days of testimony on the stand before Judge Keidan.

"Have you anything else to offer?" asked the Judge.

"No," said the Senator. "That is all I have to say, I believe. Perhaps I've said too much."

The next day he issued a statement denouncing Judge Keidan. He said the judge had "gagged" him and would not let him tell the story. "I will hire a hall and tell what he refused to let me testify."

A great crowd packed the auditorium at Northwestern High School to hear him several nights later. He talked for two hours, spending most all his time reading from the court testimony. He offered no new evidence to support his claims. He was obviously desperately ill as he rambled on to the finish.

That was his last appearance locally in the Detroit bank troubles. But at Washington he devoted his waning energies to the task of getting revenge on those he sincerely believed to be his enemies.

The Department of Justice ace investigators after eighteen months had turned in a report on the Detroit banks. They had found no evidence of any criminality, nothing on which to indict anybody.

This enraged Couzens still more. He demanded further investigation, further action from the Roosevelt administration which soon responded. A special assistant attorney general, Guy K. Bard, was sent here from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to take up the work.

Under him a grand jury returned indictments against Detroit and Michigan business leaders on technical charges involving book-keeping. If all the allegations in all the indictments could have been proved true they would have in no way affected the financial stability of the banks.

The issue still stood out clearly: the Detroit banks could have been saved—nothing that the directors or officers had done had wrecked them.

For several weeks the hard-hitting Senator had his holiday with the Pecora Senate investigating committee. None of the other members of the Senate committee wanted any part of the Detroit investigation. They failed to attend most of the hearings. They said the same conditions could have been found in any bank in the United States.

Couzens sat alone most of the time. It was a one-man inquisition as his “enemies” paraded before him to take their medicine from Attorney Pecora under Couzens’ urging.

It was the last stand of a desperately sick man to justify a mistake. His health failed steadily from then on.

When the 1936 political campaign got under way, Couzens declared himself a Republican. He even went on the radio to criticize President Roosevelt’s taxation bill.

But rumors persisted that he would support Roosevelt. At the Democratic State Convention he was endorsed by that party. National Chairman Farley extolled him.

There was open talk that he and Roosevelt had an understanding.

Couzens, however, in a brief statement announced that he was still a Republican and would run on that ballot. A fortune was spent in printing and passing out literature for him, proclaiming him to be a “staunch Republican.”

However, straw votes, taken by the Democratic National Committee, by order of Farley, showed that Couzens had lost his old-time glamour with the voters. Wilbur Brucker was shown far ahead of him. Couzens checked on this sentiment himself and found it right. He told his intimates he knew he was going to be beaten.

Suddenly, and without any warning to those who were campaigning for him, he issued a statement that he would support Roosevelt for President. Farley had sold him on the idea that his endorsement after the primary, when defeated, would be of no value to Roosevelt.

He went to his defeat, expecting it, yet bitter over the two-to-one sentiment against him.

When President Roosevelt came to Detroit the Senator was in the hospital. He left his sickbed to respond to Roosevelt’s invitation to be with him on the platform in front of the City Hall. That was his last public appearance. He returned to his bed to die.

Seven months later all the charges against the Detroit bankers were dropped.

They were no longer of any political value.

Federal Judge Patrick T. Stone, Roosevelt appointee to the bench, in exonerating the accused men, declared in open court:

"These men have been more sinned against than sinning. . . . None of these defendants gained anything. Not one obtained one cent of profit. Many by their own personal sacrifices kept the banks running. I understand all the depositors will be paid. I believe that this is a fine method of disposing of what was a dark situation."

What made it dark he did not make clear.

Guy K. Bard was the man who as special assistant attorney general had made the accusations while serving under Attorney General Homer Cummings. He it was who brought about the indictments. He had left the Federal service after this job but came all the way to Detroit, as a private citizen, to congratulate the accused on their exoneration. In fact, he felt so keenly about it he made a speech to them in court, congratulating them.

His successor, Welly K. Hopkins, declared:

"No personal pecuniary gain or profit inured to any of the defendants in any of the transactions. The Government does not allege that any of the banking institutions involved suffered actual loss as a result of any of the transactions made."

To save the administration's face three defendants had agreed to pleas of *nolo contendere*, a legal technicality by which a defendant admits to no guilt but pays a fine to get out of just such a mess.

Thus ended five years of persecution of innocent men brought on by the blind anger of a sick man, James Couzens, and his feud with Henry Ford over the empire they had created.

An ordinary sense of justice might suggest that decency would have prompted a government dedicated to law to have learned that these men were "more sinned against than sinning," that not one penny had ever been misappropriated, that there was no evidence of any criminality, before indictments had been demanded.

But this is not the strangest phase of one of the most remarkable politico-legal misalliances in American history. Here is the maddest part:

All the indicted men who were career bankers—distinguishing them from executives and officials engaged in other business activities—were placed in key positions in the two new national banks that were granted charters by the United States Treasury Depart-

ment, with the government itself owning one-half the stock in each bank.

One of these indicted men, with seven counts against him, John Ballantyne, was made president of the Manufacturers National Bank on the insistence of the Treasury Department.

On a Saturday afternoon in Washington, I spent over an hour with Attorney General Homer Cummings, in his office, trying to find the key to this riddle.

“One branch of the Roosevelt administration,” I said, “insists that these men are criminals, fit only for felons’ cells in the penitentiary. That is your department.

“Another branch—the Treasury Department—insists that they are honorable citizens, so completely worthy of public trust that they are not only placed in charge of these new banks but are made custodians of a Federal investment of many millions.

“Is there any consistency in this?”

Cummings played with his nose glasses and shook his head.

“I admit,” he declared, “that the whole thing looks incongruous. It had not occurred to me before. I most certainly will take it up with the President the first thing Monday morning.”

Nothing more was ever heard of it.

Later, other Detroiters took the matter up with Mr. Roosevelt directly. He, too, expressed astonishment, they explained.

“Why,” he is reported to have said, “this whole thing is incredibly absurd! I thank you for calling it to my attention. I most certainly will take it up immediately with Attorney General Cummings.”

And nothing more was ever heard of that, either.

In an interview with Couzens which I had in the presence of a mutual friend (who later gave me a sworn affidavit as to its accuracy) the senator boasted that he had absolute authority in the disposition of the Detroit banking cases. This interview, never denied, was published in the *Detroit Free Press*, September 28, 1933.

“And I’ll never rest,” he screamed, “until every one of the sons of bitches are behind prison bars where I can walk up and down in front of them and laugh at them!”

As he spoke, Treasury Department and Department of Justice employees were working over the bank records on the floor above his office. All these records, he said, had been flown to Detroit from Washington—"at my orders."

This desperately sick man "never rested" until he found surcease in death.

And the bank trials died with him.

BOOK THREE
BASEBALL:
DETROIT'S SAFETY VALVE

*THE FAN WHO BOUGHT A BALL
PARK SO HE COULD HAVE A SEAT*

THE rains came and the sun of morning saw not the face of Detroit. Only those who understand wherein lies the sporting heart of this city can know the anguish of such a visitation. That Sunday afternoon the Detroit Tigers were scheduled to play the Boston Red Sox.

But by noon the clouds had rolled away. The sun shone forth again. Songs of joy poured from the faithful. They knew the games in Detroit are never called "on account of wet grounds." Briggs stadium has a \$200,000 drainage system, so perfect that the grounds are free of water an hour after a cloudburst.

Thus it was that a capacity crowd all tried to get in the stadium at once. Not believing there could be a game, very few came early. Fewer still had made reservations. They swarmed around the twenty-eight entrances of their concrete citadel while ninety ticket takers and turnstile men worked feverishly to serve them.

The telephone in the office of harassed Jack Zeller, general manager of the Detroit club, clanged. He paused in his labors. "Jack," barked a voice at the other end of the line, "there are a million people out here! Get them into the ball park! Open the gates!"

"The gates are all open!" Zeller barked right back. "They've got to buy their tickets, haven't they?"

"No!" roared the voice. "Those people want to see the ball game! You can't keep them waiting! Let 'em in free!"

"Free?" Zeller was incredulous. "How can I? The Boston Club has to have its percentage, and so does the American League."

The answer was clear. "I'll pay Boston and the American League whatever they have coming to them! Damn it, these people have a right to see the game! Let 'em in free, I tell you!"

Zeller begged off the phone, explaining he would find the Boston secretary and try to explain it to him. By the time he found the secretary, the swarming fans had gained entrance the usual way—by buying tickets. They were in their seats and the game was on.

The owner of the Tigers was also in his seat by that time, too busy cheering on his beloved team to think any more about his phone call. In fact, he didn't know until the next day that his order to his general manager had not been carried out.

Walter O. Briggs gave that order. And it was typical of him. Sole ruler of the Tigers, he is America's No. 1 baseball devotee. To him each and every one of those clamoring fans was he himself—himself fifty years ago, when he peeked through knotholes and climbed fences; himself a little later, when, at \$18 a week and saving hard, he nevertheless always had a quarter for a bleacher seat; and, finally himself at thirty, when, a prosperous young man about town, he went through the awful agony of learning he could not buy two tickets for the World Series.

That was in 1907, when Hughie Jennings led the Tigers. Paced by the immortal Ty Cobb, they had stormed through the east to win twelve out of fourteen games and Detroit's first American League pennant.

As a man of affairs, vice-president and general manager of the body-trimming and painting company of B. F. Everitt, young Briggs reserved his tickets at the well-known cigar stand of "Straw Hat" Mel Soper under the shadow of City Hall. Mel knew him as Detroit's most ardent fan. He had always seen to it that Walter got his seats. But this time—well, Bennett Park had only 5,000 seats; there were at least 20,000 fans wanting them, and all the tickets were in the hands of the National Commission. There was nothing Mel could do.

Wasn't there, though? To the infuriated young Briggs it was treason. He dimly remembered something in the Declaration of Independence to the effect that all men were endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of baseball. Who in all Detroit had served the Tigers more loyally? Had he not cheered them on to victory so vigorously that once, that very summer, Umpire Tommy Con-

nolly had walked over to where he sat and warned him if he didn't pipe down he would have the policeman throw him out of the park? Yes, he had! And now, a loyal and faithful worker in the vineyards all these years, he was to be denied a seat in the promised land.

He suggested to Mel there was such a thing as justifiable homicide. Mel, in desperation, sought Frank J. Navin, then head of the club.

"I've just gotta have two tickets," moaned Mel. "I've just gotta."

"Nothing doing."

"But you don't understand, Mr. Navin. I've gotta, I tell. These tickets are for Walter Briggs!"

"And who in hell," snapped Navin, "is Walter Briggs?"

Mel told him. He told him over and over. Would Mr. Navin at least see Mr. Briggs and hear the case firsthand?

At last Navin agreed. Mel brought Briggs over. It was the first meeting between the two future partner-owners. Right away they liked each other, and Briggs saw the series.

Yet he never forgot the agony, the awful suspense of the day before. Then and there, he vowed that when he made his million, he would buy the ball club and that there would be seats for everyone.

Now he has his millions. But he is still the young man who was told he couldn't see a World Series. He is the fan who bought the ball park, so that he and everybody else could have a seat.

This is why a hundred thousand kids see the games free every summer as his guests; that is why he built one of the largest ball parks in America and spent more than \$2,000,000 making it second to none in equipment and comfort; and that is why the books showed him to be \$600,000 in the red one year, though he owns the most prosperous and best-patronized team in either circuit.

Of course, this "red" is merely a matter of bookkeeping. Walter O. Briggs, president of the Detroit Baseball Club, borrows the money from Walter O. Briggs, president of the Briggs Commercial and Development Company. It just changes pockets in the same suit. In 1936, when he became sole owner after the death of Navin, he announced that he would never take one cent of profit from the

investment. All that was made has gone back into buying more players and into improving the stadium. He has never drawn a dollar in salary.

When, in 1939, the season opened with services commemorating the hundredth anniversary of baseball, as invented by Abner Doubleday, Briggs had 75,000 souvenir books printed, giving a complete history of the game. There was not a line of advertising accepted for the book. It was given away to the fans with the compliments of the club. It cost Briggs \$10,000.

By such gestures, he has raised the standard of baseballic culture in Detroit to a height undreamed of in other cities. Any Tiger ball-player who is educated beyond stabbing himself with a fork is definitely "accepted" in any circle of society. At the stadium, in any important contest, all the society editors are in attendance. The boxes are filled with those whose names glitter in the social register. There is a gentility in these boxes that smacks of cricket at Lord's Field, London. Even in the bleachers there will be almost as many cheers for a visiting player who has made a good play as there will be for one performed by a home-town favorite.

When he was the silent partner of Navin, Briggs delighted in offering the Tigers suits of clothes from the best tailors in town, if they would take this or that series.

Naturally, this sort of thing was frowned on by baseball management, because, according to the books, they were already paying their hired hands all they were worth and more. But there was nothing they could do about it. Mr. Briggs was a fan—and who knew better than they that you cannot control the enthusiasm of a fan?

In 1936, when Briggs became sole owner and directing head, his enthusiasm for the team took a more practical turn. "How many scouts has New York got?" he asked Jack Zeller.

"Nine."

"Then get twelve for us."

Zeller did. Then Briggs had him gather the scouts for a short talk—one that sent them out of the room stunned.

"I have only one order for you men," he told them. "I want to build the finest ball club in America and money doesn't matter. I will rebuke you for only one thing, and that is for missing a good

prospect. If he turns out to be a bloomer, you won't hear a word from me, no matter how much you have spent. The only time I'll give you hell is when you miss one."

Then came January, 1940, and—bombshell!

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis announced to the world that no less than ninety-one of the Detroit players were henceforth and forever free from all contractual obligations. They could sell their services wherever they pleased. The Detroit Baseball Club had violated some rules and would not only lose its players but would be fined \$47,250.

Briggs paid that fine—without a murmur. He issued a quiet statement that whatever Judge Landis said was all right with him, and that if any mistakes had been made he was glad to know about them, so that same would not be made again. On his own hook, Jack Zeller also issued a statement declaring that Briggs had no knowledge of any of these technical violations of the code, and that he—Zeller—alone was responsible. As the sports writers sat in their clubhouse bar on the roof and heard this, they said, "Baloney!"

Even the wrath of the Olympian Landis failed to cool the Briggsian ardor. Where scouts had failed, the fountain pen and the check-book would produce. Or so he thought.

There were old-timers and there were rookies. First, for example, there was Al Simmons. Briggs paid \$75,000 for him—and then saw him let loose at the waiver price. Then there was nineteen-year-old Freddy Hutchinson from Seattle. He showed great promise as a pitcher. Briggs paid \$55,000 in cash and five players, a total of \$100,000, for a kid who flopped miserably in his first years up and had to be sent down to try again. When Freddy was coming back from Buffalo and it looked as though something would be salvaged from the investment, the war broke and he joined the Navy.

Dick Wakefield, playing on the University of Michigan team, was reported to Briggs as a possibility because of his hitting. Dick was paid \$50,000 just for getting his mother's name on a contract, he being a minor.

At another time Briggs ordered Jack Zeller to offer Clark Griffith, of the Washington club, \$175,000 for Buddy Lewis, infielder, and Dutch Leonard, pitcher. The offer nearly broke Griff's

heart. He knew that the Washington fans would lynch him if he ever let their two favorites go for such a sordid thing as money.

These are typical instances. The books show that in the buying and selling of players, both major and minor, Briggs has paid out a half million dollars more than he has taken in. But he thrives on such things. When players come through for him, they make him forget—if, indeed, he ever remembered—the money he paid for those who did not.

And he rewards his workers with the same largess. When Manager Del Baker guided that strange team of 1940 into a pennant, Briggs gave the gentle Del a contract for \$40,000. To show that this is real folding money for any manager, one need only consult the income-tax records, which reveal that Joe McCarthy, boss of the Yankees and perennial pennant winner, received only \$27,500 that year.

An intimate of Briggs once remarked that that was a lot of money to pay Baker.

"How so?" snapped Briggs. "Didn't he win the pennant? I don't know how he did it, but he did."

Del Baker is gone, but it takes no glory from him to tell the inside story of just how he did win that pennant. The man who really won it was Walter Briggs himself. He won it over the protests of all his advisers, including both General Manager Zeller and Manager Baker. Unable any longer to buy the players he wanted—because their owners feared the wrath of their home-town fans—he resorted to trades. In 1939 he decided he wanted to make trades for big Buck Newsom, then pitching for the St. Louis Browns.

Now, Zeller and Baker are considered two of the smartest men in baseball. They both pleaded with their boss to change his mind.

All Briggs said was, "Get him."

So, with heavy hearts, Zeller and Baker gave St. Louis six ball-players for four. The other three Detroit got did not matter; they were parsley to the big fish, Newsom.

Worst of Buck's habits is his practice of calling himself "Bo-bo" and using only the third person. Something like this: "Old Bo-bo is the greatest pitcher in the world, old Bo-bo is. He'll smack 'em down! There never was a pitcher like old Bo-bo."

Jack Zeller never hid behind the club house to disguise his dislike

for this sort of thing. Yet orders are orders. He saw Newsom in St. Louis when the deal was made in May, 1939.

"Now, lookit here, bigmouth," said Jack. "You ain't fooling me a bit. You've got a contract with Detroit and you're landing on a good club. You're going to work."

"I won't go to Detroit," said Bo-bo, "unless you pay me for the radio contract I gotta give up here in St. Louis. I get thirty-five hundred for the season for broadcasting here."

"Don't hand me that! I know what you're getting, and you're overpaid. Your contract calls for seventeen hundred and—"

"Now, listen, Curly," bellowed Bo-bo, who always called Zeller "Curly" because his head is as free of hair as an egg. "Now, listen! You pay me thirty-five hundred or I don't report. See?"

Jack reported back to Briggs.

"Well," purred Briggs, "we're out to win a pennant and we can't afford to have any discontented ballplayers on the club. Pay him four thousand."

That meant that Bo-bo got \$20,000 for the season of '39. But Briggs was right in insisting on landing him. He won twenty games that year and lost eleven. In the fall, Briggs told him to write his own ticket. With inexplicable restraint, Bo-bo asked for only \$25,000. Such niggardliness must have preyed on the Briggs conscience; because, on a balmy June day after Bo-bo had turned in a good performance, he gave him a check for \$5,000. Newsom hunted up Zeller.

"Look, Curly," said Bo-bo. "Nuts to you! Here is how I stand with the big boss." He showed Zeller the check. Jack blew a fuse.

The gay and boisterous Newsom pitched the Tigers into the 1940 pennant, winning twenty-one and losing only five, being topped among the league leaders only by Cleveland's wonder boy, Bob Feller. In the World Series against Cincinnati, he missed a niche in the Hall of Fame by one run. But for that he would have won three games and the world flag. His '41 contract was for \$32,500—highest ever paid a pitcher. But he went the way of all flesh, especially when it is around the waistline.

Walter Briggs was directly responsible for winning all our pennants in recent years. He was the silent man behind the scenes who won the pennants of '34 and '35.

Since 1909 Frank Navin never had been able to get another winning combination clicking. By 1933, with the bank crash rocking him to the foundations, he was in despair. He had lost a carefully built-up fortune, the team was not getting anywhere and the fans were howling for new ownership.

All washed up and ready to quit, he went to Briggs.

Their relationship was peculiar. Navin had started with a shoe-string in 1904, with another millionaire, William H. Yawkey, as his backer. Yawkey died in 1920 and Navin, as half owner, let the outraged fan of that 1907 World Series episode buy a quarter interest. Another motor giant, John Kelsey, got the other—both men agreeing not to interfere with the management. When Kelsey died in 1927, Briggs took over his share; so he had an even half interest.

"Walter," said Navin on that afternoon in '33, "let's quit. I'm sick of it all. Jim Murfin was in to see me yesterday. He represents a syndicate, headed by Ty Cobb. They want to pay us two million for the club. That'll fix me for life."

"I'm not selling," said Briggs promptly, "and you're not selling. What we need is a new manager."

"Who can we get?"

"Well, there's a fellow on the Philadelphia club I'm sold on. He'll win pennants for us. He's a fighter. Why, the other day I saw him start to climb right into the stand to get at Patsy O'Toole for yelling at him. That's what I like—a fighter."

"You mean Mickey Cochrane?"

"Yeah, that's who I mean. Get him."

"How can we get him? Connie Mack will want a hundred thousand dollars for him and we haven't got a hundred thousand cents on hand."

"That's all right. I'll pay for him. I want him. I'll lend the club what is needed to get him. You just get him and we'll win a pennant."

The now historic deal was made. A testimonial dinner was given after the World Series to Navin and Briggs. A few days later Navin dropped dead of heart failure. The pennant fight and the banquet were too much for him.

Since then under Briggs, baseball has ceased to be a business in Detroit. It has become a sport. Yet, after he took charge, a strange

element entered into the picture which puzzled baseball men everywhere. In the world of industry Walter Briggs was known as a man with uncanny judgment, lightninglike decision and cold common sense. What his friends could not now understand was his seeming willingness to throw money away.

Briggs was buying players who were on their way out. It was against accepted principles of sound baseball. All smart owners want youngsters. They want comers, not goers. Briggs had agreed to let Zeller and his men spend all the money they wanted in organizing a farm system; now, whenever they spoke to him about some promising youngster he wasn't interested.

Bluntly, I put the question to him: "Why are you insisting upon old-timers instead of waiting for the youngsters to develop?"

"Because," he answered quietly, "I don't think I will be here long enough to see them develop. I want to be the head of a winning ball club before I am called out at the plate. I want to be in a position to say, when I meet my old pal, Frank Navin, 'I've carried on your tradition of giving Detroit, the best ball town in the world, a championship team. I got one, too, Frank.'"

Perhaps, then, that is why it did make sense, in that year of 1940, when a Tiger infield that averaged thirty-two years—called the G. A. R. of baseball—fought their hearts out to win the pennant for an owner so desperately sick that they didn't think he would be with them in the spring.

Briggs, once a powerful, handsome giant, is still a sick man. His legs are paralyzed. He spends most of his time in his wheel chair. It was generally supposed that he would spend the rest of the days at his ball park, directing his industrial empire by remote control. But when the attack came on Pearl Harbor he forgot all about his passion for baseball. He plunged back into the night-and-day grind of his youth, personally directing his twelve factories and his army of 40,000 workers concentrated on war production. A crisp official statement was handed out at the baseball office: "For the duration, John A. Zeller will be in complete charge of the Detroit Baseball Club. Mr. Briggs will have no direct connection with it."

With the Nazi surrender in Europe in the spring of the '45 season, Fan Briggs began visiting his ball park more frequently. And with the collapse of Japan his industrial empire saw him no

more. He was tired now. His face had grown whiter. There was no more cheering at good plays and no more surreptitious jeering at umpires' decisions. But each day, with the vast park packed, every fan knew that the invalid in the wheel chair seemed to be living on the fascination of the game: the call of his youth, the roaring crowds, the crack of the bat, the flash of spikes. "Keeps me young," he would say, but the only sign of excitement was a quicker puffing at his long, thin cigars.

Once he ordered escalators for his stadium in place of the great cement ramps. It took Jack Zeller some weeks, fortified by Briggs' best engineers, to prove to him that his baseball enthusiasm was running away with his sound mechanical judgment, that the belt-line stairways would slow down rather than speed up the filling and the emptying of the stands; too many curves and angles and too many people all wanting to go different directions at once.

But last season when he ordered the first \$40,000 unit of a series of powder rooms for women fans, they had nothing to say, other than to whisper that baseball in Detroit had gone completely social—or something.

Yet, strangely enough, it was this insistence on the part of Fan Briggs to serve all baseball devotees which won him the strange pennant of 1945. From the very beginning he had forbidden night baseball. Briggs stadium is the only park not equipped for this purpose. "Baseball," Briggs insisted, "belongs to the sun and the sun to baseball. It's artificial without the sun. The people are entitled to see it played as it should be."

Well, came the mad season of '45, with Washington picked to win on form. But Clark Griffith's Washington team plays little else but night baseball on the home lot. To get the crowds and to lease his park for football, Griffith began doubling up these night games. The Senators finished the season a week ahead of schedule. But the pace was too fast. They cracked up under the extra strain, according to the Washington writers.

As a result, the lumbering, stumbling Tigers staggered over the line at the finish, winners of the American League pennant.

It was the only time that old Iffy openly rebelled at my orders. I wanted him to take an interest in the strangest conflict in baseball's history.

"Chinese baseball!" he kept snarling in his whiskers. "Strictly Brooklyn! Makes me think of the time Babe Herman asked a guy for a match as he pulled a half-smoked cigar out of his pocket and then said, 'Never mind, it's still lighted.' They play better baseball than that down at Grosse Ile, between the married men and the single men, during a Saturday afternoon picnic lunch."

When the flag was finally won, Iffy was back in harness and cheering himself hoarse. He said:

"Bing, if Walter Briggs gave Del Baker \$40,000 for winning that pennant back in 1940, because Walter didn't know how Del did it, he ought to pay Steve O'Neill a million, because not even Steve can tell how it was done this time."

This opinion did not disturb Fan Briggs.

"It's better than good baseball," he chuckled, "because you never know what to expect next. Baseball, like billiards, can become so perfect it is simply a matter of precision. But in this kind of a year you are always anticipating something."

"And never being disappointed," said Iffy.

Baseball will never know another season like it. With a few rare exceptions almost all the star athletes had been drafted. Teams had to be patched up from 4-F's, children too young to fight and ancient mariners.

Fellows such as Paul Richards, out of the majors for ten years, manager of Atlanta for five years, and not active behind the plate since 1940. Hired as a coach, he caught the whole season and held the team together brilliantly. Another: Eddie Mayo, spark plug of the infield at second, and voted "most valuable player of the year," after Connie Mack had dropped him from Philadelphia because of poor eyesight.

Sports writers paced the floors nights trying to think up new names to describe the league race between Detroit and Washington. They called it the Turtle Derby, the Lobster Crawl, the Alphonse-and-Gaston battle, the Race to the Rear. How Detroit held its lead will always remain a mystery. The real excitement was watching to see what star players might get out of the services to bolster different teams.

Here Detroit got one break. Hank Greenberg, one of the first of all the players to join up, came out with a captaincy and reported

to Briggs. For a week he did six hours a day batting practice with his hands swathed in tape—from blisters. On July first he made his first appearance back at the plate in a regular game—and slapped out his first home run, after almost four years' absence.

He seemed to come up with that old wallop whenever it was really needed. He climaxed the season at St. Louis, in the thunder and lightning which played over a field that had become a lake, with another homer in the ninth inning with the bases filled.

And so it was that two teams, the Chicago Cubs and the Detroit Tigers went into the World Series, bruised, broken, exhausted old men and badly frightened youngsters who didn't belong in the majors.

"Neither team missed a mistake that could possibly be made," said Iffy. "The only reason they didn't throw to more wrong bases was there was only three to throw at. Pop flies went for two baggers, and Texas leaguers turned into triples. But our brave Tigers outsmarted them pesky Cubs. We let 'em play dumber baseball than we did. It was one of them kind of series where I never could tell whether it was great pitching or just bad hitting. They couldn't hit, they couldn't bunt, they couldn't field, they couldn't throw, or they couldn't run bases, on either side, according to Hoyle, but it was the most thrilling series I ever did watch. Mebbe Walter Briggs is right after all. The worse the game, the better it looks—or something like that. All I can say is that the lads fought every minute of play. They gave everything they had and for that reason nobody should shoot the piano player."

But Fan Briggs was happy. He violated the orders of his physicians and broke the routine of his life by attending the victory banquet of his strangely patched, fighting Tigers. A life ambition had been realized. He had lost the World Series battle by one game in the great struggle between Cincinnati and Detroit in 1940. Now he could say to his old partner Frank Navin: "I got one, too. The big one."

TY COBB: SPEED KING

BY IFFY THE DOPESTER

LARRY LAJOIE, mightiest slugger of his time, was sure sore at Umpire Jack Sheridan that afternoon at Bennett Park, Detroit. He was so darned mad he forgot all about Ban Johnson's orders against treating his officials rough.

What he did that afternoon would have sent him to the showers with a good stiff fine and suspension—just for kicking Jack in the shins and giving him the elbow. But then a king has certain rights, and Larry was king. The French-Canadian hack driver who became the sensation of baseball because of his hitting prowess was granted the privilege of being temperamental because he had really made possible the success of the American League.

When Ban Johnson organized the American League, he did it on the basis that umpires were inviolate, sacrosanct and must not be kicked, punched, mobbed or spat upon, as was the good old custom of the National—especially in Baltimore, under the guiding genius of Muggsy McGraw, Hughie Jennings, Joe Kelley and lots of other et ceteras.

“Honesty and gentlemanliness is our slogan,” said fat old Ban, and everybody believed him. Especially when he got Larry to jump his Philadelphia contract and to join the new circuit as a drawing card that packed the hatbox-sized parks of those dear old golden days now gone beyond recall. He was Hank Greenberg and Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb all in one, as far as the box office was concerned.

Larry was such an idol that the crowds followed him down the streets just as though he was an Ike Eisenhower. Kids worshiped him. When he endorsed a certain brand of chewing tobacco—which, in those days of simple honesty, he actually chewed—half

the kids of the nation got sick giving the foul weed a tryout, in the hope that it would make them sluggers like Lajoie was.

And he had a right to be proud of his record. That was what made him so mad at Jack Sheridan that day. Had not he, the great king of them all, set the whole country on fire in that first season of the league, 1901, by blasting out the amazing total of thirteen home runs?

Thirteen home runs in one season! Folks would go out to the parks and wait for weeks just in the hope of seeing him hit another one. Yes, Larry's jump from Philadelphia made possible the success of the American League, so blind old Jack Sheridan, who was sometimes *non compos mentis*, to use an old baseball expression, wasn't going to shoo the great man to the cooling showers when a record-breaking crowd of 4,823 people had paid their cash to see him do his stuff.

Larry's wrath was about the ball that was being used. The Detroit Tigers and the Cleveland Naps had been pounding that one ball for seven whole innings. It had taken on the pulpy semblance of a squash. You could squeeze it in the middle like a world-weary rubber doll. George Mullin—remember ol' fat George?—he was pitching for our side, and he was having all sorts of fun playing with that ball—as a kid would with some putty he had found in the alley. Larry would sock away at it, hit it fair and square, and it would die on the grass before the infielders could get to it. Larry was out for another record—wanted to top the league mark of sixteen home runs—and he was sure mad. He insisted that Umpire Sheridan toss in a new ball.

“D'yuh think this league is made o' money?” yowled Jack. “This here ball is in play and it stays in play.”

It had been an old ball before the game had started. Larry had beefed about it right up to that fateful seventh, but Jack was what they call adamant. Once Bill Bradley had fouled it into the stands, but an alert and efficient park hireling had retrieved it, after a bitter struggle with a spectator who had larceny in his heart. Mullin had calmly waited for the return of his turnip and, when it was tossed back onto the field of play, went on pitching. But in this seventh inning, of which Old Iffy is speaking, Larry could stand it no longer.

"Put in a new ball!" he said fiercely—very.

"Not while this one is in play," hiccuped the brave and dauntless Jack.

"All right!" snarled Larry, as Jack rubbed his shin from the kick he got. He grabbed that there four-sided, soggy hunk of horsehide and threw it over the grandstand, onto Michigan Avenue. "There," he yelled, "it's no longer in play!"

Jack couldn't find nothing in the rule book about this extravagant waste of valuable property, so he had to toss out a new ball. But, *nota bene*, as the saying goes, Larry didn't win the home-run championship that year, after all. Sam Crawford, the famous Tiger slugger, copped the honors for the season. He hit a total of seven four-base smackers. Which brings us, ladies and gemmen, down to the subject of discussion—if any. Today, from seventy to eighty balls are used in an average game.

Old Iffy is frequently asked, whenever he brings up the subject, if Charlie Gehringer was a better second baseman than was Larry Lajoie. And I always answer in the affirmative, as you might say. In fact, I go further; I say that Charlie Gehringer was the greatest second baseman of all time in any league. Because why? Because he was out there fielding shells fired by Big Bertha guns, and in Larry's day infielders had time, chasing them there squashes, to figure out their last week's laundry bill afore going after the ball. Charlie could field that kind o' ball sitting in a rocking chair.

Abner Doubleday's century-old game, our national pastime, has changed; whether for good or bad is merely a matter of viewpoint. It all depends on what kind of a game you like. Each had its points. Just like in the fight game. Some folks like the knockout and others like the skillful boxing.

Modern baseball is the killer game; it's the broadax instead of the rapier; it is the heavy artillery instead of the fencing match; it's power instead o' skill; it's flash instead of finesse. No, it's not brawn instead of brains. The modern players have to be skillful, or they would be murdered by the bullets they have to stop. As for brawn, the old-timers were just as husky. They had to be husky to get eight or ten runs a season, with the soggy squashes they had to hit at.

Of all the old-timers, Delehanty, Kelly, Flick, Lajoie, Anson—the whole kit and boodle o' 'em—I'm thinking right now of Sam Craw-

ford, the old Detroit slugger. If he had had that Bouncing Betsy of today to slap around with the driving power he had to hit 'em high and far, he would have made Babe Ruth and Hank Greenberg look like kids playing beanbag in the nursery.

The merits of the new game? Well, for one thing the fans like it, and who are we to say what they shall like or shall not like? It's their money at the gate that pays the salaries that set up the players as princes of privilege and economic royalists instead of being retired as good honest truck drivers, farm hands or bartenders.

But in supplying those home runs they took something out of the game that us old-timers miss; gives us a touch of nostalgia. We feel like an old Mississippi River steamboat gambler who knows every card in his deck, waking up after a bad night to find himself kissed into a penny-ante game with a ten-cent limit and deuces wild. There ain't no science to the thing. That's what we say.

It all started when the genial brewmaster of New York, Jake Ruppert, opened his checkbook and bought out the stars of Boston from a theatrical entrepreneur who thought, I guess, that ballplayers were actors—and darned if they didn't turn out to be! And along came Ruth. When baseball went Broadway, the boys knew enough to play the spotlight on the star.

They built the Yankee Stadium for Ruth to hit home runs in. On the road he was a greater drawing card than P. T. Barnum's blood-sweating behemoth. He came just at the time that Ty Cobb was fading from the picture as the greatest artist any sport has ever known. What Shakespeare was to literature, Beethoven was to music, Caruso was to tenors, Napoleon was to warfare, Lincoln was to statesmanship, Newton was to physics, Ty Cobb was to baseball—peculiar, alone, unique; the apotheosis of the apple slappers.

The moguls had to have something to take the place of Cobb to keep those turnstiles clicking. A new act! Baseball had moved into the circle of Big Business. So they figured out the livelier ball to make the hits—and, more especially, the Great Bambino's socks—more regular for the patrons.

Instead of Larry Lajoie being a sensation because he hit thirteen four-baggers, or Crawford being a national idol because he slapped out seven in 1908 against Ty Cobb's nine in 1909—the boys now

kiss the pill over the fence thirty, forty, fifty, sixty times a season. The Babe set a record of sixty and Homer Hank, the big Greenberg boy, set the league on fire before he went to war by bouncing out fifty-eight. The fans love it.

But we who were weaned on baseball at our father's knee—if that isn't too mixed a metaphor—what we miss is the science, the skill, the strategy, the daring, the finesse of the old game when eighteen hired hands would battle from morn to dewy eve for one lone run. How we gloried in the old Chicago White Sox of 1906!

The Hitless Wonders! One run was all they ever needed—just one li'l, teeny run and the game was theirs. Defense was high art, strategy a gift from the Olympian gods.

Gunpowder destroyed the feudal system, and power batting destroyed the science of baseball. Where is the hit-and-run, the dragged bunt, the delayed steal, the squeeze? Where is the fielding pitcher, like Nick Altrock, who got three put-outs and eight assists in that first World Series game against the Cubs in 1906? Where is the battle of wits, the breath-taking, heart-stopping duels between such masters as Keeler at bat and Jimmy Collins playing third? Gone, my hearties, gone!

The greatest place hitter of all time in the game was Wee Willie Keeler, outfielder for the Baltimore Orioles under Ned Hanlon, and later with the New York American Leaguers.

Why, when a pitcher struck out Willie Keeler it was the sports-page sensation of the day.

"What," asked this expert experter of Willie, "is the secret of your success?"

"I hit 'em where they ain't," said Willie.

Willie meant just what he said. But what he did not explain was his art in doing just that. To see him and a third-sacker like Jimmy Collins, or Bill Bradley, of Cleveland, in a duel of wits was a joy forever. Willie would make a bluff at bunting. The third-sacker would rush in; Willie, however, would cross him by tapping the ball just over his head. If the outfield played deep, he chopped it short; if they played in, he slashed it over their heads.

Perhaps some of the modern generation don't know what I mean by the hit-and-run, as it was worked back when—With a runner on first, the sign is given and the runner starts for second as the ball

is pitched. Either the second baseman or the shortstop has to go over to take the throw from the catcher. A hit-and-run master like Keeler, or Fielder Jones, of Chicago, would watch to see which one left a hole in the infield wall; then he would actually push the ball through that hole. Thus he would make a hit and very often send the runner down to third. To do the trick requires both skill and brains, because the eye must watch the approaching ball and at the same time that infield.

Nowadays they still use the hit-and-run, but it is like the Jap civilization—an imitation of the real thing. The fast ball doesn't give the boys a chance to do much but whale away at it. The way they work the hit-and-run now reminds Old Iffy of what poor Claude Rossman, the demon first-base slugger of the Tigers under Jennings, thought it was.

Ty Cobb was on first and Hughie signed to Ross for the hit-and-run. Ross got the sign all right; but instead of pushing the ball through any hole in the infield, he dug his toes into the ground, swung with all his might and knocked the ball out of the park.

The crowd was wild with joy, but Hughie was furious. Rossman had not obeyed orders and Hughie didn't like that—never. "Didn't I give you the hit-and-run?" he yells at Ross.

"Sure," says the surprised Ross, with the din of approval ringing in his ears, "and didn't I hit it?"

This stopped Hughie for a second, and then, puzzled, he asks Ross: "What do you think the hit-and-run is?"

"Why," says Ross, "you hit the ball and everybody runs like hell."

Today all good managers will ask you, why take chances on smart baseball just to get one run? What good is one run in a game nowadays? The technique now is to get a whole flock of 'em in one round. All the players on both teams are watching for the "explosion" inning when a pitcher weakens and he is pounced on by the power boys, like wolves ganging up on a weary rabbit.

I am also asked, whenever I broach the subject, what Ty Cobb would do with this fast ball and modern style of play. I have already explained what Sam Crawford would do. But with Ty it is different. Nobody ever knew what he would do—anywhere or at any time, on or off the field. With his lightninglike thought proc-

esses, his power of concentration, his sublime courage and his ruthless will to win, there is no doubt he would be a sensation under any set of conditions, or with any kind of ball. But it would not be the Ty Cobb who stands alone now in the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown.

Ty's genius was strategy, to pull the unexpected, to outwit the opposition.

Not that he couldn't hit. No man ever swung a bat who could do so many things to a baseball, but he was not the slugger type. Though in 1912, playing agin Philadelphia, three double-headers in three days, he hit safely eighteen times in twenty-seven trips to the plate. Those hits included three doubles, three triples and two home runs. Led the league twelve times in thirteen straight years; twenty-four-year batting average .367, with the old dead ball. Oh, yes, he could hit! But his grandeur and his glory was on the bases.

In 1915—after ten years of play—he stole ninety-six bases. That's still tops. Now to show you, my hearties, how the game has changed, this one player stole more bases that year than any one club steals during a whole season nowadays.

That year Cobb was thrown out thirty-eight times while trying to steal. But here figures don't mean much. More strategy. Any time the Tigers were away ahead, and our pitcher was working smoothly, Cobb always ran wild on the bases, just to build up his reputation as an India-rubber idjit on a spree, as that old sports writer, Kipling, might have called him. He never wanted any infield, pitcher or catcher, to have a moment's rest. He wanted 'em so badly scared they'd still be frightened the next day.

Often he scored from second on what was then called a sacrifice fly, and on several occasions he started from first and stole second, third and home. "Tighten your belt," Herman Schaefer used to tell the catchers, "or he'll steal your pants." One of his tricks was, with another runner on third and him on second, to come home on a fly ball, following so closely after the runner on third that the catcher was what you might call obfuscated.

Once when he was on first, playing against Connie Mack's Athletics, Rossman hit a low line drive over third base. Socks Seybold played it like an infielder. Ty had rounded second with the sweep of a sea gull diving for a fish, and was on his way to third. Home-

Run Baker, Connie's third-sacker, stood with his back to the plate waiting for the throw from Socks to put the ball on Ty. He knew he was coming. He was always coming.

As the ball shot into Baker's mitt, he swung around to his right to tag Ty. No target. Ty figured that that was just what Baker was going to do and he came into third, sprinting, his body on an angle of forty-five degrees. His toe touched the sack with the grace of a Nijinsky—and he was headed for home, without even a change of pace. As always on a close play, he threw himself far away from the plate and swept his hand over it—a swell target for a catcher to tag. He was so safe that the catcher didn't even squawk. Billy Evans was umpiring behind the plate and he was gasping at the daring of it. "Ty," he said, "that looked like suicide."

"Suicide nothing!" snorted the Georgian: "Didn't Baker have to uncross his legs, turn around—and then throw?"

All of which was very true, for Home-Run Baker looked like a pretzel out there trying to tag a guy who wasn't anywhere around. By the way, they called him "Home-Run" Baker because he got a total of thirty-one home runs—in three years.

Another time we was playing the New York Highlanders, with Clark Griffith manager. That was the last trip of the year in 1907, when we had to win fourteen out of sixteen to grab the peanut; the which we did. Hal Chase, whose name is never mentioned now in polite baseball society, was then, as he still remains, the best fielding first baseman that ever lived. He was on what we call the initial sack, which means first base, for the New Yorkers. George Moriarty played third.

Well, ladies and gemmen, Ty walked and Rossman sacrificed. The bunt was cleanly handled, slick as a whistle, and Rossman was out. But Ty was at third with Chase holding the ball—and by the time he shot it to Moriarty, Ty was past the plate dusting himself off.

After the game was over, Ty listened over the transom of the New York dressing room to hear Griff bawl out Chase and Moriarty. And how! But Morry and Chase defended themselves. How was they to know what that Southern madman was going to do?

"He won't do it again," said Chase; "we'll be watching for that such-and-such of a so-and-so."

That riled Ty's hot Southern blood. That night he hunted up Rossman. "Every time I get on first tomorrow," he said, "you bunt." Ross agreed.

And so the very next day, with all the New York team watching for him to pull his trick, with every-move-a-picture Chase laying for him—he did it again. The boys were overanxious-like. And about the seventh inning, on another perfectly handled sacrifice bunt, he slid safely into third. George Moriarty was so mad about it he threw the ball on the ground and caught it on the bounce. But—too late! Cobb was over the plate again.

He would come out onto the field at the start of the game, limping as though he had a Charley horse. And he would keep on limping and complaining—to the opposition players—about how it hurt him, until the situation arose where he could pull the unexpected. Then to their astonishment the Charley horse would disappear and he would be running faster than a secret through a sewing circle.

When he first started on his twenty-four-year career as the master of them all, the fans and the expert experters commented on his extreme nervousness. He was always kicking at the bags strapped onto the bases. It was years before it dawned on anybody that he was kicking them there bags a few inches closer to where he might be if he needed to reach them.

In those early days he never thought anything of himself or his records, if the Tigers could win a ball game. He'd sacrifice himself every time to get that one run across the plate. If there was a runner on third and he was on first, he would go down to second, even to be thrown out. But the shortstop or second baseman who went over to tag him found himself all tangled up as though in a wrestling match, so that there was no chance to throw to the plate. Cobb could use his legs that way with the agility of an octopus.

I must admit that, having watched this piece of greased lightning in human form ever since that first day he joined the Tigers in August 1905 after he had hung up his spiked shoes for good, the game was never quite the same for me. I never see a runner rounding second now, hesitating and dancing back to the bag like a frightened bird whose mother is trying to push him out of the nest, that I don't recall what Cobb would have done in the same situation.

Like they speak of the Elizabethan era, or the Renaissance, or the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, it is well for historians to speak of the Cobbian age. Before his time, the base runner was the natural prey of the team in the field. He was a hunted thing with nine men trying to put the bee on him. In this sense he was on the defensive. It was his job to see that he did not get caught.

Cobb changed all that. When he reached first base, the whole infield was on the defensive, in blind terror of what he might do to make them look very silly indeed. Pitcher, catcher and fielders spent so much time worrying about what he was going to do to them that the batter looked like the forgotten man. With Cobb on the bags, it was easy for the batters following him to get hits. The pitcher had something else on his mind.

"Make 'em throw it!" was always Cobb's slogan. He knew that if the boys tossed it around long enough in their nervousness they would bobble it and he—and the rest of the Tigers—would be safe. That is why he made all those wild dashes and acted crazylike on the bases when the Tigers had such a big lead.

They used to call him a lucky stiff—among other things. That would make him more furious than usual. "I create my own luck," he always said, which was just what he did.

But then, this is not a story about Ty Cobb. I merely cite him to show the change in the game. I could tell you, f'rinstance, about how Germany Schaefer, not once but often, stole first base in order to win a game.

With Davy Jones, the brilliant little lead-off man of the Tigers, on third base one game and Schaefer on first, the sign was given for the double steal. Germany was an uncanny base runner, a master at timing. Like Ty and King Kelly and all the other greats, he always stole second on the pitcher and not on the catcher. He was on his way before the ball left the pitcher's hand. This day he was at second as the ball got to Nig Clarke's mitt. We were playing Cleveland. Jones stood anchored on third, not wanting to be tagged by the waiting Nig.

Well, that tickled Schaefer. "We'll try it again," he yells at Davy—and he dashed back to first. Such an unorthodox thing so upset the

recruit pitcher for the Naps that when Germany started for second again, he held the ball too long and Davy sprinted over the plate with the winning run.

All the rest of the season Schaefer argued with the official scorer that he was entitled to three stolen bases—second, first and then second again. The darned clown!

But if a player like Ty Cobb tried to work his baseline magic these days the manager would call a doctor to have his head examined.

What's the use of taking chances of being thrown out when all you gotta do is stand there and let the power boys blast you home? That's the present-day philosophy. The old "inside baseball," that Johnny Evers used to glory in, is now a lost art. There will never be another Ty Cobb; and the roar of the crowds, "Slide, Kelly, slide," will be heard no more. Craftsmanship has made way for mass production. But the crowds love it. So what?

As I said before, in three years, 1911, '12 and '13, Home-Run Baker swung to glory by whamming out a total of thirty-one four-baggers. In Babe Ruth's three best years, 1927, '28 and '29, the Bambino smacked a total of 160.

So the base runner is no longer a stealer of bags; he's a hitch-hiker.

Up to the time that they introduced the Bouncing Betsy as a substitute for a baseball, the record for home runs in the National League was held by Cliff Cravath, who hit twenty-four; and, in the American League, the all-time figure was in possession of Socks Seybold, who hit sixteen, back in 1902. Nowadays, a left-handed pitcher, wearing glasses and wondering where he can get a good cheap undertaker, can hit that many.

Which brings us, with remorseless logic, my hearties, to the pitchers. What's wrong with them, everybody asks. How come they can't last a whole game any more—hardly? Why are sturdy giants dropped from the ranks with sore arms? Why is it that so many of the lads go all to pieces? Answer: They, too, are paying the awful toll of modern efficiency—the blight of mass production.

Why, in those dear old golden days gone beyond recall, it was nothing for a good pitcher to work right through a double-header;

and, after that kind of a workout, he would probably go roller skating in the evening to get some exercise. Take the case of Rube Waddell. Dear old Connie Mack loves to tell this one.

He had the Rube with him when he managed Milwaukee at the beginnings of the American League. The Brewers were playing in Chicago, scheduled for a double-header. For the sake of the younger generation who may be present, let me explain that Waddell was the greatest left-hander that ever lived, if not the greatest pitcher that ever stepped onto the mound, dexter or sinister—even though he was plain nuts.

Well, the Rube started and he held Chicago to a tie score in the ninth, two to two. The game went on for seventeen fierce innings until the Brewers got one run across to end it. Waddell had struck out fourteen men, and the managers agreed to make the second game five innings. The Rube was so fresh and at ease, fogging them through in that seventeenth, that Connie went over to him. "Rube," he said, "do you think you're strong enough to pitch the second game?"

Rube scratched his head and thought it over. "I can't tell yet, Connie," he said. "Let me warm up and see how I feel."

He went out to the bull pen and took his regular workout, and then reported back to Connie. "Yes, sir," he said, "the old soup-bone feels fit." He shut Chicago out without a hit for the next five innings and the Brewers won again, one to nothing.

Then there was Christy Mathewson—thirty or more victories every season for three straight years, twenty or more wins for twelve straight years. In the 1905 World Series, pitching for the Giants against the Athletics, he shut the Men of Mack out three times in five days. It was nothing uncommon for him to pitch and win double-headers, and once he won three straight games in two days.

And so the cry goes out from the thoughtless horde that present-day pitchers are pantywaists and sissies and mollycoddles. Well, they ain't! They are brave, heroic men who go out there in the pitcher's box and face death in the afternoon. They're Hemingways who grow their own hair on their chests.

That pitching distance is sixty feet, six inches. How would you like to be that close to a series of bomb explosions for two straight



Left: Mike Murphy holds starting gun for John Owen, first man in the world to run the 100-yard dash in 9 4/5 seconds. Right: Coach Fielding H. (Hurry-up) Yost of University of Michigan.



Associated Press Photo

BASEBALL'S FASTEST MAN, TY COBB



Henry Ford stands by his historic "999" with Barney Oldfield at the wheel.

hours? Back in the halcyon days, when the world was young and every park fence had knotholes, pitching was an art. Now it's an adventure into the valley of the shadow.

To begin with, pitching is like any other bit of artistry, like golf, or bowling, or shot putting, or tossing the caber, or boxing or rowing. It's the follow-through that counts. It's that sweep of the arm and carrying the motion to its logical conclusion that give the athlete his rhythm.

Nowadays a pitcher may have rhythm, but he can't use it much. He is wondering if that high-powered projectile, once called a baseball, coming off a detonator, once called a bat, will hit him and take an arm or a leg or his head or part of his hip with it on its way to the flagpole.

In the olden days the pitcher was taught that, as soon as he finished his swing, he must drop back, plant on his feet like an infielder, and be ready to field the ball. Today, it's over the fence before he can get through his pitching motion. And base knocks are as common as lobbyists in a Washington cocktail lounge when Congress is in session.

This means that he has to pitch every ball he delivers. He can never relax. In the olden days a smart pitcher, like Mathewson, or Waddell, or Clark Griffith, or Wild Bill Donovan—any of 'em who knew their art—would only actually pitch, press down, to about every third or fourth batter.

Frank J. Navin once complained bitterly to Bill Donovan, his best-loved athlete.

"Bill," he said, "my heart is none too good as it is. Why do you want to torture me by pitching that way? You lay 'em up there as big as a house and they either smash it all over the lot or get their base on balls. Then you start pitching. Why don't you pitch like that all the time?"

"What," asked smiling Bill, "do you hire infielders and outfielders for? I believe in sharing the work."

The good pitchers knew whom to pitch to and when to tighten up. But, with the Bouncing Betsy of today, they can never take a chance. The bat boy might sneak into the line-up and knock the roof off the water tower with a Ruthian smash.

So the great pitching arms wear out, and the Dizzy Deans do not

stay on year after year, as did the Mathewsons and the Donovans and the Walshes and the Dinneens.

And another thing, ladies and gemmen. As I said before, from five to six dozen balls are now used in one game, whereas in the old days, if three or four balls were used up in one afternoon, the owners demanded that the auditor make an investigation. Now, under the rules, as soon as a ball gets a spot on it, out it goes. Even if it is just a little rust off the screen, or it gets a little dirty from the mud. If the cover gets even slightly rough, it is tossed out of play.

Not so in the olden days. The pitcher would deliberately blacken one side of a new ball with tobacco juice or licorice whereby he gained an optical delusion to fool the batter. A delusion, I said, not an illusion.

And what one of us old coffee coolers has not seen Clark Griffith out there in the box, tapping away at the ball with his spikes? The order of the day was for the pitcher to get on his knees, not to pray but to rub the ball on the grass, and the gravel to give it "wings." That's all out now.

Every one must be as smooth and as clean as a billiard ball. The fans want hitting, so the pitcher doesn't get any of the breaks—except in his arm and heart. And so it is that, with no breathing spell, no chance for the real rhythm of a follow-through, no chance to doctor the horsehide, except with a little resin, the pitcher is under a never-ending baptism of fire.

Again, pitchers aren't born; they're made. And they're not made in one or two seasons. A fellow has to be up in the majors quite a spell—or at least it used to be that way—before he learns all the finesse of his high art. Now, by the time a youngster has learned to pitch properly, his arm is gone.

And, finally, let us sum up—as the lawyer always says to the sleeping jury. The Bouncing Betsy made possible the big salaries for the players. The big salaries made businessmen of the lads. That means they can afford motorcars, among other things.

So, what do we see? In our day the boys rode out to the park in a horse-drawn bus and went back to the hotel in the same in their uniforms to get a bath and dress in their other suit of clothes.

Now they file into the perfectly appointed clubhouses, take a shower, dress as quickly as possible and beat it for the parking lot

to grab their cars and disappear. They never see their teammates until the next day. Sometimes they do not speak to one another all season, not even on the field.

In the dear old golden days they didn't have motorcars. Just enough nickels, mebbe, for a couple of beers over at the Dutchman's. Baseball was not a business, it was a passion. And around the table at the Dutchman's they talked over every play that was made that day, and figured out among themselves how to hit this pitcher or stop that batter. They were not thinking of the gate; they were only thinking of winning—and heaven might help the player who insisted on being an individual star, but the gang at the Dutchman's wouldn't.

“It ain't the individual, nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' teamwork of every bloomin' soul.”

That's another thing Ty Cobb changed. He was the first of the big-money ballplayers. His acquisitive genius was not confined to the collection of base hits. “If he asks for any more money,” Navin used to sigh, “I'll have to make a subdivision of the ball park and sell it as building lots.”

But he never denied it was Ty's fame brought the money to the gate. Ty made possible the great new field. Tyrus left the game with a million—nicely and safely invested, thank you. He got his. Ruth, the next big box-office attraction on the circuit, got the Cobb idea and demanded his. The vogue of the individual star was on. Some of the lads now even retain press agents.

Yes, my hearties, the game has changed. Whether for better or for worse, it's up to you to determine. You're the guys who pay the shot; and, if you insist on it, you can also have trained seals and a tightrope act, to say nothing about the Singer midgets. But do not mention the latter to Larry MacPhail. Might put ideas into his head.

BASEBALL'S TROUBADOUR

BY IFFY THE DOPESTER

WE WAS down to the Dutchman's, holding our evening elbow workout and talking baseball.

Now, I don't like baseball arguments because I don't like to be interrupted. And there was a feller there that night by the name of Patrick Schmalz who wanted to horn in every time I got going good. They said he was an agent for a Cincinnati brewery and that was why he was a Red fan. He kept saying the Cubs were just a bunch of lucky stiffs, and all that sort of eyewash. Personally, I very much doubted his sincerity, as it didn't look to me like he got that new benny he was wearing by betting on the Reds.

"The strangest World Series ever played," I ses, finally getting the floor to everybody's satisfaction, "was that one in 1907 between the Detroit Tigers and the Chicago Cubs—because of psychic reasons. Yeah, I said psychic reasons. Them Tigers fought the Cubs to a twelve-inning tie and then lost four straight. Now, you take these psychic influences—"

"There's always psychic influences at work in a good ball game," ses this brew peddler, Pat Schmalz. "Look at the time Babe Ruth called his shot against that Cub pitcher, Charlie Root, in the World Series of 1932, by pointing his bat to the flagpole and announcing just where he was going to hit his home run—"

"That wasn't psychic," I interrupts, angry because he won't let me get on with my yarn. "It was the only time he ever did it, and he could call his shots every day if he was psychic. That was just co-ordination of mind and eye and body, and concentration of soul. Having determined to do it, and the pitch being just right, it happened."

"I suppose," he ses, "a great outfielder like Tris Speaker ain't psychic when he can turn his back to the plate, take his eye off the ball and run a mile to the flagpole and catch the pill as it drops over his shoulder?"

"Shucks," I ses, "if he was psychic he would have been on the right spot in the first place. He knows the pitch and he knows the batter and he's off in that general direction as soon as ball and bat meet. That ain't being psychic, that's instinct. There was, in all my years, only one player I ever knew who was really psychic, and that's what I wanna tell you about—in that World Series of 1907."

"Ty Cobb, I suppose," he supposes.

"No," I ses. "Ty was so brilliant that a lot of dumb clucks thought he must be psychic because they couldn't understand how he had everything figured out. The only ballplayer that ever out-guessed Cobb in all his twenty-four years on the diamond was Larry Gardner, the old Boston third-sacker. Ty could never lay down a bunt without Larry being right in on the grass waiting for it. For years Ty thought Larry must have some kind of an occult gift, 'cause he was the only one he couldn't fool. Toward the end of Ty's career, his last days with Philadelphia, he asked Larry how he did it. And Larry tips him the secret, inasmuch as his playing days were over.

"'When you decide to bunt,' ses Larry, 'you always bite your lower lip.'

"Ty thanked him for the information and retired from the game happier because he had a solution of the only thing that ever baffled him. Ty didn't believe in this psychic stuff because he was too great a scientist."

"And so," ses the man Pat Schmalz, "you contend there was only one player who was ever psychic, hey?"

"It all depends on what you mean by psychic," I ses. "If you mean being in a trance, why, a lot of them were psychic, like Heinie Zimmerman was when he chased Eddie Collins over the plate with the winning run in that Giant-White Sox game in 1917. Now, do you fellers want to hear about the player who did have the gift of second sight, or is this to be a duet all evening?"

"Schmalz," ses Pete the bartender, who was still tough after

three years of varsity football and two years as an honest professional, "keep quiet and let Iffy get on with his yarn."

So I have the floor.

Well, my hearties, the player about whom I been thinking is none other than Herman Schaefer, the old Detroit second-sacker, When the mood was upon him he could call his shots like a clairvoyant who is well acquainted with your wife's old-maid aunt.

Schaefer was the finest natural comedian baseball has ever known, and in so saying I take nothing from the great Nick Altrock, Al Schacht or even dear Arlie Latham. Nick is a marvelous clown, Al is a great vaudevillian, Arlie was a wit, but Germany Schaefer was the soul of baseball itself, with all its sorrows and joys, the born troubadour of the game. He was to baseball what Conan Doyle's Brigadier Gerard was to war; he was Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Sheridan's *Rivals*, Falstaff's Mr. Pistol, the Bombastes Furioso of the diamond. He acted every minute of his life on the field, and his swaggering, bragging stride and his bull-like bellow was a joy forever—especially when you knew him well and knew, as soon as the game was over, he'd be laughing at himself.

Why, once back in 1906, the year before Hughie Jennings had the Tigers and Bill Armour was manager, we was playing the Chicago White Sox, the famous Hitless Wonders of that year, who won the pennant, and pinned back the ears of the Cubs, from Tinker to Evers to Chance. Which is another story. It was a balmy Sunday afternoon in Comiskey Park and all the boys were there. I mean all the boys from the stockyards. Ye see, "Germany" Schaefer was born right within the aroma of the district, and he was a great favorite with the South Side bleacher fans. Was he not, in the winter nights, their pal in Joe Cantillon's Log Cabin Inn on Clark Street? Did he not know Hinky Dink and Bathhouse John as personal pals? Why, Schaefer was the spirit of Chicago back at the turn of the century.

Well, this day a record crowd of almost 12,000 was out to see the game, but Schaefer was not playing. Had a sore thumb from using it to take off the cap of a bottle of beer. So he was on the third-base line coaching, and great was the joy thereof. For eight innings the gang rode him and he answered them back in kind. Schaefer knew their language.

Now old Southpaw Doc White was pitching one of his airtight games, which was one of the reasons why the Sox were called the Hitless Wonders. Some of the other reasons were Big Ed Walsh and Nick Altrock, a superb infield, and Fielder Jones playing all three fields with two assistant outfielders. One run was all they usually needed to win, and when the ninth inning opened they had the Tigers topped only by a score of 2-1. This was because Red Donahue was pitching for the Tigers and having one of his good days.

Well, Charlie O'Leary, Schaefer's fellow Chicagoan, opened that inning for the Tigers with a scratch hit and then came Schaefer's hour. The umpire announced, with a megaphone, that Schaefer was going to bat for Donahue. The caterwauling with which the stockyard lads greeted that announcement was deafening. It could be heard across Lake Michigan.

Germany strode to the plate with the stride of a grand seigneur. With a thrasonic sweep of his hand and a gasconic bow he silenced that roar. They had never seen such a gesture at the plate. Then, with a voice of a circus announcer, Schaefer addressed them.

"Ladies and gemmen," he bellowed, "permit me to present to you Herman Schaefer, the world's premier batsman, who will now give to you a demonstration of his marvelous hitting powers!"

I ain't never heard anything like it before or since. I mean that raspberry he got. They hollered and said awful things, but the Dutchman was as unabashed as Marshal Ney at Friedland.

Doc White smiled to his great catcher, Billy Sullivan, nodded his head and shot over his fast one. Schaefer swung in perfect rhythm—and hit that ball for the longest home-run drive ever knocked out of the South Side park up to that time.

He slid into first. He bounced to his feet as though it were a close play, dusted himself off and the stunned mob heard his bel- low: "At the quarter, Schaefer leads by a head!"

He slid into second, got up again and dusted himself off and roared: "At the half, Schaefer leads by a length!"

There was nothing in the rule book to stop him and they watched in silent agony as he slid into third. Again the terrible yell: "Schaefer leads by a mile!"

He slid home, as though the ball was being shot straight to Sul-

livan, got up once more, carefully dusted off his dirty uniform, and doffed his cap.

"This, ladies and gemmen, will conclude the afternoon's performance! I thank you, one and all!"

And so, my hearties, that's what I mean when I say he was psychic. He was doing just such things all through his career. That World Series of 1907, when the Tigers played Frank Chance's great Cub machine, of which I spoke earlier, will explain what I mean.

It was in the days when the supreme court of baseball was what they called the National Commission. That was before Judge Landis became czar. This here commission consisted of Garry Herrmann, Cincinnati brewer and owner of the Reds; Ban Johnson, president of the American League; and Harry Pulliam, grand fellow who was president of the National League.

The afternoon before the series started, the commission called a meeting of all the players, the owners, managers and the umpires to give them their "instructions." We went along to see what it was all about. We weren't up in that hall in the Congress Hotel long before we knew why the meeting was called. Ban Johnson never missed an opportunity to make a speech, and here was an opportunity.

No matter how often Ban made a speech it was always the same speech; all about how he, singlehanded and alone, had made baseball a gentleman's sport, and it must be kept forever clean because sportsmanship spoke from the heart of America and he would lay down his life to save our beloved nation, at which point he would begin to cry.

Now, dear old Garry, this always made him very uncomfortable, because he was never quite sure what Ban meant. Harry Pulliam didn't care, being a very wise feller. And besides, this afternoon, he had a date with a bartender who used to work in New Orleans and he wanted to get the thing over with. Ban, choked with sobs, had stopped talking for a moment and Harry nudged Garry and made a quick suggestion.

"Has any player any questions to ask," pops up Garry, "before the meeting is adjourned?"

He thought they would all take the hint and walk out, but he had not figured on the mad Dutchman, Schaefer.

"I have," ses Schaefer. "I have a very important question."

Everybody had a good laugh at that. Yes, yes, what a clown Germany was!

"Yes, Player Schaefer," ses Garry. "There are nine men on a side, three bases and a home plate and over the fence is not out. Anything else you want to know?"

"Yes," ses Schaefer. "I wanna know if a tie game is a legal ball game."

"Certainly not," snaps back Garry, slightly miffed. "When there is a tie, due to rain, darkness or any other act of God, it does not constitute a game and it must be played over. You know that. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Well," roars Schaefer over the noise of laughter, scuffing chairs and tramping feet, "the rules say that we players get the gate receipts for the first four games. Does that mean that if there is a tie, we get the gate receipts for the first five attendances?"

"There is no chance whatsoever for a tie game in a World Series," pontificated Garry, who did not know there was one between Chicago and St. Louis in 1885 and another between Brooklyn and Louisville in 1890. How was Garry to know about such things?

"Nevertheless," yelled Schaefer right back at him, "I want a ruling on it."

Now Big Ban was still sobbing. He had just remembered something that Charlie Comiskey had said about him, it being the time of their famous feud. He was the real baseball authority, for Garry never did know much. He had been chosen chairman, as often happens, because he was so delightfully what they call innocuous.

"Wait a minute," Garry ses, and asked Ban and Harry to go into a huddle with him. But Ban was still obfuscated and Harry was eager to keep that date and they told Garry to decide it for himself. Which was a big mistake.

"Yes, Player Schaefer," ses Garry, "a play to a tie does not constitute a game according to the rules laid down by the National Commission. Our rules for playing a World Series decree that

the players shall get all the receipts for the first four games played. So, if one contest results in neither side being the victor, the players will be awarded the gate receipts paid for the first five attendances."

"That's all I wanna know," ses Player Schaefer, and he stalked haughtily from the big ballroom. They said about the city that night that Germany was a great card. Everybody agreed that the Dutchman sure had had a lot of fun with Garry and Ban and Harry. Ha-ha!

The only one who didn't think it was funny was Frank Navin, who knew how to play 'em against the vest and never let a white chip roll too far from his stack.

"Mebbe it's all right," he said, "but just supposing—"

And Chubbie Charlie Murphy, who was the owner of the Cubs, he said it was all right by him but that Garry was sure being generous with what might possibly be somebody else's mazuma.

Now the Tigers that first year under Hughie Jennings were one of the sensations of all time in baseball. It wasn't their power or their pitching or their fielding exactly; it was the most completely insane fighting spirit baseball has ever known. They clawed and bit their way to the league championship with a very inferior infield, a couple of good pitchers and no catcher worthy of a major-league trial. Probably the only team that ever won three championships without a good backstop. And the boy with the big mitt is usually the key to every winning combination in the game. Look at 'em all. No, wait. I'm wandering.

Well, those Tigers came roaring westward to meet the Cubs, who had taken their title in the National about July fourth and had been coasting since. Them Cubs were a scared bunch when the fray started on that dark dreary day before 25,000 people—with the park so crowded some of the lads tried to use the bases as seats.

The well-oiled Chicago machine looked like it had blown in the eighth when the Tiger powerhouse exploded and made three runs. That made the score three to one, with Overall being handicapped in the box by jittery support, and Bill Donovan, Tiger ace twirler, going along sweet and low.

Then came the ninth! Frank Chance, the Peerless Leader, he singled offen Wild Bill. Steinfeldt got in the way of a pitched ball.

The great Johnny Kling popped to Rossman. And then in the pinch Bill Coughlin, Tiger third-sacker, bobbled a roller from Johnny Evers. The bases were drunk. Schulte was an easy out, Rossman to Donovan, but Chance scored.

Two out and Tinker to bat, and Bill Donovan had been making Joe look very sick indeed all that dark day. But Chance called Joe out and sent in a pinch hitter by the name of Howard.

It was in pinches like this that Donovan was at his best. He put over two perfect strikes. One more and the game was over, with the roaring Tigers on their way again. Bill called Charlie Schmidt, Tiger catcher, to the box. Schmittty was so dumb that Bill never let him give the signals. He gave 'em himself. So he called Schmittty out to him.

"This feller," ses Bill, "is a sucker for that low one on the outside. He's missed it twice now and won't be expecting it again."

That's the way Bill always explained everything. His third pitch was as perfect as the first two. Just where he wanted it. Howard swung. "Strike three," Jack Sheridan said, and the crowds were swarming over the field in the belief it was all over.

But hold! Schmidt let that third strike go right by him into the crowd that was behind the plate. Steinfeldt trotted home from third and, as the saying goes, it was a new ball game.

Now, it was getting darker and darker and it took more precious time to shoo the lads back into the stands. They battled on in the gathering gloom until the twelfth. Chicago at bat.

Slagle was an easy out. Scheckard hit by a pitched ball. Then up came Chance again. Ladies and gemmen, I swear it, that ball he hit went on a line twenty-seven feet, four inches over second base. Least it looked that way in the darkness that was upon the earth. Then out of the void of the night there shot a human sky-rocket. It was Herman Schaefer. How he got up there without a balloon or a stepladder nobody will ever know. Scheckard was already at second headed for third and was doubled out at first by a swashbuckling backhand toss from the Dutchman to Rossman. The umps called the game right then and there with the score 3-3, and the crowd felt its way out of the park aided by the light of matches.

That winter the National Commission met and passed a law! No

more of that there tie-game nonsense! Henceforth it was to be the first four gates, tie or no tie.

Schaefer, to his dying day, swore he saw it all in a dream the week before and that was why he asked Garry Herrmann whether a tie constituted a game as far as the gate was concerned.

That tie game broke the hearts of the Tigers, and the great machine of Frank Chance settled right down to kick the stuffing out of 'em for the next four games.

Anyway, Schaefer lapsed into what they call a coma and didn't come out of it until next spring. He was a strange, moody guy, was the Dutchman, a comedian with the soul of a tragedian and a round face that looked exactly like that of the fat feller in the Weber and Fields combination. Jennings played on his emotions like Svengali played on Trilby's, if I know what I mean.

Once he was out of the line-up. Benched three days before an Eastern trip because he couldn't hit his weight. On the train going to New York, Jennings picked up a Pittsburgh paper somebody had left on the seat. Right on the front page was a three-column picture of Honus Wagner at bat. He was in perfect swing meeting the ball.

Hughie walked over to Schaefer. "Herman," he ses, "if you would learn to do like I've been telling you, if you meet the ball like that—why, boy you'd bat .300."

Schaefer grabbed the paper. "I can do that—easy," he answered, his spirits soaring at the very thought of it. "I'll bat .400! Just give me a chance, Hughie. Let me get back in there and we'll win the pennant."

"You're on," ses Hughie, who was a very brilliant psychologist, having taken the law course at Cornell.

Well, Schaefer cut that picture out and even carried it with him to the bench. He batted .423 in those last thirteen games of that season, being topped only by Crawford, who hit .450, and by Cobb, who hit .500. And, please remember, that was in the dear old golden days gone beyond recall, when they used a baseball instead of the Bouncing Betsy of the present home-run era.

The Dutchman, through that whole Eastern trip, was so completely out of his mind there were times when Hughie thought he better hire someone to watch him. He played baseball twenty-four

hours a day, keeping everybody in the hotels awake nights with his screams of victory.

Typical of the Dutchman was an opening game in Philadelphia. The Tigers won against the great Eddie Plank, 5-4. Schaeff drove in three of the Tiger tallies and scored the other two himself. Just think of him, sassing the great Eddie! But, first time to the plate, he started it.

"So you are the poor devil Connie Mack hopes to win a pennant with," he ses.

Eddie smiled sourly. "You got no right to talk to a pitcher," ses Eddie. "You ain't got a hit all year."

"Well, drop to the ground when you pitch the next one," ses Schaeff, "or this one will go right through you."

The hit whizzed right by Eddie's right ear.

Soon as Schaeff was on first he yelled right out loud at Plank so we could all hear him. "Now I'm going to steal second! Tell that fat old guy who is trying to catch you that I'm going down on the first pitch." The which he did. Powers' throw was three seconds late. Crawford's double brought him home.

Next time up he found the great Eddie pretty darned sore. Eddie put all he had in that left of his and got over two perfect called strikes. But Schaeff was still screaming at him, telling him he was waiting for the one he wanted. The third ball Eddie served, Schaeff slashed out for a double.

"Hey!" he yelled at Eddie again. "Tell your G. A. R. comrade Mike I'm going to steal third on the next one you pitch."

Eddie pitched out and Mike Powers made a perfect peg to third, but Schaeff slid under the throw safe, as nice as you please. That's the way it went all day long, with umpires O'Loughlin and Connolly threatening to put him out of the game every five minutes, he was acting so crazy-like.

Another time in Philadelphia there was that historic seventeen-inning tie. Connie had thrown in the great Rube Waddell against us, and the Rube was never in better form, which is really saying that there never was better pitching. Came the seventh inning and the Athletics had our lads down, 7-1. Then the Mad Mullah began getting in his deadly work. As the Tigers were leaving the field to go to bat Schaeff delayed to look over his glove—until the Rube

could get onto the playing field. Then he stopped to have just a friendly chat with the most famous southpaw of all time.

"Rube," ses Schaefer, "I wanna tip you off to something. The crowd is all talking about you in the stands. They say they have just found out what you do that makes you crazy."

Now Rube could never think of two things at once. The genius of Schaefer was in not saying that he was crazy, but why he was crazy. The Rube wanted to argue that point. He forgot all about his duty to smoke 'em through. No interest in the game. Wanted to argue something else. Got wobblier and wobblier, looking around all the time for Schaefer to continue the discussion.

The Tigers made four runs that inning. The Athletics added one in the eighth and the Tigers had got another, too, so the score was 8-6 when they went into the ninth frame. Crawford singled and Cobb homered, the score was tied and the Rube was through. Not that he cared. He wanted to argue with Schaefer.

Into the eleventh, with each scoring a run, and then on into the fourteenth. With the winning run on second for Connie's lads, Davis hit a long fly to center—a two-base knock under ground rules. The game was over by all the laws of baseball and Emily Post. But the mad Schaefer sent his sidekick at short, Charlie O'Leary, out to Sam Crawford to tell Sam that he had been pushed around by the crowd and prevented from making a fair catch. Sam was right out there and couldn't see the crowd that Schaefer saw, Schaefer being psychic. But he took Schaefer's word for it and came storming in as soon as O'Leary explained to him what he should be indignant about.

Meanwhile Schaefer was yelling to Tommy Connolly, who was umpiring at first base. He planted the idea in Tommy's mind. Then the whole Tiger team rushed up to Silk O'Loughlin, behind the plate. "Ask Connolly!" was the Schaeferian chant. Silk O'Loughlin by this time had his doubts. He strutted out to his fellow umpire.

"Was Crawford interfered with?" he demanded of Tommy.

"I think so," ses Tommy.

Back to the plate strutted Silk, and his voice ran through the park: "You're ou-u-u-ut."

Well, the sight that followed was terrible to behold. The crowds swarmed over the field with murder in their hearts and with the Pennsylvania mounted police swinging their clubs to keep 'em back. The cry for blood was sickening.

With the players of both teams huddled around the pitching mound, Monte Cross ses something unusually severe to Bill Donovan and Bill pops him right in the beezer. Knocked him flat. Then the earth opened and the demons came out of hell and the Miltonian war was upon us in all its hideous fury.

When some semblance of an armistice was declared, the mob was driven off the field of battle back into the stands. A big inspector of police walked right up and grabbed our pitcher.

"Donovan," he ses, "you are under arrest for hitting Monte Cross and inciting a riot."

"Officer!" screamed Schaefer. "You are making a most frightful mistake. Bill Donovan was born and raised right here in Philadelphia. He is an upright and honorable man. His pa was a policeman. He did not hit Monte Cross. There stands the guilty wretch!"

He pointed to big Claud Rossman, the first baseman, who never did know quite what the score was. He had been playing very poorly all day, anyway.

The officer let go of Donovan and grabbed Rossman. "So you hit him, hey?" he ses.

At this Rossman flares up and bawls out the copper good, which is a very foolish thing to do to any copper in or out of Philadelphia.

"You're under arrest," ses the inspector, and they rush big Claud to the patrol wagon and off to the hoosegow as the inciter of a riot.

So Donovan was saved to the game by Schaefer just as the game was saved for Detroit by him. At least it wasn't lost. They had to quit in the seventeenth.

We escaped to Washington, where the Senators were being mis-managed by old Joe Cantillon, who ran that Log Cabin Inn on Clark Street, Chicago, of which I spoke earlier. Joe never had to hire talent for entertainment of winter nights when Schaefer was around, so he had a friendly feeling for the mad Dutchman.

I must tell you about that Log Cabin Inn, so you will understand

some of the things that Schaef did there o' evenings. It was a place frequented by ballplayers, jockeys, prize fighters, wrestlers, actors, politicians, ladies of the evening, and sports writers.

When the roof had sprung a leak they didn't bother tearing it down; they just built a new one over it. And when they added a summer kitchen to the rear they didn't bother tearing down the rough log exterior of the old drainpipe that came down from the original roof.

Now into the place one night there came old Jack Sheridan, famed in song and story as an umpire. In the winter months when the season was over, Jack worked in Chicago as an undertaker. He called 'em in the summer and he buried 'em in the winter. And he did something else. As soon as the baseball schedule had run its course, Jack would settle right down to catch up on his fall drinking.

Well, this night Schaef found Jack back in that summer kitchen sound asleep, sitting on a hard-bottomed kitchen chair. His ear was nestled against the rough and rusty edge of the old drainpipe, just as comfy as though it were a silken cushion. That was enough for Schaef. He climbed up through the hole in the ceiling to the old roof and found the other end of that drainpipe.

Pouring into his ear Jack heard a terrible voice. "Jack Sheridan," it roared, "your time has come!"

Jack Sheridan got right up out of that chair and made the distance to the bar in nothing flat. He downed a couple and stood there waiting to determine, in his own mind, whether it was truly a voice of warning or whether it was just something he had et.

After a while he went back to the summer-kitchen seat—and fell sound asleep once more, with his ear again resting on that drainpipe. For the second time Schaefer climbed the ladder and for the second time there came into Jack's ear the voice from the tomb: "Jack Sheridan, your time has come!"

Jack went right out onto Clark Street in such a hurry he went through Joe Cantillon's Japanese screen, which Joe prized very much as a work of art.

But that is only the opening chapter. Came the long hot August days. The Tigers were playing in their little bandbox park which seated, when full, 4,500 fans, and on this day had only about 300 on

hand. The Tigers were away behind and nobody cared who won or what. Jack Sheridan was behind the plate calling balls strikes and strikes balls, as usual. Schaefer was at bat. The pitch was a foot wide of the plate.

"Strike two," growled old Jack.

Schaefer never turned around to make a protest. He never batted an eye. But for the third time Jack Sheridan heard that awful voice of warning: "Jack Sheridan, your time has come!"

A great light dawned on Jack Sheridan as the voice died away across the diamond.

To the amazement of the fans who were gathered there, he swung on Schaefer's jaw, but missed. He kicked at him, and missed.

"You're out of the game," he shrieked. "You —, etc!" And he chased the uproariously happy Dutchman all the way to the clubhouse, swinging but never landing.

Germany Schaefer has been gone these many years and the world will know his like no more, because baseball now is serious big business and holds no place for the troubadour of the diamond. For Schaefer, as I said before, was not a master clown like Altröck nor a vaudevillian like Al Schacht. His humor came out of the spontaneity of the game itself, bubbling from him in the heat of play. Doing such mad things as stealing first after reaching second and forcing the lawmakers to pass a law forbidding it.

And what graybeard of Cleveland will ever forget the day when Umpire Billy Evans, with the playing field a lake because of the pouring rain, refused to call the game because the Tigers had loafed in the hope that five innings could not be finished; that day when Schaefer came to the plate in hip-high wading boots, a great rubber coat, and with a bat in one hand and an opened umbrella in the other?

And is it possible that, in the intervening years, the wars, the collapse of empires, the rise of revolutions have made the people of Europe and South America and Asia forget the great American orator, Herman Schaefer, who was always the spokesman at every banquet when an all-National-League team, headed by John McGraw, and an all-American-League team, headed by Charlie Comiskey, toured the world?

Schaefer played second base for Comiskey's team, but not very well, as he exhausted all his energy in the guinea-hen league. His torrents of words inundated Europe and Asia.

In Tokyo he addressed a crowd of 10,000 Japs for half an hour. They had no more idea what he was saying than he did. But they cheered him wildly. He roared so loud and waved his arms so sincerely they loved it. What a senator he would have made, ladies and gemmen!

Back in Chicago, he became convinced that he had missed his career. He told us all that he should have been an actor.

The obsession grew on him. We did not take him seriously until one night at an American League meeting he invited us all to see his stage debut. He had induced his pal and beloved protector, Charlie O'Leary, to team with him. We were all given invitations to buy our own tickets.

The trial performance was at Sam T. Jack's Trocadero in the Loop. The Trocadero was a burlesque house with a nightly audience so tough that the flooring and walls were of sheet iron and the seats were also all metal.

About twenty of us, ballplayers, journalists and other underworld characters, went to the premiere, stopping on our way to make purchases of potatoes, turnips, eggs and other trivia. When we arrived we discovered that Herman the Great wasn't billed at all. It was amateur night!

We waited. They finally came on. They were dressed as stage Irishmen, in short pants, with clay pipes in their hatbands. Now, O'Leary, being an O'Leary, looked like an O'Leary. But Schaefer! He had enhanced that caricature face of a Dutch comedian by adding a little black chin whisker. They did a dance as they came on, swinging their shillelaghs, and started to sing.

Joe S. Jackson, acting in his capacity as president of the Baseball Writers' Association, gave the signal. The vegetable barrage was on. Backstage the lightning flashed and the thunder roared and two great hooks reached out from behind the wings and dragged the lads off.

For years after, Schaefer used to dwell on how the career of a great Thespian was ruined by such frivolous first-night criticism.

There were times when he wasn't psychic. Yes, I must admit

that. Take the day after he made that home run on a Sunday off Doc White in Chicago. The Tigers returned to Detroit Monday and Schaefer was the town hero of our then nice little village. A band met him at the station and they played that tune about "You can't beat the Dutch," and a parade escorted him out to the ball park. The mayor of our town shook his hand, it being election year, and a great time was had by all. We was playing against Cleveland.

How proud and happy Schaefer was. No man ever lived who so loved the spotlight. He swung about the field, taking the plaudits of the multitude with the grace and ease of Mussolini on a balcony.

He strode over to Larry Lajoie, who was managing Cleveland then. "Larry," he ses, "who are you going to pitch today?"

"The Slat," ses Larry.

"No! No!" crief Schaefer, sincerely alarmed. "Not the Slat! He is my friend. I do not want to humiliate my great and good friend, the Slat. Pick somebody else, whose death I will not mourn."

"That's all right, Schaefer," said the Slat, who was also known by his right name, Addie Joss, as sweet a pitcher, and as brainy, as ever lived and, oh, what a cross fire he had! The ball came at you as though he was pitching it from third. "That's all right," he ses again, "I'll duck every time you swing; and besides, they will all go right over the fence, anyway—when you hit 'em."

"Well, I've warned you," ses Schaefer majestically and returned to the roar of the mob.

The record books will show you, gemmen, that Addie Joss struck Germany out that day four straight times. Yes, sir, Addie fed Schaefer nothing but slow balls and Schaefer tried to hit every darned one of 'em out of the park and never got a foul.

That night we found him alone on the rear deck of one of the Belle Isle ferryboats, riding up and down, looking into the deep, dark, dank waters of the river, contemplating the pleasures of suicide.

We did our best to assuage his grief, and after the second beer he began to perk up a bit. By the third foaming beaker he was soaring again to Olympian heights. By the fifth he was roaring forth once more his gasconading song of battle: "I'll murder 'em tomorrow!"

*THE CLOAK MODEL WHO
LIVED OVER A HAT STORE*

FRANK J. NAVIN had won \$5,000 in an all-night poker game. On the following afternoon, with that as his capital, he made a deal which eventually brought him a half ownership of the Detroit Baseball Club. But before that time arrived he had to travel a rough road with many detours.

Frank had graduated in law but had never practiced. Once under the aegis of his brother Tom, Republican political boss, he ran for the office of justice of the peace; but, as brother Tom remarked years later, they were still trying to find out who the fourteen people were who voted for him. Frank liked Blackstone but loved Hoyle. He knew every angle of every game that had betting possibilities. As a by-product of this research he became a keen student of human nature.

With that \$5,000 he walked into the office of Bill Yawkey and propositioned the heir of timber and mining interests to enter with him into a partnership to buy the Detroit Ball Club—on a fifty-fifty basis. This was like handing a man a button and asking him to sew an overcoat onto it. But he knew Bill Yawkey.

Since the start of the American League by Ban Johnson, the Detroit Club had been a sorry mess. The first men Johnson could get to accept the local franchise were George Stallings and James Burns. Stallings was an old National League player with a somewhat dubious reputation for once having stolen signals by means of a telescope and movable letters on a billboard in Boston. Years later he was proclaimed "the Miracle Man" for running the Boston Braves into a pennant. Jimmy Burns was a wrestler, prize fighter, dog fighter, cock fighter and saloonkeeper. To have this delectable

pair as owners of a ball club in a league founded, according to Ban Johnson, to purify the sport was somewhat of an anomaly.

George and Jimmy had a simple system of bookkeeping. Whichever one got to the cashbox first got the money. George used to say that Jimmy would toss all the money to the ceiling and that which stuck there was his partner's share. Jimmy insisted that George was lacking even in that element of sportsmanship. Salaries and taxes were considered useless annoyances.

Johnson came to town and repeddled the franchise up and down Woodward Avenue, trying to get somebody to take it over. He finally hooked E. H. Doyle, quondam lumberjack who had left in the woods all trace of his origins except his vocabulary. By the time E. H. had got through his brief spell in baseball, the old financier and owner of the Majestic Building had learned new combinations of cuss words never heard in the Saginaw Valley. To Ed Doyle a contract was a contract, but in those days, it seems, ballplayers did not know how to read or write and never knew what they had signed. When some National League club was not bidding for their services during "the Baseball War," they imagined such offers and told Doyle all about them.

He had only taken the club as a "civic duty" and quit in disgust, turning the headache over to F. S. Angus, an insurance man. Now it just so happened that Frank Navin was an accountant for Angus when not at the race track or the gaming table. He knew that Angus was on the verge of bankruptcy.

He had readied Yawkey up for the "Big Approach" by having his companions of the night sell Bill on the idea that "what this town needs is a winning baseball team." Yawkey had remembered well the glorious days of 1887 when Detroit, in the National League, had beaten Pop Anson's famous Chicago White Sox. He was bound to remember them as the lads around the wassail bowl never gave him a chance to forget them—being duly rehearsed in their act by Navin.

Navin knew Yawkey better than any other man. Especially did he know of the Yawkey vanity and his blind hero worship. Also he was not unaware of Yawkey's \$60,000,000 rating in Dun & Bradstreet. The setup was as natural as the use of a ladder for reaching a ripe apple on a tree.

Yawkey's hero worship was such that as a younger man he hired Tommy Ryan, then light heavyweight champion prize fighter, to be his traveling companion for the purpose of teaching him boxing. As a vicarious hero Bill was always the heavyweight champ who knocked somebody out in the third round, the champ batter who hit a home run in the ninth inning with the bases full.

When one night at the Knickerbocker Hotel bar in New York Yawkey saw the actor, Fred Stone, knock an annoying hoodlum cold with one punch, Stone became Bill's idol of all idols. He talked of nothing else for days, wishing he could do something like that. About a week later in the old Waldorf-Astoria bar Bill watched a German strong man's act. The fellow was a bond salesman who had come here to perform in Barnum & Bailey's circus as a rival to Sandow. Finding that his feats of strength around select bars made possible his approach to prospective bond buyers he quit the circus.

His finest trick was to have the group fill their champagne glasses to the top. Then, with one hand, he would lift the marble-topped table without spilling a drop. Bill was angry because the crowd did not want to listen to his recital of how Fred Stone had swung on the tough fellow at the Knickerbocker. In resentment, he told the German giant that anybody could do his trick. A bet was made. Bill tried to lift the table but merely tipped it over and had to pay for the breakage.

The strong man laughed in glee. This so infuriated Bill that he swung on him with all he had—right in the pit of the stomach. He went completely mad when the German giant told him to quit fooling, that he wanted a date to talk about bonds. Bill kicked the poor chap in the groin, and when he was doubled up in agony, swung on his jaw. This time the strong man took the count. Bill grabbed all the papers the next day, expecting to get the same big front-page play that Fred Stone had got. When nothing was said he insisted it was a newspaper conspiracy. As there was a suggestion from the German strong man that he was going to sue Bill for assault, Bill bought his bonds.

There's always a way to get business if you are only persistent enough.

Navin sold Bill on the idea of what a wonderful thing it would be

for him to be president of a world's championship Detroit ball club. What fun he could have then!

All this appealed to Yawkey. You see, there were two Yawkeys: the playboy of the night life and the hardheaded businessman of the daylight hours. As scion of the Yawkey estate he did not want his name associated too closely with such a sporting adventure. So, after he had agreed to the deal, he made Navin president of the club. He said he would be the "silent partner." The silence at night was ear-splitting.

At the end of the first year Navin confessed to Yawkey that he was broke and that the fifty-fifty thing would have to be canceled. Yawkey howled in protest.

"The Yawkey name has never been associated with a loser," he said. "You have got to stick, to handle this thing. I'll finance it until we begin to make money."

In 1907 the Tigers won a pennant and set a record for attendance. Navin was able to pay what he owed and had a half interest in the club.

"Now we will build a great new ball park," said Yawkey, "but I do not want it named after me. That would not be in keeping with the dignity of the Yawkey name. We will call it Navin Field."

That led to complications.

Our little ball field had been named Bennett Park in honor of Charlie Bennett, catcher of the '87 champions, who had lost both his legs in a railroad accident. He had but recently died and all old Detroit still loved him. Then, too, there was Navin's reputation as a gambler. Gambling had been proclaimed by Ban Johnson as the unforgivable sin of baseball. Besides, Navin was cordially disliked by a powerful element because of a long-standing feud with Frank H. Croul, the old aristocrat.

In his troubles Navin came to me. I was then city editor of the *News* but a "mere broth of a lad" in the ways of a wicked world. Navin had taught me much in fatherly kindness, a sort of "be warned by my lot" refrain. I had always felt that if given a chance he would become a good citizen and would abjure the iniquities of a four-card flush or a sure thing at the track. In later years my innocent instincts were justified. Frank J. Navin became one of our town's most highly respected citizens and in death had the honors

of the community bestowed upon him. But not right at this time.

"Look, Bing," said Frank, "naming this new park after me means everything. But I do not dare go ahead with it because of what people will say. I want to amount to something in this town. I want to be looked up to instead of down at. Will you put a box on the sport page suggesting that the new field be named for me?"

"That," I said, "would defeat your purpose, Frank. If we did that all the other papers would knock it because we proposed it. Then the fat *would* be in the fire."

I told him I would think out some plan, if I could. That evening I was to have dinner with City Clerk Charles A. Nichols, my old reporter-chum who had gone into politics. It was Tuesday, Common Council night. Before meeting Nichols I wrote out a resolution for the council to consider: "Whereas Frank J. Navin has brought fame and glory to Detroit with his great baseball team . . . it is hereby resolved that . . . the magnificent new ball park be named Navin Field. . . ."

I gave it to Nichols. "Get someone to submit that tonight, will you?"

"Bing," Charlie said, shaking his head, "do you know what this means? There will be hell to pay in the council. The silk-stocking crowd will never stand for it."

"I'm doing it for him," I protested, "because he wants to redeem himself and be a Mr. Somebody in this town. I believe in giving the guy a break."

"So do I," said Charlie, "but what alderman would be foolish enough to risk his future offering it?"

"There's Charlie McCarthy," I said. "He doesn't care about such things." McCarthy knew little about old Detroit and its prejudices.

Nichols had the resolution drawn up in proper form and tossed it to McCarthy, who, incidentally, was a baseball fan.

The resolution was read by the clerk, Charlie Gadd. We waited for the storm as Alderman James Vernor, of ginger-ale fame and the great old patriarch of our municipal government, arose to his feet.

"I second that motion," he said and paid a tribute to the owners and the team. We had forgotten that he was a Ty Cobb fan. John C. Lodge followed with a glowing address. The resolution passed

without protest. When Navin awoke in the morning he read in the papers that his park had been christened.

Then came the next and more serious problem: Sunday baseball. It was generally agreed that a big-salaried team in the new park could not be financed without Sunday crowds. St. Peter's Episcopal Church was across the street from the ball park—as was the Trumbull Avenue Police Station—and Sunday baseball had never been allowed since the old City Hay Market had been made over into a playing field. William C. Maybury, as congressman and mayor, was senior warden of St. Peter's Church and supported the Reverend Doctor C. L. Arnold in his campaigns against violating the Sabbath.

But the clergy had all been given season passes, Doctor Arnold was known to be a man who would listen to sweet reasonableness and everybody knew that Billy Maybury was, when away from his act as a churchman, a complete hedonist. Everything seemed to be set for Sunday baseball when Croul, Navin's nemesis, was appointed police commissioner by Mayor Phil Breitmeyer on January 1, 1908.

Croul was a gambler, too, but a successful businessman and, therefore, a gentleman-sportsman. The difference was that he had not earned a living at betting. Croul was the man who took our Mack Sennett village constabulary and made it into a police force that was proclaimed by national magazines at the time as the finest in America. He was the best police commissioner Detroit has ever had, a civic-minded, liberal fellow townsman. But he hated Frank Navin. It was this hate which had given Navin a larger black eye than he really deserved among our Better Citizens.

Again Navin came to me and told me all about it. Some years before he had been making book at Alvord's gambling joint. Frank Croul had bet \$500 on a horse. The horse won at three-to-one. But when Croul went to collect, Navin handed him back his \$500, explaining the bet was made too late.

Croul called Navin a crook and walked out. For years after, even when Navin began to rise in the world, he still called him a crook and refused to patronize his ball park. His opinion counted.

All Navin wanted me to do this time was to ask my personal friend Croul to let him have Sunday games!

I believed that Sunday baseball was a good thing. That was in the days when men worked six days a week. It was their only chance to get out into the sunshine and enjoy themselves. Far better out in the clean air than hanging around poolrooms or bars. On that basis I agreed to talk to Croul.

The commissioner chewed on his cigar and looked through me until I thought he was studying the back of the chair on which I was sitting. Then he spoke.

"Malcolm," he said, "I'm ashamed of you! I never thought that you would be fronting for a man like Frank Navin."

I protested that I wanted Sunday baseball, that Navin had asked me to tell him that he wanted to end the feud by paying that \$1,500 and to apologize—if Croul was going to ban Sunday baseball just to get revenge.

"My point is that these factory workers are entitled to Sunday ball games," I said, "and you should not deny them that happiness just because of an old gambling argument with Navin. My point—"

"Never mind your points!" snapped Croul. "Now let me tell you something! I am going to see to it that there is Sunday baseball and the goos-goos (Good Government Advocates) can yowl their heads off for all I care. I'll take their abuse. I believe in Sunday baseball. It is a great help in keeping down crime. I do not need you to argue with me about such things.

"But—" and he shook his finger at me—"go back and tell 'your friend' Frank Navin that he is going to pay that debt with compound interest."

"You mean that you—you—would take his money?"

"No, not me! He will send the check to my attorney, James O. Murfin, and made out to Murfin. Murfin will then deposit that check and will divide the total in three ways. He will send one-third of it to the Little Sisters of the Poor, another third to the Protestant Orphan Asylum and the other third to the Salvation Army. He's going to pay, and pay plenty, for what he did to me that night at Alvord's."

Navin paid. We've had Sunday baseball ever since and the records do not show that crime has ever increased as a result of it.

As to Bill Yawkey's part in all this, he found that financing a

championship ball club was not the thrill he had anticipated. The crowds wanted to worship Ty Cobb and the other Tigers—not Bill. He said he did not want his name associated with baseball because he was planning a great endowment for Detroit which would make the name Yawkey imperishable in our town. That was, however, before he met the cloak model.

What cobweblike threads determine the course of our destiny! If he had not met the beautiful Margaret Draper, Detroit might have had a great endowed Yawkey hospital, or a university, or a river-front esplanade. So many things were possible, things about which he talked. Perhaps that murder might never have been committed. But then he met Margaret.

She was a divorcée from Saginaw and had come down here to earn her living as a mannequin in one of our better cloak-and-gown shops. They said about her at the Pontchartrain bar that she had a million-dollar figure and a ten-cent head. I would not know about that as I am not well posted in either line. And yet, it would seem, the woman must have possessed certain elements of shrewdness. Otherwise she would not have stuck to Bill when he refused to support her in the luxury to which she had become accustomed.

He put her up in a cheap flat on Grand River Avenue, near Fourth Street. It was over Carr's Hat Shoppe. He gave her hardly enough money to keep her in clothes and food. When she fell down the rickety stairs one night and broke her leg, Bill went hunting for a "good cheap doctor."

Friends who protested his treatment of Margaret were solemnly assured by Bill that he knew what he was doing. He was testing her to see whether she would remain true to him and was not just after his money. After about five years of "testing," he announced that he was satisfied. He married her.

It was this marriage which, years later, brought about a strange murder tragedy.

As for Bill's aversion to paying doctors a decent fee, it worked not only in the case of Margaret. He was that way with himself. One morning in New York after a long spree, Bill woke up with a terrible case of jitters. He decided that it must be his heart. He refused to call for a doctor at the hotel. That would mean a fee of at least ten dollars. Bill dressed and went out onto the street, look-

ing for a doctor's sign away from the exclusive hotel area. He found, at last, an office over a saloon somewhere off Broadway. The place looked as though the fee would be reasonable. He climbed the stairs. He told the doctor he was sure it was his heart.

The doctor listened to his sad tale and then gave him a brisk examination. Crisply he broke the news.

"You are, sir," he said, "in a dangerous condition. Your heart is very bad. You must never again take a drink or any exercise of any kind whatever. If you do you will topple over dead. You must not even walk fast. The sword of Damocles hangs o'er your head. Sorry, my friend. Five dollars."

Bill paid the five under protest, but was too frightened to fight much. He crept down the stairs and sat on the lower step. A man doomed to die!

"Well," said Bill to himself in desperation, "I might as well be dead as the way I am." He crawled into the saloon and ordered a drink. He got one down. Then another. Then another. The jitters began to die away. He took two more drinks. Then, on a sudden impulse, he rushed from the bar and ran around the block as fast as his powerful legs would carry him. When he got back to the corner he dashed up the steps and back into the doctor's office.

"You dirty crook!" yelled Bill. "You are a fraud and an impostor! I'm not dead! Give me my five dollars back!"

The doctor was too startled to resist. Bill got his five and went on his way, to live a long time after. He did not die of any heart ailment. For years he recited this tale to prove that doctors are no good.

When the Tigers won the pennant in 1909 Bill came on from Bisbee, Arizona, where he had copper holdings. He brought back with him a new hero. This time it was a gunman from the Wild West, a Doc Crowe. Doc wore leather boots with his pants tucked in them. He was a giant of a man with hamlike hands. His mustaches were so huge that when he spit tobacco juice he had to lift them as though raising an awning. He was, Bill explained, the toughest killer ever known in the West—a bandit-eating sheriff.

"Show 'em the notches on your gun, Doc," he would suggest and Doc would pull out his miniature cannon and reveal the notches—

every one of which meant a white man had been killed. He did not bother counting Indians.

A special train carried a group of friends of both Navin and Yawkey to Pittsburgh the night before the opening game. All the way, Yawkey had Doc Crowe regaling the crowd with tales of his exploits.

It was midevening when the train got to town. One of our very well-known citizens was so excited about everything that he suggested the crowd "go down the line." But everybody was tired.

"Doc," said the gentleman all aglow with fascination for the bad man from the West, "will you go with me?"

"Don't mind if I do," said Doc.

To all protests that it was dangerous to go down to the tenderloin area in a strange city, the enthusiast pointed to his companion. Doc would protect him.

Some time later—on toward morning—another party of Detroiters entered one of these wide-open spaces. They arrived just in time.

It seems that the Detroiters, filled with yarns of fighting, got the idea that he would engage in some activities himself. While the boys and girls were dancing, he walked over and slapped the piano player so hard he knocked him off the stool. The riot that followed must have been most distressing. When the other Detroit contingent got in, our playboy was on the floor unconscious.

Money was passed freely in a wild rush to save the life of their friend. When everything was quiet again and the victim of the Big Fight had regained consciousness the first thing he asked was: "Where's Doc Crowe?"

"You mean," said the landlady, "that big stiff with the handle-bar mustache?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you slapped Archie offen that stool, that big walrus went right out through the window, taking sash and all."

When Yawkey heard this the next morning he sent his hero back to Arizona in disgrace.

After Yawkey was married he adopted and gave his legal name to his nephew, Thomas Austin, who now—Tom Yawkey—owns the Boston Red Sox. Bill and his wife had no known children. Years

after they were both dead, with the nephew as the heir to the fortune, a sensation exploded in Detroit.

Elizabeth Witherspoon, dancer and actress, filed claim to the entire Yawkey estate on the ground that she was the natural daughter of Bill and Margaret, born during the five years in which Bill kept Margaret in her garret "love nest."

The girl had been a bit player in the Bonstelle Stock Company in Detroit and had drifted out to Hollywood to win fame and fortune—as the Sunday supplements said—in the films. She had been brought up, her lawyers contended, by one James Carmichael, an intimate friend of Yawkey's, but never of the Pontchartrain crowd. It was often casually wondered what the connection between the two men might be. Carmichael was a well respected and highly successful real-estate dealer.

Carmichael had adopted her to help Yawkey and Miss Draper out of their difficulty, it was alleged. She had been born in a private hospital and the birth certificate falsified. Through Carmichael she knew both Yawkey and his wife intimately and always addressed them as "Uncle Bill" and "Aunt Margaret." But, she explained when the irresistible urge for a stage career surged through her, at the age of fifteen, Aunt Margaret was very provoked about it. From then on she refused to have any more to do with her.

It was only after Mrs. Yawkey's death, with the entire fortune going to the adopted nephew, that the girl learned the truth, she said; she received a posthumous note from Mrs. Yawkey, telling all. This shocked her very much. The only surcease from her grief, of course, would be the estate—or a considerable part thereof.

The management of the Yawkey estate fought her contentions. The law firm of Charles E. Hughes, Jr., of New York, handled the battle. The case was referred to a member of the firm, Howard Carter Dickinson, nephew of Chief Justice Hughes and a man with a reputation in New York of being a cold austere aristocrat.

He came here to follow the trail of Yawkey and his cloak-model sweetheart. His purpose was to get affidavits from Detroit and Saginaw doctors that Margaret Draper was incapable of ever having a child.

He was engaged in this task when he dropped into the cocktail bar of the Book-Cadillac. Here he met two young women who

scemed to be all they said they were. They had a few rounds of drinks. Then, at their insistence, and that of the headwaiter, he went with them to other places where their technique would not be so objectionable. When they had him foggy-minded, they took him over to a room in the Detrouiter Hotel, a room rented by William Schweitzer, petty gangster.

In a rented car, Schweitzer, the two women and the dapper attorney went the rounds of more cafés. Finally they drove out to River Rouge Park and there they killed him for his money—a total of \$150. His bullet-riddled body was found in the ditch the next morning.

Schweitzer and his girls were arrested. They confessed and were sent up for life.

Only the family and the lawyers know what happened to the litigation. Rumor had it that Elizabeth Witherspoon accepted \$250,000 in settlement.

“And to think,” mused Frank Navin, “Bill was always so careful in business matters!”



The historic D.A.C. baseball team which won the American Amateur Championship in 1889.



Walter O. Briggs, left, in his box, with the author and Kenesaw Mountain Landis.

BOOK FOUR
FABULOUS FELLOWS

ALL CADILLAC'S CHILDREN

WHEN Henry Ford, about the time of his "peace ship" in the First World War, dismissed some annoying questioner by declaring "History is a lot of bunk," he was roundly denounced by the Better Minds as an ignorant oaf.

But anthologists came to his rescue. They remembered that Herodotus, "Father of History," said about the same thing. Napoleon, they pointed out, said that history is "a fable agreed upon." And Ben Franklin held that history did not relate to what had happened but to what we would like to believe. Carlyle wrote that it was "distillation of rumor," while Matthew Arnold branded the whole field of study as "a Mississippi of falsehood."

It is difficult enough when there are records, but, strangely, records for what went on in Detroit are wholly inadequate, as compared to other communities of such antiquity. All our local historians seem to have been content to read Silas Farmer and C. M. Burton and to rewrite what they themselves rewrote. But out at the famous William L. Clements Historical Library at the University of Michigan the real story of Detroit and Michigan is being evolved, under the driving force of Dr. Randolph G. Adams.

There come persistent rumors that our Founding Father, Antoine Laumet de la Mothe Cadillac, was not all that history has advertised him to be. I write somewhat in the mood of Charles Francis Adams, in that address of his in Boston, when he denounced the Puritan Fathers as "a bunch of hypocritical bums" and ended by saying: "These scoundrels, gentlemen, were my ancestors. Who were yours?"

Well, for almost two and a half centuries we have been going along in our town believing that Mr. Cadillac was a great man of the French nobility. Now comes Father Jean Delanglez, of Loyola University, who has spent a lifetime of study on original sources in

Quebec, France and elsewhere on the French history of the Northwest. As a by-product he has uncovered the truth, he thinks, about a braggart Gascon.

Writing in *Mid-America*, a historical review, Father Delanglez says, concerning Cadillac's activities here: "All of these accounts are decidedly eulogistic, even panegyric. For the most part they are fictionized dissertations purporting to be history, and are above all uncritical, since the later writers too often repeat the erroneous statements of their predecessors."

Tracing the man back to his family tree, the historian finds that he not only faked his title to nobility, but manufactured his name and designed for himself a phony family coat of arms.

His right name was Antoine Laumet. He was the son of an obscure country lawyer. While he claimed to have been a lieutenant, this was only one of the many honors he conferred upon himself. "Such rank was not given to nineteen-year-old commoners." He was twenty-five when he landed in Acadia, an adventurer without an honorable past but with a genius to invent one.

"As yet," says the author, "nobody has ever been able to find out why he left France. The 'fogs of Garonne which obscured the origins of this personage' have been dispelled . . . but why he came is still a matter of conjecture."

Meneval, governor of Acadia, wrote to the French minister that there was in Nova Scotia "One Cadillac, the most malicious man in the world, a rattle-headed fellow, driven out of France for I know not what crimes." The author asks: "Was it because of these crimes that Antoine Laumet gave a false name when he arrived at Acadia? . . . It is more than likely that he had reasons for not revealing his true identity."

You can readily see that Father Delanglez does not think much of this young man. It is intimated that in order to marry a girl with money he invented his fantastic family tree. The historian suggests:

"Any biography of the Founder of Detroit is certain to be worthless unless the writer bears in mind the following fundamental rule: No statement by Cadillac is ever to be accepted unless corroborated by independent evidence. This rule is made necessary by the fact that whenever there is a reference to a matter in which his interests are at stake, almost every statement of his which can be checked

has turned out to be inaccurate, misleading or totally false. Thus in the declaration made on the day of his wedding, every statement is false except the Christian names of his father and mother and the name of his domicile."

His father was just plain Jean Laumet which was all he claimed to be in his will. He did not know his boy had promoted himself to the nobility on his way over here. "It is clear enough that Cadillac found it easier to confer upon his father a patent of nobility and a high-sounding name than to petition the King for these honors. Thereafter it was even easier to appropriate this name to himself as though he were the eldest son."

He claimed the title of Chevalier and said that he was made a Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis in 1688. "He would indeed have been a remarkable man," says the Father. "This would have made him a knight five years before the order was created!"

We gather that the gentleman put the bee on Governor Frontenac and fooled him into believing he was quite a fellow. Duclos wrote of Cadillac: "He wanted me to realize how dangerous it would be for me to quarrel with him because, he assured me, he had a superior mind; so superior, in fact, that my Lord the Count de Pontchartrain had agreed with him about his superiority."

Father Delanglez has been working hard at the Clements Library. While I cannot read all his French footnotes, it is obvious he has gone to original sources, both in Quebec and France, and knows whereof he speaks.

There was a Chevalier de La Mothe. He was Louis de La Rue and he did throw a candlestick at Sabrevois during a tavern brawl. But he was killed by the Iroquois Indians in 1690 while "Tony" Laumet was doing a bit of privateering along the coast of Maine with one Francois Guyon, whose niece he married at Quebec in 1687. He did not use the name "Cadillac" in his marriage record, but later grandly granted it to his father, claiming that it was among "his landed possessions." By making his old man out a *gentilhomme* he was saved the bother of proving himself one.

Besides being a fellow who, as a phony count, married an innocent backwoods girl with plenty of money, Mr. Cadillac, or "Tony" Laumet, is accused of having been Detroit's first bootlegger. He

was openly denounced by the French clergy for getting the Indians drunk and cheating them of their furs. He was finally sent to New Orleans by Governor Frontenac to end controversy in the settlement.

Now all this in our Better Circles of Detroit is "hardly a fable agreed upon." They wince at the very mention of it. They are descendants of the Old French Social Order which finally merged with the Old English Social Order which finally permitted their names to be typographically associated with the Old Colonial American Order—all of whom were startled out of their social dignity by the invasion of the "barbarians in overalls" who created the Gasoline Aristocracy—which has absorbed them all!

Take the Wyandotte Fords, for example. Fine old colonial stock. They are the alkali people. Salt of Detroit. Own the great salt mines under our city and its down-river suburbs. Soda, baking powder and chemicals. Established wealth from a fortune begun by Captain John B. Ford. They built one of our first modern skyscrapers, the Ford Building.

But just about that time along came another Ford, Henry. No relation. A mechanic. His people came over from Ulster in the steerage. Society was really annoyed when people got the notion that the Ford Building was his.

However, after Henry, the Dearborn Ford, became "the world's first billionaire," any social event in Detroit could be made a staggering success by the mere hint that he had accepted an invitation. But, then, this is getting pretty far away from our Mr. Cadillac.

As the year 1901 rolled near on the calendar, French Society was still going strong in our town and measures were taken to celebrate properly the two-hundredth anniversary of Cadillac's arrival.

William C. Maybury was then our most gracious and eloquent mayor. A large delegation of Better Citizens gathered in our City Hall to discuss ways and means of making the event a thing of historical importance.

Maybury expanded—as he always did on the slightest provocation—and suggested that it would be a fine thing to build an esplanade along our river front. This would be climaxed by a huge bridge across to Belle Isle. At the end of this there would be an heroic statue to the Founder of Detroit.

Millions flowed freely in the oratorical planning. One million, two million, five million, ten million! More and more meetings were held. But, as always, some harsh, literal-minded kill-joy spoiled the fun. If I remember rightly, in this instance, it was Elder Blades.

He wanted to know where all the money was coming from.

So they decided, inasmuch as economy had to be the watchword, that they would not build the esplanade. Just the bridge and the heroic statue. But still some mean voice kept persisting: "Where's that money coming from?"

At last, from millions, they got down to a few thousand dollars that had been collected by subscription and it was announced that, more and more economy being the new watchword, they would just build a Seat of Justice, a stone chair, with the Cadillac coat of arms upon it.

The Reverend Doctor S. S. Marquis, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, was so disgusted by this comedown that he wrote a letter to Mayor Maybury. He had an idea! It seems there was a very small black bronze bust of a former governor, John J. Bagley, standing on a pedestal on the Campus Martius. The head was about the size of a small coconut, and most of that was his whiskers.

"Why not," asked Dean Marquis, "save all the money by shaving the beard off the Bagley bust, then rename it Cadillac?"

Anyway, the river was free and canoes could ride upon it. So they decided to have a pageant, with old French descendants of the sturdy voyageurs dressed up to look like the original founders. They were to come down the river as their ancestors did two hundred years earlier. There Mayor Maybury and other dignitaries would welcome them and they could all make speeches.

They picked gentle, scholarly Dr. Daniel LeFerte to play the role of Cadillac. He was thin, stoop-shouldered and wore flowing white mutton-chop whiskers. He looked about as much like Cadillac as I look like Little Eva. But he was a lineal descendant. That was all that mattered, even if his wig didn't fit and he looked and acted as though he wished he was damn well out of the nonsense.

The big event was the unveiling of the chair, made of sandstone and brought down with great ceremony from upper Michigan.

It was an ugly square thing with an upright back and a box seat, all carved with what was supposed to be the family crest of Cadil-

lac. It was placed on Cadillac Square facing the City Hall.

"This, my fellow citizens," boomed Mayor Maybury, "shall be proclaimed throughout the world as the Seat of Justice! Let it stand forever, imperishable, to the glory of France, of America, of Detroit—wherever freedom lives!"

That was only the start, but you can get the idea. He was good.

Some years later the chair had to be moved back for the ever-growing automobile traffic. It landed in juxtaposition to a public convenience station erected on the square. A blue-and-white enamel sign gleamed o'er it: "For Men Only."

Then the chair began to fall apart. There were bitter complaints to the Common Council that it was nothing but a resting place for drunken bums.

The climax came when a fire broke out in the Campus Hotel, over the Family Theater, a place used to house chorus girls from the surrounding theaters. It was in December and bitter cold. A heroic policeman dashed through the flames and brought out a chorine wearing nothing but a silk nightie. She had fainted. Not knowing what to do with her, he sat her in Father Cadillac's ice-covered chair. Her shrieks made firemen forget the fire. Later she threatened to sue the city because of the shock the chair gave her.

So, there came a time when, in the silence of the night, the chair was sneaked out to the woods of Palmer Park. There it stands today, to cause wonderment among the boys and girls of another generation, hunting wild flowers, not unlike that perhaps of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander standing on the ruins of London Bridge.

Yet we are not an easily daunted people. We tried it again in 1912. That is, some of us did.

This time the Founding Father was to be honored by a great annual pageant to rival the Veiled Prophet show of St. Louis and the Mardi Gras of New Orleans.

It all started because Albert H. Finn wasn't getting enough to eat. A. H. was a serious-minded Christian gentleman, a stern advocate of Prohibition and in many other ways a splendid fellow. I am not quite sure whether or not he fully realized what such things as the Mardi Gras are held for. But his heart was filled with civic pride.

A. H. was proprietor of the Franklin Press, which looked like a

prosperous printing business—though he was short of money. He put up a brave front even at the expense of not eating regularly. With that excellent front and his splendid reputation as a Christian and a gentleman, he was made chairman of the Board of Commerce Publicity Committee—once having been editor of the *Detroit Journal*.

Now, as chairman of such an important committee, he was privileged to call meetings at noon and charge the lunches to the Board of Commerce. This seemed a happy arrangement. After three days, however, all the other members of the committee were talked out. There was no need of further meetings. So A. H. thought up the idea of remembering Cadillac. As this was in 1911, and the show he planned was for 1912, this would provide heavy discussion and free meals for a whole year.

It must be remembered that the automotive industry was just stepping into its own.

Did not the great Count Pontchartrain look down from the walls of the hotel named in his honor, in benediction upon the makers of this new world on wheels? There was the Cadillac car, the La Salle, the De Soto, the Lafayette, the Riopelle—even the Chevrolet, though same Chevrolet was very much alive. The very air of the city was surcharged with the adventurous spirit of the mighty voyageurs and soldiers of France. *Vive le roi!* Auto is king!

A pageant for Cadillac? Of a certainty!

It was a wonderful idea. Scholars and historians agreed that it would be fine to keep alive the traditions of the town as a stabilizing influence.

But a name for the thing!

Finn suggested a city-wide name-picking contest. W. E. Blaine sent in the coined word "Cadillaqua" and won the \$500 award against 427 other contestants. "Cadill" for the founder and "aqua" for the water of the river on which a night display of fireworks and a parade of yachts and other pleasure craft would be held.

The big men of the town were busy creating or financing a motorcar industry. They left the details of the pageant to others who had less to do. Milton A. McRae who had just retired from the Scripps-McRae newspaper chain, was a man with plenty of money and nothing to do but listen to blandishments of what a wonderful

United States senator he would make. To further that plan, he got himself elected President of the Board of Commerce.

McRae led a delegation of Detroit business men to Washington to advocate the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada. Everybody thought him a very wise man because he had been associated with the old wizard, E. W. Scripps, all those years, and had made so many millions. But when, as reported in the *Congressional Record*, he went on the stand before a Senate committee and confessed, under cross-examination by Senator "Gumshoe" Bill Stone, of Missouri, that he did not know what reciprocity meant and could not even define the word, his stock dropped.

McRae took to the idea of the pageant like a duck to aqua. Frank H. Conant, of old French stock, and a successful hardware salesman, was made general manager. He knew nothing whatever about putting on pageants but he figured the smart thing to do would be to hire those who did.

He retained a nationally known firm which specialized in spectacles for Coney Island and other such places. Everything was left to them as experts. A. H. Finn kept on eating. The next thing to do was to hire a publicity expert. Having gone Coney-Island, it was logical that Stuffy Davis should be retained. Stuffy had become a national institution in the circus world for alliterations. An elephant was never anything but a powerful pulsating ponderous pachyderm. He was great on elephants, but we did not happen to have any.

Stuffy's chief claim to fame at the Pontchartrain bar—where he roomed and boarded with one foot on the brass rail—was the dirty trick he pulled on all the city editors of New York while press agent of the vast Hippodrome Theater, which was one-part circus, one-part vaudeville and one-part extravaganza—with elephants. The nation marveled when the elephants would march into a great tank of water and disappear.

One day this herd of elephants got frightened about something in their barn behind the Hippodrome. It was early morning of the date set for the grand opening in the evening. These elephants smashed through the brick wall and dashed down Broadway.

Mahouts on horseback battled with them for miles to herd them together and quiet them. Stuffy said it was the most thrilling spec-

tacle ever seen on the Great White Way. But the sun was just coming up. Most of the inhabitants of Broadway had gone home and the people who worked for a living had not arrived. Only a few stragglers saw this "sight of the ages."

The promoters of the Hippodrome were frantic. If the stampede got publicity they were ruined. People would be afraid to enter the theater. And the Big Show had its premiere that night!

"Don't worry," said Stuffy, "I'll fix everything."

He called every city editor in New York, both night and day shifts, got them at their offices, got them at the bar, got them out of bed.

"I got the swellest story ever," he would shriek at each one. "The Hippodrome elephants stampeded early this morning! Smashed right through the wall of their barn! Raced their way down Broadway, trumpeting so they could be heard as far as Yonkers! Boys, what a story. Swell art, too! I'll bring you in the pictures!"

Each and every city editor blasted away at Stuffy's eardrums, calling him every sort of faker and liar they could think of. For years they had been thinking up things to call Stuffy, for putting press agent's publicity over on them, and they had a large vocabulary to fit the subject.

All day long and far into the night police reporters and others kept calling in to the city desks to tell about the stampede. But the city editors gave absolute orders that no elephant story was to be printed. This time they would thwart the cunning Stuffy. Not a word ever appeared. The show was saved.

The Cadillaqua committee paid Stuffy \$150 a week. That was enough money in those days to hire three managing editors. But the committee thought Stuffy must be a great man in his profession. Wasn't he getting \$150?

He drove the city editors of Detroit insane by sending down copy that looked like three-sheet announcements for a circus. He would have his "staff" rush down new leads for every edition, with inserts and endless ads, and every so often a flash stop-press bulletin. All this nine months before the show was even scheduled. Newspapers had to buy extra wastebaskets in which to file the stuff.

With the pageant experts chosen and Stuffy acting as their prophet, the next thing to do was to select a man to play Cadillac.

He was not to be a French descendant this time, but a big, important and significant figure in the business and civic life of our community.

It was agreed, by whom I do not know, that Andrew H. Green was the ideal man. Andy was the engineer and general manager of the Solvay Process Company. He was civic-minded, with advanced ideas on the handling of labor. He was so advanced that some of his colleagues thought him eccentric when he insisted that men should not be made to work twelve hours a day, six days a week.

Our old forty-two-man Common Council was a boil on the neck of our body politic. The fight over municipal ownership of street-cars had got to be an internecine war of attrition. A man could not run for the office of dogcatcher or drain commissioner unless he first declared himself on where he stood on M. O.

It was one of those times, which come to all cities, when there are persistent arguments that what is needed is "a businessman for mayor."

Andy had the itch.

He was the third man to land on our shores near Griswold Street as Cadillac. First there was Tony Laumet, the original; then dear old Dr. LaFerte, with his mutton-chop whiskers—and now Andy. The water carnival at night was a flop. All the boys wanted to be admirals and there were no deck hands. Besides, it rained.

On the day of the Big Parade Andy was all dressed up in the grandeur that was Cadillac—wig, silk hose and all. Others were garbed like La Salle, Father Marquette, De Soto and so on. It rained some more. It poured. The wind howled. The papier-mâché fortifications capitulated. Then it was discovered that the Coney Island specialty experts had not figured on trolley wires. Some of the floats could not pass under them. This held up the parade for hours. It did not matter, anyway, as nobody remained in the rain.

All this was deeply regretted because the day, July 24, was to have been merely a prelude to the great build-up of Andy in his candidacy for mayor. The big explosion which was to rock the city was to come on July 26.

The graft ring in the Common Council was to be exposed!

The reincarnated spirit of Father Cadillac, in the person of Andy

Green, was to cleanse his city of its corruption, two days after his triumphant return to his old home town.

The sincerely civic-minded Andy, not without an idea, however, of its political possibilities, had financed an investigation of the aldermen. William J. Burns, "the world's greatest detective," was hired to catch the crooks.

William B. Thompson, one of our better butchers, was mayor. He had taken an awful pummeling by the Municipal Ownership advocates led by the *Detroit News*, then the militant crusader for M. O. Thompson had been elected as a staunch M. O. Candidate but, they charged, he had tried to slip over a franchise. They said awful things about him for this apostasy. When the franchise was beaten he was morose and bitter to a point where mayhem would have been a pleasure.

E. G. Pipp, editor of the *News*, had been grooming Thomas E. Glinnan, member of the council, for mayor to beat Thompson for re-election. Glinnan was a Republican and Thompson a Democrat. Glinnan was known throughout the city as "Honest Tom."

Mayor Thompson's idea was to hook Honest Tom as a grafter, hoping that the *News* would endorse him before his arrest.

The *News* didn't.

An honest alderman, who was not in the ring but who was later convicted as a grafter in another deal, tipped off the editor.

As the trickery of the thing dawned on Andy Green, he was disgusted. He had put up \$10,000 of his own money in good faith to pay "the greatest detective" to clean up the city. It hit him especially hard as Tom Glinnan was a friend of his and the two men had worked together in many civic improvement activities in the West End.

William J. Burns was then at the height of his spectacular career. He had smashed the graft ring in San Francisco, another in Seattle, another in Atlantic City. On his investigations in California, Hiram Johnson, as prosecutor, had made himself a national reputation and here, in the year 1912, stood with Theodore Roosevelt at Armageddon and battled for the Lord and the Bull Moose party.

Burns had uncovered the timberland frauds of Oregon and he had traced down the McNamara Brothers for dynamiting the Los Angeles Times Building in the bitter labor-union row in that city.

His name was headline magic. He was America's greatest hero since Grant at Appomattox. He was not only the greatest detective that ever lived or was ever imagined by any writer of fiction. He admitted it!

That was before he joined the Harding administration as chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, through the influence of his good chum, Henry M. Daugherty—notorious leader of the Ohio gang. In the Teapot Dome trials Burns was sentenced to fifteen days for shadowing a jury. One of the first things President Coolidge did when he took office was to put J. Edgar Hoover in charge to clean out the whole mess and reorganize the department.

Burns's greatest activity was in industrial espionage, spying on workers to fight the growth of the union movement. His "operatives" joined the unions to keep the employers informed as to what was going on. Such practices led to so many congressional investigations that legislation was proposed to forbid them. This was before the days of some degree of enlightenment on the part of management.

The Burns trap to catch the Detroit aldermanic grafters was to pay them money for consenting to the closing of a dead-end street on behalf of what was supposed to be the Wabash Railroad. His "operative" posed as the agent of that line.

At four o'clock on this afternoon of July 26 "Honest Tom" Glinnan walked into this agent's supposed office, quaintly designated as "The New England Historical Society." The agent handed Glinnan a \$1,000 bill—marked. Fifteen others followed after him, getting anywhere from \$25 up to \$200. After they had all been paid off they were rounded up and arrested.

The stage had been set for this unexpected climax to Cadillaqua. But in the language of the theater, the show laid an egg.

The people did not doubt that Tom Glinnan had taken the marked money. They did not question his guilt. He himself admitted it—before he hired a lawyer. But the funny, often puzzled people have an instinct for justice. They said it had all the earmarks of a frame-up.

They insisted any stench on the coattails of "Honest Tom" did not make less odorous the Thompson-Hally Franchise. That was what they were sore about. The aldermanic trials dragged on for

months without convictions. Andy Green dropped out of the picture. He wanted no part of it.

Andy did not spend his \$10,000 in vain.

As a result of the aldermanic scandals, the old town exploded—as it so often does—and adopted what was then the most modern and progressive municipal charter in the United States. A nine-man council took the place of the old forty-two-man board. The charter is not only nonpartisan; there is a provision in it whereby all control of precincts is eliminated. There never can be an organized machine.

Each night before an election is held an army of bank clerks, accountants and specially trained men and women are called together and given their assignments to different precincts, as election boards. No worker knows to what part of the city he is to be sent and no one can serve in the precinct in which he lives.

William B. Thompson was badly beaten by Oscar B. Marx, who made, as I have written earlier, the mistake of appointing James Couzens as his police commissioner.

Cadillaqua was never revived. Some of our Better People pretend they just dimly remember it. But they shudder when it's mentioned. Cadillac's children had tough going.

THEY STONED A PROPHET

THE Rackham engineering building, home of the seven thousand engineers of Detroit's factories and laboratories, houses also the vast network of the University of Michigan Extension.

In a sense, this is bringing the original University of Michigan back to where it started—in Detroit. Three men organized the University, first in the middle west and among the first, if not the first, state-owned and controlled universities in America. Others began as colleges.

The three men were Augustus Brevoort Woodward, the Reverend Doctor John Montieth and Father Gabriel Richard. Montieth, a Presbyterian missionary, did not remain long. But the two men who left their imperishable impress on the present city of Detroit are Judge Woodward and Father Richard—for vastly different reasons. Let us first take up Judge Woodward.

In the case of this half-mad genius, history must again be "a fable agreed upon." Little is really known about him. He will always be remembered in our daily lives here for having promptly, upon his arrival, named the main street in honor of himself.

He was born in New York in 1774 and was christened Elias Brevoort Woodward. But, as he grew to man's estate, Greek and Roman history became an obsession with him and he arbitrarily changed his name to Augustus Brevoort Woodward, in imitation of the great Caesar.

The free-thinking Thomas Jefferson was his one and only god. To be close to him he went to Virginia to live, and finally became a friend. He moved to Washington, practiced law and sold real estate, which experience served his purpose later when he became the dictator of Detroit.

When Michigan became a Territory in 1805 President Jefferson

“took pity on his poverty” and appointed Woodward to one of the three judgeships in the Territory. Judge Woodward arrived here on saddle horse from Washington just after the whole city had been destroyed by fire. He found the people huddled in tents and shacks around the still smoking ruins.

The judge arrived two days before the new governor, William Hull. By the time Hull made his appearance, Woodward had taken charge of everything. He was that kind of a man. He never surrendered his authority until he was jeered out of town after a riotous celebration of his official departure, nineteen years later.

He made himself a committee of one to rebuild Detroit. The villagers stood in awe of his strange flow of words. He proclaimed that he had dreamed of this mighty city to come, that he had devised his plan through his vast knowledge of the celestial system. Standing on top of the old fort he proclaimed:

“By this plan, drawn on the original principles of the city; that is to say, having for its base an equilateral triangle of 4,000 feet side; with every side bisected by a perpendicular from the opposite angle; with squares, circuses and other open spaces of ground where six avenues and where twelve avenues intersect; with all the six sections comprising the triangle uniformly and regularly divided into lots of about 5,000 square feet; with an alley or lane coming to the rear of every lot; with subordinate streets of about 60 feet width; with a fine internal space of ground for education and other purposes; with grand avenues to the four cardinal points of 200 feet width, and with other avenues of 120 feet width, thus reported to Congress, the Governor and Judges are bound, and from it they are not at liberty to depart without a violation of the rights of other persons.”

As is the case with most city planners, the people did not have the slightest idea what he was talking about. It seems obvious that he merely adapted the plan laid out for the city of Washington by the Frenchman, L'Enfant. And yet he was deeply informed on the celestial system which he used in his arguments further to confuse the people. In 1801 he dedicated a remarkable brochure to his patron, Jefferson. The title of it is *Considerations on the Substance of the Sun*. He revealed here, the William L. Clements Historical Library says, “a fertile imagination rarely surpassed in any century

in the history of science." He boldly set forth the hypothesis that the substance of the sun is electron, and guessed that electricity is the one elementary substance.

In the light of the present developments in atomic energy, what this strange character wrote in 1801 is interesting:

"When the eye of man shall behold a sphere of electron revolving on its own axis, and surrounded by spheres of other matter, which revolve both on their own axes, and round the central sphere; and when to such primary bodies satellitary ones are added, which revolving also on their own axes, and round their primaries, are with them carried round the common center; then will full conviction be produced on the mind. Such an orrery, thus apparently animated by the same 'vital energy' which seems to be infused through its prototype, will present incontrovertible evidence of our having attained the true solution of the phenomenon of the solar system.

"The first grand desideratum will be the obtention of a sphere of electron, so completely detached from the general mass as to be, if not permanently, at least for some time, stationary and subjected to our observation and experiment. This will be found no easy task. A mass of electron will not only diffuse itself through every species of conducting matter which is near to it; but is known to leap over a considerable space of non-conducting matter, in order to reach its conductor.

"The heterogeneous atmosphere which envelops the earth, the common receptacle of every gas and every vapor which the composition and decomposition of animal and vegetable substances continually generate, although as a whole a non-conductor; is yet found to contain particles of a conducting quality. These carry off and dissipate the electron when accumulated, sometimes insensibly and sometimes with a whizzing noise. The process of combustion and probably the process of respiration, when carried on in the vicinity of the electron, occasion an eduction of its particles. So subtle and elusive indeed is this extraordinary matter that the most experienced electrician will be first to entertain the greatest despair of ever obtaining a detached sphere of it.

"Enthusiasm, however, may supply means when ordinary experience fails; and nothing could inspire more of that energetic

passion than the pursuit of an experiment which is to solve the phenomenon of the Universe.

"It may therefore happen, notwithstanding all the difficulties which intervene, that the persevering genius of man will some day obtain for us this desideratum."

His city plan for vast wide avenues, with parks and side streets, today might make the wonder city of the ages for automobile traffic. But how could he have known then that Detroit was to be the automotive center of the world?

With or without prescience of motorcar traffic he was vehemently positive of his plan.

"Cities are not built in a day," he cried. "Cities are the work of time, of a generation, of a vast succession of generations. Their original ground plan must remain. . . . A proper and prudent foresight can alone give a great city its fair development. Order, regularity, beauty, must characterize its original plan. It must have a capacious grasp. . . . Uniformity of plan, amplitude of avenue, of square, of space, of circus, free circulation of air are not to be hoped for if one age shall determine on its limited and contracted view of things that a city can never reach beyond a certain limit."

The utterly mad concept of a queer person who talked of a heavenly city and was a real-estate racketeer, who talked of beauty and order and who always was filthy dirty, did not impress our citizens.

Yet 122 years later, because the motorcar had made traffic so tremendous, Detroit had to pay \$16,000,000 to widen Woodward Avenue north of Grand Circus Park.

The only times on record that Judge Woodward revealed a humble spirit was when he was addressing letters to Presidents Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. In fact, his letters to all of them show an oily, cringing, sycophantic element in his character that would have astounded Detroit.

He figured the most important street of the new city would be at the crest of the river embankment, so he named it Jefferson. Later, he honored Madison by naming a thoroughfare after him—and then Monroe. What is now our main divisional street he named after himself. He honored no other Presidents.

But he flew into a wild rage when his two judicial associates,

Benjamin Witherell and Solomon Sibley, had minor cross streets named after them.

"Witherell! Witherell!" he cried. "Wither-all! That's what it means! He'll wither all my plans for a great city."

"But you named the main street after yourself," he was told.

"I did not!" he cackled. "I named it Woodward—wood-ward, to the woods!"

It would seem that not the least of his repulsive characteristics was that he was a punster.

Grand Circus Park is the only "circus" that remains, although we still have our "Campus Martius." But the hub idea prevails in most of our main arteries of travel. Since then the taxpayers of this town have spent millions of dollars hiring other city planners to correct his mistakes and they only leave the situation more confused than usual.

But Judge Woodward—who pushed the other two judges out of the picture and decreed himself the chief justice, without warrant in law—was more than just a city planner. Singlehanded, without consulting his colleagues or anybody else, he wrote the "Laws of Michigan" setting himself up as the Hammurabi of the wilderness and the Justinian of the Northwest. Later he always referred to this law as "the Woodward Code."

He held court where and whenever he pleased. The *Detroit Gazette* complained at one time: "The court frequently held its sessions from two P. M. until 12, 1, and 3 o'clock in the morning of the next day; and cases were disposed of in the absence of both clients and counsel. During these night sittings, suppers of meat and bottles of whiskey were brought into the court and a noisy and merry banquet was partaken at the bar by some while others were addressing the court in solemn argument, and others presenting to the judges on the bench meat, bread and whiskey and inviting them to partake."

In the summertime the judge often held court under the French pear trees where the City Hall now stands. He was known as a two-bottles-a-day man. This being so, it was not unusual for him to fall off the kitchen chair he used as a bench and to go to sleep on the ground.

In many of his quarrels with the citizens he would act as com-

plaining witness, prosecutor and judge, so he never lost an argument. The *Detroit Gazette* published an open letter signed by leading citizens:

“In your religious, moral, political and social character, we see no bud of promise to flatter us with the hope that any latent virtue may be found. The portals of your narrow, selfish soul are as firmly barred against every generous or noble sentiment as the dark cave of Cerebus. So disgusting is your character from every point of view that it is really a matter of curious speculation how or by what strange fatality such a man should have been palmed off on this territory.”

He organized a bank that never did any business in Detroit but passed out over a half million dollars of his paper money in the east. He was charged with being an accomplice of Aaron Burr. When Detroit was surrendered to the British in the War of 1812 without a shot being fired, Judge Woodward promptly accepted an appointment as secretary of the Territory from Colonel Henry Procter, the British military governor—and kept right on running everything. He still drew his salary from the American government at Washington.

A little thing like a war could not disturb a man who had so much to do. He had laid out subdivisions all over the area. One of them he called Ypsilanti, in honor of his military idol, the Greek general in the Grecian revolt against the Turks. Hence the present prosperous city by that name—just in the shadow of Willow Run.

Judge Woodward talked most about founding the University of Michigan. He knew of the plans of Jefferson to launch the University of Virginia and there has always been a strong suspicion that he wanted to start the one in Detroit ahead of that of his sponsor and defender. The real work was done by Dr. Montieth and Father Richard.

Even they could not stop Judge Woodward from giving the school the impress of his eccentricity. He called his prospectus the “Catholepistemiad, or University of Michigania.” He called for thirteen professorships, although he, Father Richard and Dr. Montieth were the whole faculty. These professorships were specified as follows: Catholepistemia, or universal science; anthropoglossica, or language and literature; mathematica; physiognostica, or

natural history; physiographica, or natural philosophy; astronomia, or astronomy; chymia, or chemistry; iatrica, or the medical sciences; ethica, or ethics; polemitactica, or military science; diegetica, or historical science; and ennoeica, or science of the mind.

"Pruned of its excrescence," coldly wrote Historian C. M. Burton, "this institution became the University of Michigan."

He gave seven of these professorships to Dr. Montieth and six of them to Father Richard. He himself was too busy on other matters to do any teaching. But, without authority, he granted his "faculty" the right to found academies, colleges, schools, libraries, museums, athenaeums, botanical gardens, laboratories and all other scientific institutions necessary to the creation of a great metropolitan area. All that was needed was the money.

Dr. Montieth being of a more practical mind—and Scotch—saw to that and our present great seat of learning at Ann Arbor was started.

Despite all his plans for a wonderful city, our pioneer forefathers would not stand for Judge Woodward. There came a time when one-half the population petitioned Congress to order him out of the Territory. On March 3, 1824, President Monroe got Congress to pass an act limiting the term of judges to four years and letting the people elect eighteen candidates from whom the President should select nine to constitute a legislative council. All this to get rid of Judge Woodward without actually firing him. He was still a friend of Thomas Jefferson.

When the news came by boat and mail coach that there was a chance to get rid of Woodward, the populace put on a wild celebration which lasted throughout the night. Captain Woodworth's company fired a salute and bonfires kept the city alight. The leading citizens held a banquet, presided over by Governor Lewis Cass at the Sagina Hotel—on the west side of Woodward below Jefferson. They did everything to him but change the name of his street. But he had a great many loyal friends at that. One of the fiery toasts at the banquet in defiance of the jubilee spirit proclaimed:

"When the pulse of the calumniator shall have ceased to beat, when his organ of detraction shall no longer furnish a banquet to the worm, a generation yet unborn will do justice to the man in

whom were united the philosopher, the patriot, the judge and the philanthropist."

Woodward did not leave the Federal payroll. Jefferson got him another judgeship in Florida where he died a few years later.

The records do not show who paid the judge that eulogy. But George B. Catlin, one of our better historians, felt called upon to make remarks about Woodward as a philanthropist. Catlin said that Woodward came to Detroit a poor man at a salary of \$1,200 a year. "When he left Detroit in 1825 he advertised a plat of 200 feet front on Jefferson with a large warehouse on it; 750 acres now the site of Ypsilanti; 320 acres of land on Woodward, at Six Mile Road where he had planned another city to be called Woodwardville, and eighteen farms of fifty-three acres each adjoining the city. He held this property at a value of \$100,000."

It cannot be denied that the old coot had prophetic vision. He saw the great dynamic city in his mind's eye far beyond his age.

"Nature," he proclaimed in one of his papers, "has destined the city of Detroit to be a great interior emporium, equal if not superior, to any other on the face of the globe. The commerce of the seven immense Mediterraneans—Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan, Superior, Cuinisque (Winnipeg) and Arabesca (Winnipegosis) connected by noble rivers with the Atlantic Ocean at two points, New York and Quebec, and stretching on the other side of the Pacific and even to the hyperborean ocean, must glide along its borders. In such a case the art of man should aid the benevolence of the Creator, and no restricted attachment to the present day, or to present interests, should induce a permanent sacrifice of ulterior and brilliant prospects."

Maybe he was all that they said about him. And maybe, too, by this vision he raised our community horizons so high that others who followed him were not afraid to look beyond their shoes and to see the glory of the future.

Yes, Detroiters exiled the man who founded their city and drove away the man who planned it. They'll still fight at the drop of the hat over anything that interests them, whether it's a baseball championship, a new automobile or a proposed airport. The automobile did not give the city that tempo. That tempo gave the world the automobile.

HIS WAS THE SOUL
OF THE CITY

It is the spiritual always which determines the material.

—THOMAS CARLYLE

As I sit down to write this I have just returned to my typewriter from attending a meeting of the Gabriel Richard Society. This is a group of several hundred leading Detroit citizens of all denominations—and some affiliated with none. Our purpose is to perpetuate the memory of the man who planted the cultural seeds of Detroit.

There stands at the Belle Isle bridge approach a heroic gray granite monument to him on Gabriel Richard Park, stretching to his beloved river. But this is not enough! Our purpose now is to rescue his remains from behind steampipes, a furnace and a boiler in the basement of St. Anne's Church, to have a crypt built for him worthy of the things he achieved for Detroit, for Michigan, for America and for humanity.

Devout members of the Roman Catholic Church here are proposing that petition be made for his beatification and canonization. Among other things I am not an authority on sanctity. That is a problem for the Church to determine. But as one who gave to Detroit the civic afflatus which has flamed forth in every desperate hour of our need Father Gabriel Richard stands peculiarly alone.

Civic-minded Detroiters regard him today as the people of Detroit regarded him when he labored here for thirty-five years, not just as a priest of the Church but as a great humanitarian, educator and patriot. Always in the trials that have come upon us, we

remember the words he wrote on our city seal. He lived up to that philosophy.

He, and not Judge Woodward, was the real founder of the University of Michigan. Out here in the wilderness that was Michigan he made possible the beginning of state education in America.

Father Richard and Dr. Montieth, one a Catholic priest and the other a Presbyterian, labored here in harmony and understanding that transcended all religious barriers, for a common cause. While Woodward did the talking, the others did the work.

Here one can see the shrewdness of Father Richard in the selection of Dr. Montieth as the first president of the university. He would not take it himself but, by selecting Montieth, the intellectually rambunctious Woodward was barred from messing the program up any more than he already had.

Father Richard in 1809 brought to Detroit the first printing press to come west of the Allegheny mountains. His little press printed the first books ever published here, the first one being a textbook on English. Others were schoolbooks to take care of the eight schools he established. He was the father of the manual-training-school idea, teaching the children of the frontier to use their hands. He conceived and did pioneer work in establishing a normal training school, to teach others how to teach. He had no other way of obtaining teachers.

He was the only Catholic priest ever to serve in the Congress of the United States—as a delegate from the Michigan Territory.

He was Michigan's first good-roads advocate, anticipating the needs of the motor industry by a century.

Father Richard. (pronounced Ree-shard') escaped from France in the French Revolution. He came to America as a member of the Sulpician Order of teachers. His passion was teaching and to this, outside his priestly duties, he devoted all his amazing energies.

He arrived in Detroit in 1798, a scholar who had won recognition as a mathematician. Here he found a community of around twelve hundred. Half the population was French and spoke little English. There were no schools, no books, no knowledge of anything but fishing and fur trading.

It was a desolate spot used only as a strategic site in case of another war with Great Britain. If it had not been for Father Richard there might not today be the metropolitan city of Detroit. It was up the peninsula, far removed from the westward sweep of life.

When the young Frenchman arrived here he was thirty-one, a tall gaunt man with powerful hands and a face like the portraits of Dante. He must have startled the Indians with his strange black shovel hat, his high-waisted coat, his long flowing skirts and his brass-framed spectacles which were either far down on his nose or high on his head—glasses so small it is to be wondered how he could see through them.

This wilderness settlement was so far removed from all communication with the rest of the world that the people were drifting to a level lower than the aborigines. With his passion for education, he established a vocal newspaper. He made the sacristan of little Ste. Anne's church "the town crier." He wrote the script each day, giving the villagers what news he could gather of the nation and the world. When, in 1809, he got his printing press here he published the first newspaper in the Territory, the *Michigan Essay*. He organized town-hall meetings, open forums, lectures. He re-awakened among those early Detroiters a longing for civilization.

There being no Protestant church here, the non-Catholics asked him to speak to them at Sunday services which were held in the Council House. This he did. As soon as he had finished services in his own church he would deliver nondenominational sermons to the people who were not members of his faith. He continued that until Dr. Montieth arrived to relieve him. Then this stern young Calvinist and this fiery French priest went forth together, shoulder to shoulder under the banners of Christ, carrying the word of God to Indians and white men alike.

The Indians took to Father Richard. He had brought, piecemeal, from the east, eight hundred miles over wilderness trails, the first pipe organ ever heard in this section of the world. After church services, concerts were given for the whole town, Indians included. The curious Indians stole the pipes to see where the sounds were coming from. When they found they could blow

on them they were delighted and ran through the forests giving fair imitations of the pipes of Pan. The good Father had a terrible time keeping his organ together.

He organized the first circulating library here and up to the time of his death gave of his own library of 3,000 volumes.

He had just got the place functioning as a community by 1805 when the great fire swept over the town. All the labor and love and hope that had been poured into the making of a city had been wiped out. The people were destitute and without food.

Father Richard took charge without asking authority. He raced up and down the riverbank shouting to the French rivermen to follow him. Soon he had organized flotillas of canoes and several bateaux which ranged up and down the river to bring corn meal, milk, eggs and other easily gathered food from surrounding farms.

He took charge of these supplies and rationed them out to each family according to its needs. The Indians so loved the strange Father with his curious hat that they, too, helped bring in food supplies, swinging their birchbark boats back and forth across the river.

For weeks this went on. Most of the people of Detroit, looking at the ashes of all their hopes, agreed that the best thing to do was to move away. Then there rose up within Father Richard his mighty faith in this community and its future. "The man who does not carry his city in his heart is a spiritual starveling." By his exhortations they were induced to remain. Washington was appealed to and at last some degree of help came to this outpost of western civilization.

Congress had decided to make Detroit the seat of government for the newly created Territory of Michigan, carved out of the old Territory of the Indians. President Jefferson appointed General William Hull as Territorial governor, a soldier, lawyer and school-teacher from Massachusetts—and a cowardly dullard.

With the new government established, Father Richard was no longer just a priest. He was the leading citizen of the community, the hero of the fire, the man who got things done. With the city being rebuilt along the lines laid down by Judge Woodward, Father Richard began his agitation for public schools—for the Protestants

and the Indians as well as the people of his own faith. He even printed on his press a catechism in the Indian language.

By 1812, the second war with England was on. On August 15 the British commander General Brock called on Hull to surrender, telling him what the Indians would do to him if he didn't. On Hull's timid refusal, guns opened from the Canadian shore and General Brock landed men on the American side. Brock with his British soldiers and his Indians marched on to the Detroit fortifications. Hull refused to permit the American troops to fire, though fully equipped.

Shelters had been built for the women and children, not unlike the bomb shelters used in London during the last war. The thoroughly frightened gentleman from Massachusetts saw the blood of the wounded and ordered the city surrendered without firing a shot in its defense. For this, Lewis Cass went to Washington and accused Hull of incompetence, cowardice and treason. Hull was found guilty by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. President Madison pardoned him.

Judge Woodward worked fast. He got himself appointed Territorial secretary to General Brock. His alibis must have sounded then very much like some of the recent French collaborators. He argued convincingly that he was doing his country a great service by serving two masters.

Father Richard was not that type of man.

When the British took over our city General Brock ordered that all citizens of Detroit had to take the oath of allegiance to the King. Father Richard answered: "I have taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States and I cannot take another. Do with me as you please!"

He denounced the British from his pulpit and on the street corners and begged Detroiters to stand firm against the invaders. For this he was arrested and taken to the jail at Sandwich. Before being locked up he gave spiritual ministrations to the Indians and to the British who asked for his services.

Chief Tecumseh was an admirer of Father Richard. He knew of the Indians' affection for the man with the organ pipes. Some historians say it is apocryphal, but the story persists that Tecumseh

notified the British commander that Father Richard was not to be sent to Montreal as a prisoner or turned over to the Indians for torture.

When the war was over and Detroit had been restored to the Union, Father Richard plunged once more into his activities. One of these, strangely enough, was developing a system for teaching deaf-mutes.

He served his term in the Eighteenth Congress, but not until after a curious battle. The people wanted their idol elected delegate. The Better People thought that was quite funny. He was not a citizen, they said, and his English was broken speech with peculiar little French inflections. He was pitted against Sheriff Austin E. Wing and Colonel John Biddle. They promptly dragged in the religious and racial question, still so artfully used in present-day elections. But there were as many Protestants for Richard as there were Catholics. So the Austin and Biddle forces used tactics later developed into a science by Tammany Hall.

John R. Williams, though a communicant of Ste. Anne's Church, tried to induce the Father to withdraw, but he was adamant in the light of accusations made against him. Then Williams had a circular printed telling the French residents that if Richard were elected they would be without a priest—sheep, he said, without a shepherd. When Richard still refused to quit, John R. Williams was so enraged that he left the church, never to return.

About the second question visitors to Detroit ask today is how there was brought about the curious name "John R." for one of our main thoroughfares. This same chap Williams named it for himself. He already had one street called "Williams," and wanted another.

Father Richard answered all charges that he had never been made a citizen by volunteering to take the oath again. But his opponents still had one more chance. A Francis Labadie had deserted his wife and children in Canada and had come to Detroit, where he married another woman. Father Richard called him a bigamist and told him to return to his real wife. On Labadie's refusal, he excommunicated him. That was three years before the election. Labadie brought suit for slander. The Michigan courts gave him

a verdict of \$1,116. Father Richard had no money, anyway, but as a matter of principle refused to pay. There had been no denial of the bigamy. The whole thing was ignored and forgotten by almost everybody until three years later when Candidate Wing, acting in his capacity of sheriff, arrested Father Richard and locked him up in jail for failure to pay.

That settled everything. The people promptly elected Father Richard. He went from his prison cell to the halls of Congress. As a delegate he had no vote but he won Congressional approval for building the longest street on earth—Michigan, which starts at our city hall and winds up as Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

By 1832 Detroit was booming with a population of over four thousand. The steamer *Henry Clay* with 370 soldiers on board came up the river, on their way to Wisconsin to fight in the Black Hawk War. Asiatic cholera had broken out on shipboard, and the horrible plague swept over Detroit.

In a few days several hundred Detroiters were stricken and over a hundred of them had died. Hundreds of others fled from the city in terror. Panic gripped the whole community. Again Father Richard took over. His odd shovel hat was bobbing up and down as it did when he led the people in the great fire. He was far older now but his vigor was undimmed.

He never quit, night and day, nursing the sick, giving the last rites, holding funeral services. To him in those awful days there were no religious barriers. They were all children of God in agony. As he knelt on the street, giving aid to a dying man, death came to him. He collapsed on the pavement and was gone within a few hours.

The giant padre of the wilderness had become to the people of this community an unforgettable figure. His great bony frame, his long arms and legs, his powerful hands are shown in his statue. His cadaverous face, always ghastly pale, was marked by a livid scar, full across one cheek, from a wound he had received in escaping from the Parisian mobs in the French Revolution.

After this "Second Terror" had passed and the people of the Territory heard that he was dead, they poured into the city to pay tribute to him.

His vocational-training-school ideas were adopted all over the world. Wherever the sons of Michigan go forth from their alma mater well may they thank the frontiersman who dreamed of the institution which made their education possible.

That is why we meet here in Detroit to plan things to keep alive his memory.

And that is why I hope some day that he is made a saint. But I am quite sure Cardinal Mooney would tell me—if he bothered mentioning it at all—that that is none of my business.

THE MISSIONARY PRESIDENT

THE story is that when the young Presbyterian missionary, the Reverend John Montieth came up the river to Detroit, in the summer of 1816, Father Gabriel Richard was at the shore waiting for him and embraced him as a fellow laborer in the vineyards of the Lord.

That is our story and we have stuck to it for 130 years. But, not being a historian, I feel privileged to use my own common sense.

There need be no question that Father Richard was waiting for the Protestant clergyman and that he did embrace him with all his Gallic ardor. It would not have been at all surprising if the much-loved padre had rushed out into the shallow waters to help drag in the boat. His enthusiasm for the arrival of this graduate of Princeton and but recently ordained disciple of John Calvin was, I believe, engendered by reasons beyond any all-consuming faith in God and man.

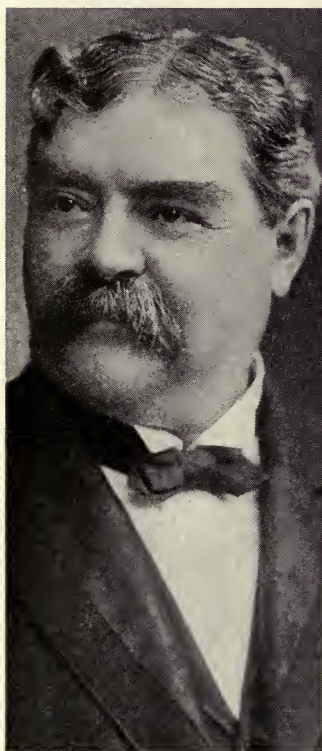
To be blunt about it, Father Richard must have become weary of extracurricular community labors and extracanonical ecclesiastical demands upon his time. As the only Roman Catholic priest in the surrounding area, he had enough work to keep him busy night and day. Then there was his tremendous zeal for education, the development of our civil life, and his missionary work among the Indians. But, on top of all this, he felt obliged—because they pleaded with him to do so—to address each Sunday afternoon in the town Council House, the Protestant element of our town.

These people did not want to be converted to the Church of Rome. With his hardheaded sense Father Richard was well aware of that fact. But they did want to hear of God and Christ and he was the only theologian in the clearing.

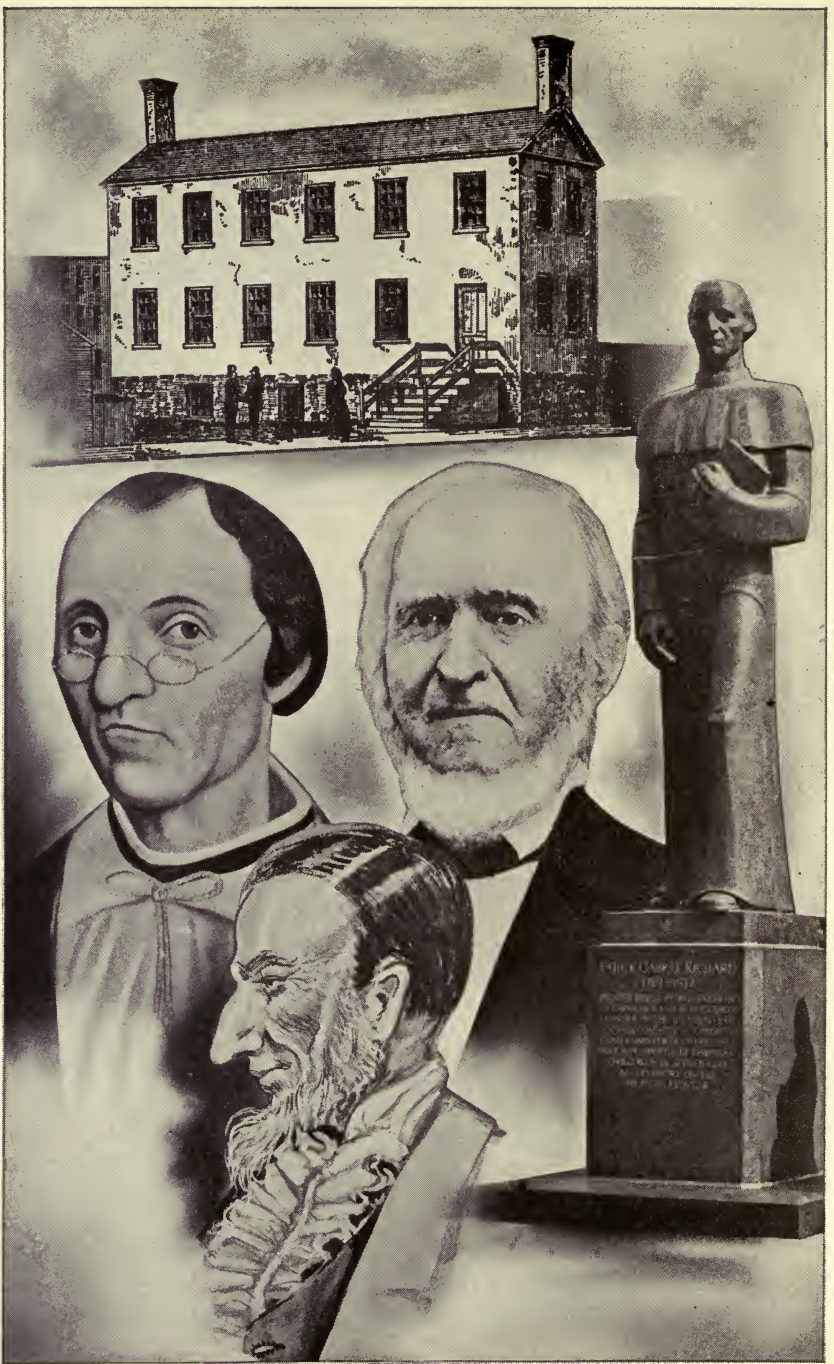
These non-Catholics would gather in the Council House and



An artist's concept of Cadillac's landing at Detroit in 1701.



Left: Mayor William C. Maybury in 1901. *Right:* "Cadillac's Chair" which formerly stood in Cadillac Square.



Birthplace of the University of Michigan on Bates Street near Congress. *Underneath:* The founders—Father Gabriel Richard, the Rev. John Montieth and Judge Woodward. *Right:* Granite monument of Father Richard on Belle Isle.

hold a nondenominational service in which Father Richard took no part. When it was over he would address them. But there were many difficulties. Almost all of the Protestants were English and Father Richard's English at best was peculiar. Once he delivered one of these Sunday afternoon "sermons" using as his text "The good Shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." As his voice rose in the passion of his appeal he could not remember the word "sheep" and substituted the French "*moutons*."

He did embrace the young Mr. Montieth and he did take him to his home and he did turn over to him one of his school buildings so that he could begin his work. And there did develop between this priest of Rome and this Calvinist an affection, transcending mere friendship, which lasted as long as Father Richard lived.

In the diary of John Montieth for July 16, 1816, there is this notation:

"Priest Gabriel Richard calls on me at my lodgings at Colonel Hunt's. We have a free and pleasant conversation. He says there is much work for me to do and wishes me success. He stays to tea. I request him to ask a blessing; he answers that he is not accustomed to our mode, that he performs such services in Latin, and if acceptable he would do it in that way. I replied 'that it would not be understood by the family.' He therefore declines. Strange that a minister of Christ who lives in a family could not pray with them in a language which they understand. He was well aware that those who were at the table understood French, his own native tongue."

By October 28, there is this note in the diary: "I visit Father Richard who is out of health. I think he loves to have me visit him."

From then on these two soldiers of the Lord, wearing different uniforms, fought for everything that was clean and fine and decent in community life.

So it was that three men made fertile for us the soil of tolerance and understanding: the philosophical classicist, Judge Woodward,

the great priest of the Roman Church, and the heroic Scottish Presbyterian who was later to win his place in history in his fight against slavery.

There was just one of them peculiarly qualified to be the first president of the University of Michigan: John Montieth. Father Richard sensed that immediately. Montieth was an American, born at Gettysburg—a fact which later grew in significance. He was a graduate of Princeton, trained in the arts of education, and a classical scholar. Richard knew it was not for him to take it and both men were obviously fearful of the grandiose sesquipedalianism of Judge Woodward. So the young graduate of Princeton became the actual organizer of the first great state university of America.

Under the governor-and-judges plan of government, the Territorial governor General Lewis Cass and the judges agreed to appropriate \$80 for the purchase of a piece of land on Bates street, between Congress and Larned, for the university site. Later they voted \$300 for a building. Private subscriptions were raised for around \$5,000 but that amount was never paid in. The thing might have failed for funds if the Reverend Montieth had not revealed a worthy Scottish instinct. He uncovered our first municipal scandal.

After the fire of 1805 a considerable sum of money had been raised for a relief fund. Twelve years later, in 1817, Montieth, president of a new educational system without money, discovered that there had never been an accounting made of the relief fund. There was a discrepancy of \$940 between what was spent to aid the stricken and what had been collected. Right then and there he established a precedent for all his successors as president. He got the money.

One of the bizarre schemes for raising school funds, sanctioned by Judge Woodward and agreed upon by Governor Cass, was the conducting of an annual lottery. As neither President Montieth nor Vice-President Richard ever paid any attention to the plan, that stigma was never visited upon the palladium of our peninsula.

Instead, these two men of God agreed that "the sacred Scriptures shall constitute part of the reading from the beginning to the end of the university course." They divided the thirteen professorships between them and were in law and in fact the whole university.

There is some dispute as to whether or not John Montieth was the first Protestant clergyman to deliver a sermon in Michigan, but there is no doubt that he was the first regular pastor and as such founded the first Protestant religious organization in this city. He began preaching here on his arrival in 1816 and in 1817 organized the First Evangelical Society of Detroit which through the years evolved into the First Presbyterian Church. In 1820 he delivered the sermon at the dedication of the first building. But on the following year he resigned from his pulpit and from the presidency of the university to accept the chair of classical languages at Hamilton College, New York.

During his five crowded years in Detroit he took much of this time fighting for the rights of the Indians and against their corruption, through General Cass's rum and the Campau whisky, for the loss of their lands. The plight of the Indians may have aroused within him the spark of indignation which flamed forth later in his fight against the slave trade.

For eight years he taught at Hamilton College and then came back to Michigan for a little while to launch a school at Blissfield. This failed. He then became pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Elyria, Ohio.

As early as 1834 Montieth is shown before the Pennsylvania Legislature making a passionate plea for emancipation of the slaves. He was never an abolitionist in the sense of the "lunatic fringe" from which Lincoln suffered so grievously. As with his work in founding the University of Michigan and his fights for the cause of the Indians his zeal was always tempered with sound sense.

At Elyria he became the Ohio leader of the "underground railroad" by which slaves were smuggled over the Ohio river, through Ohio and Michigan to Detroit and across the borders into Canada.

For this work, in which he frequently risked his life, he was denounced even by members of his own family. He was ostracized by neighbors. Yet, there is no note of bitterness to be found in his diary of those days. There is always a serenity and a complete conviction that he was doing the tasks to which God had assigned him.

Frequently his home was filled with these fugitives from the South. Often his home was raided by the authorities. When the

war came, he gave the last of his remaining courage and energy to the support of Lincoln.

He died at Elyria, three years after the Emancipation Proclamation had been issued.

A few years ago his library, his diaries and his sermons were given to the University of Michigan by Miss Caroline Montieth. They are being worked over now as source material which will throw much light on how "Le Père Richard" and this gentle Presbyterian worked together in a clearing along our river.

“SHALL NOT PERISH FROM
THE EARTH”

Puritanism, believing itself quick with the seed of religious liberty, laid, without knowing it, the egg of democracy.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

IN GRAND CIRCUS PARK there looms against the trees a heroic bronze statue of Hazen S. Pingree. This is on the western half of the circus and is not to be confused with the statue on the eastern half—of William C. Maybury. Of that we will speak later.

The Pingree monument was paid for by the pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters of the poor people of Michigan. They were the ones who loved Pingree. Their offerings piled up into a mighty total, even as did their votes for him at election time.

On the base of this monument you can read their encomium:

“He was the first man to warn people of the great danger threatened by powerful private corporations and the first to initiate steps of reform.”

Emerson declared: “March without the people, and you march into night; their instincts are a finger-pointing of Providence, always turned toward real benefit.”

Hazen S. Pingree possessed psychic understanding of that instinct of the people. He was the precursor of an age of reform in American politics. He was the pioneer in proclaiming holy war against “predatory wealth,” the father of the progressive movement.

I know of no more fascinating study of human nature than the metamorphosis of Pingree. At fifty a millionaire shoe manufacturer

with no interest whatever in politics, a kindly, benign, soft-spoken, churchgoing gentleman of the old order, changed into a wily political genius, a resourceful battler, a boisterous master of career-killing invective.

We must go back to his origins to understand all this. Hazen S. Pingree was the lineal descendent of Moses Pingree, who came to America with the Puritans in 1640—those of them who settled at Ipswich, Massachusetts. Later his branch of the family moved to Maine where he was born on a farm, August 30, 1840.

Pingree was the avatar of the Cromwellian Roundheads from which he sprang in both a physical and a spiritual sense. He was a giant with great broad shoulders. His complexion was white and pink and his face knew no wrinkles. There were times when his clear blue eyes seemed made of glass. His dome was egg-shaped but his jaw was wide and rugged, decorated with a flowing goatee. Like his forebears, he was a magnificent figure on a horse. Cromwell would have loved him at the battle of Leicester!

As a boy, after three years of schooling, Pingree left the farm in Maine to learn the shoemaking business in Massachusetts. When Lincoln issued his first call, Pingree signed up, and fought through the Battle of Bull Run to Appomattox. He witnessed the surrender of Lee and—to the glory of his dying day—he saw Lincoln!

Without education and not given to reading, he had but one quotation which he used often, long before he dreamed of entering politics. That was the last part of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address: "—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

For that ideal he fought throughout the war. For that ideal he took such daring chances that he was captured and sent to Andersonville prison. For that ideal he later made his escape and fought on to the finish. But after the war it remained latent. He never made a speech, never took an active part in the affairs of the Union he had helped preserve. Usually he never even bothered voting.

Pingree came to Detroit, following his discharge from the army, because he had heard about the town while in Andersonville prison. There he had met Joseph E. Keen, who years later was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for having gone through the

Confederate lines to give his command information on troop movements.

Keen dwelt constantly on the beauties of Detroit and our river. Pingree, having no special reason for returning to Massachusetts, came here and got a job mending shoes. Later he worked for the Baldwin Shoe Company and then launched out for himself.

When he turned the business over to his associates to devote the last ten years of his life to politics, he was rated a millionaire and was supposed to have the largest shoe factory, outside of New England, in the United States.

For those ten years he is said to have averaged \$50,000 a year out of his own income, financing his campaigns.

It was because of his love of Lincoln that Pingree joined the newly organized Michigan Republican Club. Lincoln was a Republican, so such a club must be all right. All the good people liked and respected “old Mr. Pingree.” His name would be an asset to the organization.

The three leaders of the Grand Old Party were William H. Elliott, department-store owner, Clarence A. Black, wholesale hardware merchant and capitalist and James L. Edson, wholesale drygoods merchant. These gentlemen and others decided that what Detroit needed was “a businessman for mayor,” and thus Pingree’s hat was tossed lightly into the ring.

The Common Council was putrid from graft. The “Potomac Gang,” the Hawley gang and other gangs from the river front north, controlled the precincts and delivered them for voting purposes as commodities. The utility interests bought aldermen for a dime a dozen.

Cameron Currie, fixer for the Hendrie interests, and later a popular broker, boasted how he stuffed money into the overcoat pockets of these councilmen. He never could see any wrong in it and longed always for a return of “the good old days.”

What aroused the Better People most was that a real-estate promoter had put across an outer Grand Boulevard, circling the entire city—three miles away from the City Hall. This, it was said, was “a stench to our civic nostrils.” The city would never develop that far out into the country. They were puzzled when Pingree in his first campaign said he didn’t know enough about the matter

to discuss it. In fact he discussed few things and spoke seldom. It was an odd campaign.

Haltingly and self-consciously, all Pingree ever said was: "I am very grateful for the honor you have conferred upon me. If elected I will discharge the duties of the office to the best of my ability."

All at the Michigan Republican Club agreed that he would be a "good safe mayor." He would do just as they said in his sweet innocence. He would clean up the dirty crooks in the council and at the same time see to it that the utilities got what they wanted.

"Pingree's political career," wrote Historian George B. Catlin, "was the most remarkable in the history of Detroit, the state of Michigan or even the United States of America."

The surprise over him came gradually. When he took office he hired Jennie Maud Smith, a reporter on the *Detroit News*, as a secretary. A pioneer Polly Pry of journalism, Jennie became the feminine Machiavelli of our town. She was pert and smart, with an unfathomable instinct in the art of politics and the ways of men. Her municipal salons attracted the young, aggressive brains of the town interested in social advancement. Senator Thomas Witherell Palmer gave Palmer Park to Detroit at her suggestion. He was commissioner of the Columbia Exposition at Chicago in 1893.

Jennie Smith induced Pingree to hire Alex I. McLeod, city editor of the *News*, as his secretary. As city editors go, or did (and that is why so many of them went), Alex was getting big money. Thirty-five dollars a week! As the job as secretary only paid \$2,000 a year he told Pingree he could not see much inducement. "My salary as mayor," said Pingree, "is \$1,200 a year. I will give you a thousand of it."

That was the beginning of his system of financing himself and much of his immediate executive force out of his own pocket. He hired J. W. Walsh, also from the *News*, to write his speeches. Walsh was a favorite as a local poet and satirist. Pingree also retained Robert W. Oakman as his taxation expert. Oakman, after whom our winding boulevards were named, had been a printer and a fierce advocate of Henry George's single-tax theories. In his youth he was a rabble-rousing soapboxer—with brains.

These people did not furnish Pingree with his ideas. They poured out from him as from a gusher. All they did was to orient his impulses and make them articulate.

His first message to the council startled the town. It began as a mild factual presentation of existing conditions. He advocated paving the streets, and establishing municipal improvements by bond issue so as to relieve the burdens of the poorer taxpayers. The Michigan Republican lads cocked an ear at that. Then too he calmly alluded to “certain public franchises” which cost the possessors nothing to obtain in perpetuity. These grants, he said, were capitalized through bond issues to finance utilities without cost to the promoters. The city had thus given away to one little group of men in a private corporation rights valued by them at \$5,000,000.

That was just the beginning. The Better People went into huddles. Some sought him out. What, they demanded, did we elect you for?

“Gentlemen,” said the bashful cobbler, “I took an oath of office. You know what I mean? An oath! That means something to me. I have not reached the age of fifty to begin breaking my word. I’m mayor. It’s my job to protect the interests of the people the best way I can—just as I protect my stockholders in the shoe business.”

It dawned upon them that he really meant this! In a sarcastic speech Colonel John Atkinson sneeringly referred to him as “Ping.” That was supposed to be a crusher. In all public prints and addresses in those days any prominent citizen was referred to as “Mister” or “the Honorable.” But Pingree accepted it.

“What’s the use of my making speeches,” he would yell in his high-pitched voice. “You all know me! I’m Ping! Just Ping!”

From then on he became “Ping.”

The Old Guard still thought it would be easy to get rid of him. The next thing they did was to move against him through the banks. Lines of credit were at first curtailed and then denied. He was snubbed socially which hurt him personally because of his family—a wife, two beautiful daughters, and a son, who was a star football player at the University of Michigan.

But the thing that made of him the implacable, no-quarter crusader against the vested interests was their petty act in taking away

from the Pingree family their pew in the Woodward Avenue Baptist Church.

No man ever loved a woman more tenderly than did Pingree his wife. She was a sweet, cultured, gentle, little lady. Pingree went regularly to Sunday services, not because he was at all religious, but because it made her happy. In those days pews were rented in most churches on the theory, it would seem, that a good Christian should, *ipso facto*, have enough money to finance his passage along the cushioned road to the meek and lowly Christ.

They took his family name off the pew and told him that it had been rented to another party, and, "very sorry" but all the others were also reserved. Of course, he could sit back in the few free pews with the lesser Christians.

The war was on, with no holds barred.

One of our merchants, Richard Zither (we will call him that because that is not his name) was one of Pingree's best customers. More than that they were neighbors and family friends. They lived on opposite sides of Woodward Avenue above Grand Circus Park in great colonial homes. Zither, as a leader in the Michigan Republican Club, was furious at Pingree's attitude toward the Better People. He canceled all contracts with Pingree's shoe company. Further, the bankers and mercantile leaders sent out word across the country that it would not be advisable for merchants to buy shoes from the Pingree concern. This hurt because times were tough in 1890. Pingree had expanded his big plant and needed ready money.

On top of all his other troubles, a smallpox epidemic swept the city. His political enemies blamed him for it. He was sitting despondently in his office in the City Hall on this certain night when one of his secretaries came in.

"Just saw something funny, Ping," he snickered. "Just saw Dick Zither going into Olive Stevenson's joint."

Now, for the sake of accuracy, "Ollie" Stevenson did not run a joint. She had a very exclusive place for gentlemen only, patronized by the elite. No piano!

"Are you sure?" asked Ping.

"Sure I'm sure! I know Dick Zither as well as I know you!"

Ping reached for the telephone and called the Board of Health.

“This is an order,” he barked. “Quarantine Ollie Stevenson’s bawdy house on Croghan Street. Smallpox! Yes! Front and back door. And have policemen guard all exits so that nobody can get in or out until you hear further from me.”

That was all! Pingree went home for a good night’s rest. In the morning he decided to take a walk. Nothing quite so bracing! His feet led him aimlessly along Croghan Street (now Monroe) at the rear of the Ste. Claire Hotel. He even ran his walking stick along the picket fence in front of Ollie’s place. Then what he was waiting for came.

“Ping! Ping!” called a familiar voice from behind a half-closed second-floor shutter. “This is Dick!”

“Well, I’ll be damned!” exclaimed Ping. “What on earth are you doing up there?”

Ping leaned over the fence and talked to the man behind the shutter about many things. Night life and family life, politics and business, good government and shoe contracts. Things like that. When the strange tête-à-tête was finished, Ping went into the alley and ordered the policeman away. He escorted Dick to a hack and took him home. Part of the bargain was that he was to square Dick with his slightly suspicious wife. Ping told her, with that bland childlike look on his pink face, that Dick had stopped at the City Hall on the previous afternoon and had asked Ping, like a good neighbor, to drop into Dick’s house on the way home and to say that Dick had been suddenly called to Toledo on business and would be gone all night. And, Ping said, he forgot to deliver the message! It sounded plausible because telephones were rare and unreliable.

Pingree got all his shoe contracts back and the banks were not quite so harsh after that. And Dick, as part of the agreement, retired from all political activity.

About a year after Pingree took office the big streetcar strike was called. That was the beginning of municipal ownership of streetcars in Detroit. Our streetcars were drawn by horses, though most other cities of Detroit’s size had gone electrical. The Hendrie interests had no such ambitions.

The car floors were covered with straw, to provide warmth in the wintertime. The cars were foul-smelling and dirty. They

bumped along over strap rails with cobble stones between to give the horses footing. The Hendries were well known in society circles as horse breeders and promoters of race tracks. But this was different.

Drivers of the Toonerville jalopies were about as hungry as their horses. They demanded more money. This was an outrage. Any man asking for more money in those days was an anarchist or a socialist. The Homestead riots and the efforts to kill poor dear Mr. Frick by that dirty assassin, Alexander Berkman, was proof of it.

The streetcar men struck. Young Strathearn Hendrie, general manager of the lines, started the trouble. He put a strikebreaker on one of the cars at the foot of Woodward and ordered him to drive it up the hill. He stood alongside of the driver, waving a revolver over his head. Obviously he planned to shoot anybody who touched a hair of his driver's yon gray head.

The car got no farther than the crest of the embankment at Jefferson. Then the riot. It wasn't started by the strikers themselves but by citizens, outraged at the sight of that gun. Hendrie and his strikebreaker fled. The mob, led by Don M. Dickinson, then postmaster general of the United States in the cabinet of President Cleveland, pushed the car to the foot of Woodward and dumped it into the river. Whereupon Dickinson made an impassioned oration on human liberty and other matters pertaining to horse-drawn streetcars.

Appeals of frightened utility interests to Mayor Pingree to "save the city" were met with blistering scorn. He implied that he would like to have been one of the mob—only detained by his oath of office. He fought the battle of the strikers and got them a raise. *Jacta alea est!*

Pingree's methods as a crusader were not orthodox. While the utilities used money to corrupt city officials to gain franchises, Pingree was perfectly willing to bribe with his own private money to see that they were thwarted.

One night he barged into the Council Chamber while a session was on and shook his fist in the face of Alderman Diemel.

"Al Diemel," he bellowed, "you are so damned crooked you don't even stay bought!"

His first big fight was against the Detroit Electric Light and Power Company which was trying to get a franchise. The council was startled another night when he stomped in again, waving a bundle of marked bills.

"Here is the way the Detroit Electric Light and Power Company lights our city!" he yelled. "Here is three hundred dollars that W. H. Fitzgerald—who sits over there watching his hirelings—paid to Alderman Protova."

Protova, a sincere, hardheaded supporter of Pingree, had been sent to Fitzgerald deliberately to make a proposition and to get the usual bribe money.

"We will now," Pingree continued, "proceed to get a municipal lighting plant of our own and drive these rascals out of our city."

In the flush of the excitement, a municipal lighting plant was voted. That was when Pingree induced Alex Dow to leave his job at Baltimore and come to Detroit to build and manage our city-owned plant. Years later Dow joined Thomas A. Edison in establishing the Detroit Edison Company. He became an international figure as a far-seeing utility chief—who, incidentally, fired Henry Ford, his night engineer, because Ford insisted there was a future in the gasoline-combustion motor rather than in the electric car.

Detroiters began developing a vast respect for their mayor. Within three months under city ownership arc lights cost only \$35 a month to maintain, against the regular rate of the Detroit Electric Light & Power Company of \$127.

Still Pingree was not winning any supporters from the old conservative element. Or from the press. At one time he had more than \$4,000,000 in suits of libel against our four papers. He never brought any of them to trial. It was a trick on his part so that he could tell the people they were attacking him because he was suing them.

Out of this feud developed what I believe to be the only conspiracy of silence ever attempted in American journalism. All four newspaper publishers got together with the Better Minds and agreed that the way to beat Pingree was to ignore him. They would not mention his name in the papers at all. Just as though he never existed. People would forget him. That silent treatment was only on two days until Pingree met the challenge. There were four

posts around the City Hall which were once a part of an iron fence. To each one of these Pingree attached bulletin boards and set all his writers and secretaries to work thinking up things to call the newspapers, the owners, editors and even some of the reporters, though the latter were all his friends.

His first proclamations announced that though he was barred from the newspapers, the people of Detroit would not be denied the truth; that they were to come down to the City Hall daily and read his bulletins. Furthermore, having read them, they were to go back to their home neighborhoods, their offices and factories and spread the tidings.

Pingree never pulled a punch in his life.

Some of the things he said about the editors and publishers fairly curled the cedar-block pavements. Under their agreement, there was no way of answering him. True to his uncanny instinct, the people responded. From sunrise until sunset there were lines of citizens, most of them working people, passing by those four bulletin boards. This weird battle of silence on one side went on for three months. The editors and publishers could stand the strain no longer. Circulations began to drop. For years after there were bitter arguments over which one violated the agreement first. However it happened, the conspiracy ended in a dismal failure. Pingree roared with Gargantuan laughter.

He once arrested almost the entire Board of Education for accepting bribes from book companies and seat manufacturers. He knew they were stealing, but had to prove it himself. He called in two young policemen who had just joined the force (later they became famous as a detective team: Bob Palmer and Jud Lombard).

The money was usually passed in a room on the second floor of the Finney Hotel, where Kerns Brothers' store now stands at Woodward and State. Part of one wall of this room was knocked out and papered over. Everything could be heard in the next room, and the wallpaper was pricked with pins so that the two policemen could peek through and see what was going on.

When the evidence was all gathered and warrants were issued, Pingree marched over to the Board of Education Building where an evening meeting was being held.

"You are a bunch of thieves, grafters and rascals!" he yelled, "A-

your names are called the police will take you into custody.”

At each name, an officer flashed a warrant and grabbed the accused. The patrol wagon was filled. The trials were long-drawn-out and bitter, but the ring leaders were convicted. The book trust's hold on our school system was broken.

In the worst of the depression in the nineties, the day laborers of the city were threatened with famine. Pingree's solution made him the laughingstock of the nation. He had all the vacant fields, parks, and lots turned into gardens. These were supervised by the commanding officer at Fort Wayne who volunteered. Potatoes were planted mostly. While the cartoonists pictured Ping as a silly old man all covered with potato bugs, the rains came down and the sun kissed the harvest. Nobody in Detroit went hungry that winter.

After Ping had served three terms everybody in town agreed that he was unbeatable. In those days we had what was called the “Two o'clock Count.” Weak precincts could be bolstered by the subsequent “Eight o'clock Count.”

In every election, Pingree was snowed under by the Two o'clock Count because the Better People always voted in the morning.

“That's the silk stockings!” he would roar. “But wait until the gravel train comes in.”

“The gravel train” always swept him into office by tremendous majorities.

Pingree himself said that his fight against the Old Guard and the utilities was hopeless with their absolute power in the state government. So in 1896 he ran for governor and—as usual—walked in. But he had been re-elected mayor in 1895 and the term ran through 1897. He blithely announced that he would hold both offices! The Supreme Court ruled that this was illegal and impossible. He would have to retire as mayor. Pingree refused and functioned in both offices until February 15. By this time the Supreme Court was so angry that it issued a warrant for his arrest for contempt of court. Ping then gave in. He announced that he had selected Captain Albert E. Stewart, a veteran vesselman of the Great Lakes, as his successor. A special convention was called to nominate Stewart on the Republican ticket.

Ol' Cap Stewart was a man with a large Adam's apple and a flow

of profanity that would have melted the winter ice of Lake Superior. He was about as much qualified to be mayor as I am to be an adagio dancer.

His speech of acceptance was one sentence: "If I am elected I will do just what the governor tells me to do."

He meant it! Pingree meant it! The Democrats put up William C. Maybury, former congressman and a gentleman famed if not for inventing, at least perfecting the fine art of going through the neighborhoods kissing babies. There were mothers in this town who used to worry for fear their little ones might not grow up to be bright boys and girls if they had not been kissed by that dear kind man, Mr. Maybury. The only stand Maybury ever took was with one foot at the bar when far away from Detroit.

Toward the close of the campaign Pingree announced from Lansing that he was coming to Detroit to make a keynote speech on the mayoralty campaign. The Light Guard Armory was packed to the rafters, with more people outside than there were in.

The newspapers, determined not to be sued for a few more millions, hired court stenographers to take down verbatim Pingree's address. These experts sat with pencils sharply pointed, poised to take every syllable. The band crashed forth, "Hail the Conquering Hero." Ping, in his familiar frock coat, marched on to the stage to the cannonlike roar of greeting.

When the tumult had subsided, he pulled from his inner pocket a speech J. W. Walsh had written for him. Then he shot it back again and stepped close to the edge of the platform.

"All I gotta say," he yelled, "is that this town needs somebody to tell the public-utility crowd to kiss something else besides babies!"

That was his speech—complete.

But despite Cap Stewart's strange insistence that all he ever planned to be was a stooge, Maybury beat him by only 248 votes.

Now, Hazen S. Pingree, the shy and soft-spoken private citizen, had changed in more ways than one. He so adored his wife that he rarely ever took a drink in her presence. But out in the pitiless white light of publicity all the little deceits by which he added to her happiness were wiped away. He had never forgiven the pillars of the Woodward Avenue Baptist Church for taking away his

family pew and he did not hesitate to express his feelings on churches, most of whose pastors were denouncing him as "that horrible man—he drinks!"

One of the reasons for his hate of Maybury was that Maybury was a sanctimonious hypocrite who served as senior warden of St. Peter's Episcopal Church and used the pastor, the Reverend Dr. C. L. Arnold, for campaign purposes. The anti-Pingree press always played up Arnold's sermons suggesting that Pingree was very wicked, indeed. He drank! This despite the fact that no man among us ever lived a cleaner moral life.

His second term was ending. He wanted a rest. He had been fighting night and day for ten straight years. He decided that he would go to Africa to hunt big game.

"The people are tired of me," he told his intimates, "I will go away for a rest and then return. While I am gone they will miss me. They will want me back."

Knowing that he was going to leave, the church people and the Better Element howled in their glee. Pingree's answer to their drinking charges was to send them all personal invitations to a farewell banquet at Lansing. He knew that none of them would accept. He ordered all the seats removed from the floor of the House of Representatives. Then caterers prepared a magnificent banquet for the members of the legislature and their friends—and Pingree's friends. Seats were set for four hundred.

This was a New Year's Eve party. They were to say good-by to him, good-by to the old year and good-by to the nineteenth century. By the time the morning's sun crept through the windows of the capitol building our twentieth century was winging on its way.

Robert M. LaFollette, a young lawyer from Wisconsin, who had sat at his feet and learned wisdom, was to launch the Progressive movement in his home state. Thomas L. Johnson, who had first come to Detroit as a lobbyist for the utility interests, soon realized Pingree's depth of integrity and sincerity, and returned to Cleveland to become the famous reform mayor of that city. And there was Theodore Roosevelt, who after the Spanish-American War had campaigned for governor in New York State, still wearing his Rough Rider uniform. He had become interested in the strange new force let loose in Detroit.

T. R. had not been originally a liberal. He and Henry Cabot Lodge had campaigned for James G. Blaine against Grover Cleveland as a Republican regular, despite the unsavory stories that were never refuted of Blaine's dalliance in shady financial deals. That is one of the reasons why, after the campaign, Roosevelt went out to North Dakota for several years to have his political halo refurbished before launching into his lifetime crusade against "malefactors of great wealth."

Roosevelt corresponded with Pingree, drew from him the essence of his purposes, adopted his whole philosophy and wound up in Chicago in 1912 singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" in the Bull Moose battle.

In that conflict, eleven years after Pingree's death, the state of Michigan was still under the old shoemaker's spell. Michigan was the only state in the Union that went overwhelmingly for Roosevelt and the Progressive party. It was the fight over seating the Detroit Roosevelt delegation, amidst a riot, at the State Convention at Saginaw, and the appeals from that Old Guard larceny to the National Convention at Chicago, which led to the split in the Republican ranks and gave birth to the Bull Moose party. Roosevelt carried the state on election day by 214,584, against 152,244 for Taft and 150,751 for Wilson.

Tom Johnson was to stir up Cleveland and Ohio, Bob LaFollette was to carry on in Wisconsin, Senator Charles E. Townsend, of Michigan, was to propose railroad legislation under the driving force of Theodore Roosevelt. A new America was a-borning.

The revelry at Lansing lasted until morning, with Pingree making speeches as they occurred to him. To those who wished him *bon voyage* on his journey to Africa and the big-game trails he shouted:

"I'll be back!"

It was a promise and a challenge. He was not out of the country a month before there was a clamor for his return. The old interests began moving in again. There was planned a triumphant return at New York Harbor with a great special train bringing him back to the wars of Michigan. (Theodore Roosevelt helped himself to that idea, too.)

But the mighty Pingree was stricken with jungle fever in London on his way home. They brought his body back to lie in state in

the corridor of our City Hall. For two nights and two days the lines passing his bier were never broken. The people refused to be comforted. They gave their pennies, their nickels, their dimes, their quarters and at a time when they desperately needed them, in commemoration of him, the first Progressive.

Some years later when William H. Maybury also died his friend George W. Fowle, dilettante police commissioner, proposed a monument for Maybury to rank with that of Pingree. It was paid for by private subscription.

There it stands today, looking across at Pingree as much as to say, "Here I am, too."

There are those who say that on certain moonlight nights there comes a tilt to the Pingree nose and his great shoulders shake as though he were about to spring from his chair and again go to battle across the street.

HE FELL INTO THE RIVER

WHEN Edward J. Jeffries was elected mayor of Detroit for the first time it was largely because his name was Edward J. Jeffries.

Detroit voted for the name from force of habit. That is, enough of them did to elect him and to keep him in office term after term. But after the first election Edward J. Jeffries, Jr., was on his own—so successfully, however, that he is the only man, with the exception of Hazen S. Pingree ever elected four full terms.

Edward J. Jeffries, Sr., was the defender of labor. In the 1945 campaign, as earlier, Jeffries Junior was fought tooth and nail by the CIO as labor's "enemy." Father was an avowed enemy of all vested interests and scorned society. Son belongs to all our better clubs and is intellectually an aristocrat.

Father Jeffries was the last of the old Populist—"Coin" Harvey-William Jennings Bryan-monetary-reform crusaders of Detroit. His last mighty effort to save mankind from being crucified on a cross of gold was in the wild campaign of 1936 when he ran for senator on the Farmer-Labor ticket and supported the Townsend plan. Throughout his long life Jeffries supported anything in the way of political and economic theory that was not orthodox.

His apostasy of the *status quo*, however, extended only to the vociferous promulgation of theories. Privately he amassed a comfortable fortune—all honorably achieved and carefully nurtured.

This mighty battler for the underprivileged never wanted his son to suffer the pangs of adversity through which he had fought his way. So Edward Junior was born with a golden spoon in his mouth although the old man made that fortune of his denouncing gold and all its iniquities. Edward Junior was given every educational and social advantage. After finishing a brilliant career at the

University of Michigan Law College he was sent abroad to finish his studies.

I think it was fortunate for the father that he died just before the son took office. The shock of hearing the son's political philosophy might have killed him. Not that young Jeff has ever been unfair to labor; but he has held consistently that other people in the world also have some right. This the father would have looked upon as rank heresy—politically.

There was a time when it was thought that Jeffries Senior would inherit the mantle of Hazen S. Pingree as the great Progressive. But he could never get over the obsession that tinkering with money values would solve all the problems of mankind. Pingree himself was a businessman who knew that real wealth does not come from printing money but from producing goods. Ping's reforms were moral, not monetary.

The older Jeffries was born in Detroit, the son of a horse doctor. When he was a child the family moved to Carlton and Jeff found life hard and bitter. He learned the printing trade and worked his way through the University of Michigan. His printing card got him into the labor movement and the left wing of the Democratic party. "Coin" Harvey and the Populists fascinated him. He went out to Oregon as a union organizer, soapboxer and all-around radical. Whatever was, shouldn't be.

When Jacob S. Coxey, "General of the Commonwealth of Christ," launched his historic pilgrimage of protest to Washington in 1894, as the head of what the newspapers called "Coxey's Army," Jeffries joined up. He wired Coxey at Massillon, Ohio, that he was advancing east with another army to join forces with the general.

Out West, Jeffries had organized a heterogeneous group of sorely distressed farmers, unemployed workers, wild-eyed theorists and just plain, common bums. He herded them across the continent as far as Duluth where they boarded the schooner *Grampian* which was to take them to Cleveland to merge with Coxey's battalions.

There were about five hundred of these marchers-on-to-Washington on board the *Grampian* when it anchored off the foot of Bates Street. For years there was a local argument at campaign times as to whether Jeff fell off the boat or was pushed. His ene-

mies said he was pushed, the defenders said he fell, and neutrals guessed he just jumped.

Anyway, he came out of the river, walked from the dock to the City Hall steps and made an impassioned speech denouncing gold, the trusts, the government and established society in general.

But mostly gold! The sixteen-to-one free-silver principle would save mankind. "When Moses," he cried, "went up the mountain to speak to the Lord, Aaron made a golden calf, which became the first gold standard adopted by mankind and which the world has worshiped ever since."

Jeff was back where he was born and his branch of the army moved on to report to General Coxey. The march ended for Coxey's Army at Washington where the general was arrested for stepping on the grass and served twenty days.

People laughed at that march of Coxey's men but it was "a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand." The people were sorely distressed. The mere fact that they had no solution of their difficulties did not give surcease from them. Nor did the fact that they had impractical theorists leading them and promising them milk and honey make less logical their grievances. The inarticulate common herd understood only that they were hungry and impoverished. An honest leadership of men who *did* know the answers might have advanced the democracy of America to such an extent that the violence of the New Deal explosion would never have taken place. It was for such purposes that Hazen S. Pingree fought, as did Theodore Roosevelt.

Jeffries resumed his practice of law here as a resident of the Tenth Ward. The political ownership of this ward was being fought over by Pat O'Brien, a saloonkeeper on Michigan near Fourteenth, and Jim Hayes, a genial and popular undertaker. Hayes picked Jeffries to beat O'Brien for alderman. Jeff from then on was the storm center of the City Hall. His one great ambition was to be mayor, but both parties ganged up on him every time he raised his shaggy head—and voice.

No man could bellow so loud in Detroit and none was more adroit in all the forensic flapdoodle. He knew every trick. One of these was slapping his hands together so that the repercussion sounded like an explosion. Nobody could ever sleep in a Jeffries

audience. They called him the Knight of the Open Mouth and the Bleeding Heart. Harry Nimmo in the *Saturday Night* used to discuss his vocal cords as a baseball expert might a pitcher's arm. When I look back through the years, all I can find that he ever offered struggling mankind was his sympathy.

Finally, he was elected a police-court judge where he was pictured by the conservatives as a vicious spider fighting in the underworld of darkness, anarchy and communism, to ruin the United States of America because he always seemed to take the side of the accused. Every bum got a break. Jeff had a simple formula gained from his long years in the radical movement: the policeman was always a tool of capital and a creature not to be believed under oath. On this high note as a disciple of Blackstone he was elevated by the people to the nonpartisan position of judge of the recorder's court—our criminal bench.

Here he carried on his relentless crusades against the police, the prosecutors and the established order of existence. Black Joe Wasinski, with a police record as long as *Gone With the Wind*, was discharged by him because the police had insufficient evidence in a charge of burglary which everybody knew was the man's hobby. Jeff held that his fingerprints were not evidence.

When a male schoolteacher testified against a common prostitute for accosting him, Jeff called him a rat and added: "You are lower than the woman you are testifying against. You have heard the expression, haven't you, 'lying like a prince to protect a woman'? If you had a spark of decency in you, you wouldn't be here. I suppose you teach sociology or political economy at Highland Park High School? Get out of here!"

In another case Jeff ordered a jury to acquit a woman who had smuggled a gun into her husband's cell in the county jail. That night the gun was used in a jail break. Both the husband and the woman had long criminal records. Jeff ordered her freed on the ground that "when a wife commits a crime in her husband's presence, it is presumed that she does it through coercion. The law regards her as innocent and her husband as the guilty party." To the prosecutor's protest that the law specifically meant in the family domicile or where the husband was possessed of such authority, Jeff answered that the cell was his domicile and the woman was

within the law in smuggling a gun past the guard to her beloved.

These were routine cases, everyday occurrences. The pay-off came when a policeman saw a man lurking in the shadows of an alley around midnight. He went after him and was shot in the leg. After a struggle he downed the suspect and landed him in the cell block. Some weeks later he came limping into court to appear against the prisoner—another man with a long record.

"What right had you to suspect this man of anything?" demanded Jeff.

"He ran when he saw me coming."

"Who wouldn't run from you?" yelled Jeff. "Anybody would!"

"He was carrying a gun," protested the policeman, "and he shot me."

"You were chasing him, weren't you?"

"Yes, but he had no license to carry a gun!"

"How did you know he had a gun when you chased him? This arrest is altogether illegal. The case is dismissed. Return the prisoner his gun."

The police arrested the fellow outside the court for illegally carrying arms. The night the *Detroit News* carried a seven-column cut of the gun—exact size—all over the front page. That broke up a beautiful friendship. Heretofore E. G. Pipp, editor of the *News*, and Jeff had been bosom friends due to Jeff's eternal campaigning for municipal ownership of streetcars—a continuance of the crusade begun by Pingree.

Jeffries was up for re-election. The battle against him that followed the gun incident took about all the space in the paper. Curt Bradner suggested that we run a box on the front page explaining that if people wanted to know what was going on in the rest of the world they should telephone Pipp. It wasn't such a sound idea at that, because I do not think Pipp would have known.

Election night came. Jeffries' lead kept mounting steadily. We were beaten. The controlled precincts rolled in solidly for their friend. The sun of the next day was coming into the windows of the old Shelby Street office. I had not had my shoes off for twenty-four hours, handling the mass of election returns. I was sitting far back in the corner at a large table. The door opened. In walked Judge Jeffries.

I had heard through the night that he had been around town celebrating his victory; but, as he stalked across the room, he was freshly shaved and flawlessly tailored. He never spoke but kept on marching relentlessly toward me with his hand behind his back, glaring at me from under his John L. Lewis eyebrows which always gave him the appearance of some curious animal peering through underbrush.

When he finally reached my table, he made a sudden gesture. I was perfectly satisfied he had a gun. Instead, it was a lily—a beautiful white, fresh, calla lily. From the turkish bath he had stopped at Jim Hayes's undertaking parlors and got it for me. He laid it very gently on the table as though resting it upon a grave. That done, he turned sharply and walked out again. He never said a word.

When the incident was reported to Pipp, it made him furious, but I had a warm spot in my heart for the old rascal from then on.

In another of the municipal ownership fights—they seemed to be coming up every other week—Jeffries was against the Thompson-Hally ordinance, which was a franchise. Judge Jeffries got permission to address the Common Council. William B. Thomson was mayor and Patrick J. M. Hally was corporation counsel.

Jeffries opened up with his hand-slapping barrage. His bull voice roared through the building. It was a magnificent exhibition of physical energy. Hally, a lean, gaunt, quick-tempered Irishman, was furious at the onslaught upon his honor, his character, his citizenship, his ancestry.

He, too, was an orator of parts. "If this is to be a yelling match," he screamed, "I can yell as loud as you can, Jeffries!" They shrieked at each other for hours. As there was no way of quieting them down, the presiding officer, a bartender from the Seventh Ward, whammed his gavel and announced the session was adjourned.

With the sound of the gavel, Hally, insane with rage, jerked out a cigar and jammed it between his teeth. He was pacing up and down trying to get control of himself when Jeffries walked straight up to him. The crowd watched, wondering.

With a swift slap of his hand Jeff knocked Pat's fresh cigar out of his mouth and far across the room.

"You—" screamed Hally.

"Why, hello, Pat," said Jeff, like a little child, "where have you been all evening?"

When he ran for the United States Senate on the Farmer-Labor ticket he was still making use of the speeches he made on the City Hall steps after pulling himself out of the river in 1894. But the wicked capitalistic system had done pretty well by him at that.

He was not unlike one of his old comrades in arms in the holy crusade for municipal ownership, F. F. Ingram, who ran a large and successful pharmaceutical business when not haunting the newspaper offices with his economic and social vagaries. I happened to know how little the old fellow paid his help and how much he overworked them.

"Why don't you try these schemes in your own business?" I asked him one day.

"Oh," he said, as though it explained everything, "I own that."

OUR EDDIE

IN THE ceaseless conflict which gives to Detroit that dynamic element so baffling to strangers—there is one man who walks serene in our midst. There are no opposing schools of thought about him in our town.

The one thing all established Detroiters are completely agreed upon is the personality of Edgar A. Guest and the peculiar part he plays in our community life.

No, I do not mean Edgar A. Guest, the poet.

I mean just Edgar A. Guest.

There is an Eddie Guest the wide world knows and there is an Eddie Guest Detroit knows. They are not two different people but the outside world knows only one facet of his character—that glimpse of him they gain through reading his daily newspaper verse.

There are thousands of poets in America who try to write for newspapers. But none has created for himself the niche in the hearts of the people that is Eddie's.

The intelligentsia denounce him because he is not a poet in their definitions. They quote until the bar closes the lines attributed to Dorothy Parker:

"I'd rather flunk my Wasserman test
Than read a poem by Eddie Guest."

Those who do not know him think that he is a sweet, kindly sentimentalist who gushes out goodness. As a matter of cold fact, the Eddie Guest I've known for forty-five years is a shrewd, tough-fibered, intelligent man who can sit at table with the best and shame them for their lack of knowledge.

He is not a glad-hander, a backslapper or an extrovert in any

sense of that much-abused word. His outstanding attribute is common sense and a complete objectivity about himself. I have never known him to indulge in any temperament. I have never known him to say an unkind thing about any man or to do a mean thing. I know of no man who has been so completely on the level with himself in the sense that Shakespeare gave the admonition:

. . . to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

In one of his verses Eddie sums up his own simple philosophy in this:

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know;
I want to be able as the days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.

He means just that. He knows no other way of life. He was that way long before he ever wrote a line of verse. He was that way when we fought each other for scoops as kids on the police beat. He was born that way.

He never puts on any act about it. He thinks no more of it than he does the color of his hair or his eyes. He never preaches, never strikes a pose, never a false note in all his contacts with all walks of life.

When Eddie, in the long years ago, was just coming up as a popular lecturer, he was invited to Buffalo to deliver a banquet address. On the boat crossing Lake Erie there was a reporter. The fellow had been fired from every paper in town because of his dissolute habits. He was beating it out of town to land a job somewhere else but had spent the night at the bar. In the morning he was a worse wreck than usual. Eddie did not know him but he recognized Eddie and appealed to him.

"I can hardly walk," he sobbed, "and if I can't navigate they

won't let me off the boat. You take my arm and support me down the gangplank, will ya', Eddie?"

"Sure!" said Eddie.

He half carried the man to the dock. And there, waiting for him, was the reception committee of the association he was to address. That never bothered Eddie a bit. He staggered along with his burden until they got to the street. Then the down-and-outer collapsed in the gutter. Eddie picked him up and told him to sit on the curb until he got back. Then he met the committee.

"Poor fellow is a bit under the weather," explained Eddie.

When rebuked by friends who were with him for risking his reputation and hurting his chances of getting other engagements, Eddie was resentful.

"The poor devil needed help, didn't he?"

To him it was the most completely logical thing in the world to do. That is the way he always reacts—naturally and without thought of himself.

Eddie is still registered as a reporter on the payroll of the *Detroit Free Press*. For fifty years it has been that way. He insists upon it for sentimental reasons. His happiest hours in the office are down in the local room fanning with the reporters and going over their stories with them. Every Monday noon there is an "Eddie Guest day" at the place where they gather to eat—with Eddie paying for everything.

His weekly check as a "reporter" he has not seen in years. That automatically goes to his secretary who turns it over to one of his charities.

A reporter from some western university had been on the paper for some months when he exploded: "My English teacher almost ordered us to hate that guy because he didn't like Eddie's poetry. How can anybody hate Eddie Guest! He's the finest man I ever met and I only wish that English prof knew half as much about life and literature as Eddie does."

In the Guest home in Palmer Park, with its garden running right onto the Detroit Golf Club course, Eddie has as fine a library as there is in Detroit. The books are dog-eared from usage. His favorite reading is the classics. Here is an explanation of a seeming contradiction.

Our music critic, Dorsey Callaghan, has a gift for lilting Irish lyrics. Before he became a member of our staff I used to run some of them in the "Good Morning" column. Eddie proclaimed their merit and wanted to meet the author. Callaghan came in to meet him. Dorsey had an idea of getting out a book of these verses because of their popularity. Eddie urged him to bring down his manuscript so that he could help him find a publisher. He read through to the finish.

"Look," he said. "Offer these. They are light, tender, beautiful. Their rhythm is sheer music. But these others are out of character. They are just as well written, but they are bitter. They do not belong. If you are to have a public following in writing verse you must conform. Sometimes when I am feeling low and out of sorts I write things like these. But I never publish them. I just write them to get them out of my system."

This is the hardheaded, practical, substantial citizen Detroit knows and understands. He is the only man I have ever known who walks with kings without being aware of their royalty. His common touch has never been dimmed. Whether he is out on the golf course playing eighteen holes with Cardinal Mooney or acting a part in a Masonic drama or sitting at lunch with Henry Ford, he is just the same as he is sitting at the rear of the building talking to a truck driver and asking him about his children. The colored waiter at the club means just as much to him as the president of the organization.

There's his chauffeur John, who has been with him twenty-five years. I drove back from Pointe au Barques with John one afternoon and for something to talk about I began talking about Eddie.

"Look," said John. "I haven't felt that I've done a day's work in twenty-five years, being with Mr. Guest."

"How do you make that out?" I asked.

"Well, it's just this way. After the first World War and after I was discharged from the army, I came to Detroit to see if I could get a job in one of the automobile factories. I had been a coal miner and a semiprofessional ballplayer and a garage worker. But I could not find any work in the factories. I looked in the *Free Press* and saw where a man named Guest wanted a chauffeur and I went

up to his house—just on a chance. I was going to bluff my way through that I was an expert chauffeur.

“He came out on his porch and sat down with me, just as though I were a visitor. I told him right off, then, just what I was and that I had no recommendations. He laughed.

“‘John,’ he said, ‘what do recommendations mean, anyway? If you like me and I like you, that’s all that matters. You just take the job and we’ll see how we get along together. I feel quite sure Mrs. Guest and the family are going to like you.’

“And that’s all there ever was to it. I have never felt that I was working for Mr. Guest. I just feel sort of like a member of the family with my chores to do.”

There is never any servant problem in the Guest home. You see, Eddie lives the philosophy he expresses in his verse—the little homely everyday incidents of life which in the aggregate give existence its decency.

As a lecturer on the road Eddie can make a thousand dollars a week any time he wants to pack his grip. But he gave such tours up long ago. Too much effort and too long away from home. The crowds get on his nerves. He can’t stand being “pawed.”

And so, for nothing a week, he does the same thing in Detroit!

No lecturer has a heavier schedule than does our Eddie in the winter “lettuce league.” It may be some little church mission struggling along in the slums or in the outskirts. It may be a vast assemblage at the Masonic auditorium. It may be at the Knights of Columbus or at some civic gathering. There is only one thing yelled by whatever crowd it may be: “There’s Eddie!”

Through the day when not working on his verses, taking care of business details or playing golf, he makes regular rounds to all the hospitals and homes for the aged. These people want to see him and talk with him. And, as naturally as he studies a tough draw in a poker game, he goes to them. They want him. That’s enough!

When he enters a hospital or home the grapevine passes the word: “Eddie’s here!” He does not hand out any bunk or soft soap. He’s always himself. But he tells them little stories to make them forget their pain and their worries and leaves them smiling.

“He’s better than most medicine,” say the doctors.

I have never talked to Eddie about this peculiar quality he possesses. It would annoy him. An otherwise nonreligious man—nonreligious in the sense that he seldom goes to church services—he is in three or four churches every week. He just goes about doing good without any more artificiality than a salmon fighting its way from the sea to the fresh waters of the Columbia River. I guess what I am trying to say is that there is nothing “churchy” about him. He never preaches Christianity, he practices it. The down-and-outer gets his hand as simply and as naturally as any king of finance. To Eddie they are all “just folks.”

That is why in Detroit he is known as a man with a thousand days and nights. It is getting so that no organization no matter how large or how insignificant is without an “Eddie Guest day” or an “Eddie Guest night.” They are always sure of a turn-away audience and in little church organizations that is a godsend when the interest on the mortgage is coming due.

All this admiration and affection did not just grow from his popularity and success as a poet of the people. As I have said earlier he was that way before he ever owned a rhyming dictionary. As a police reporter his rivals on the beat came as close to hating Eddie as any group possibly could hate the fellow, knowing him.

All this was because we could not get any news “until Eddie came.” Old Captain Jim McDonnell, chief of detectives, would suck on his meerschaum pipe and look us over with a fishy eye while we stood before him waiting for news of a break in some crime story.

“Is that Eddie Guest here yit?” he would ask.

“No,” we would mimic him. “Not yit.”

“Wal, I ain’t goin’ to tell you anything until Eddie’s here. Now there’s a fine boy—”

Eddie never did any favors for ol’ Cap Jim. It was just a way he had. From the lowliest doorman and floor sweeper up to the commissioner they seemed to sit around waiting and asking, “Is Eddie here yit?” Over on the court beat or at the City Hall, or wherever fate and city editors sent us, it was always the same: “Where’s Eddie?”



Judge Edward J. Jeffries and his son, Edward J. Jeffries, four-term mayor.



Statue of Hazen S. Pingree in Grand Circus Park.



Left: Hazen S. Pingree. *Right:* Newspaper drawing of Hazen S. Pingree inspecting his potato patches during threatened famine.

It seems as though for forty-five years of my life I've been answering questions about Eddie. It is impossible to walk down the street with him and get more than a block in a half-hour. Everybody has got to stop and talk to him and he, of course, has to stop and ask them about the kids or the wife or the old mother. He knows 'em all!

As for the popular vogue his daily bits of verse enjoy there are two reasons, I think. First, there is the intangible element of complete sincerity which penetrates to the consciousness of his readers. Others sit down to their typewriters and put on an act. Eddie never acts. His writings express what's in his heart. That is the explanation given me by his lifelong friend and companion, the late William Lyon Phelps.

The other lies in the beginning of his vogue. When the First World War came on everybody went mad with hate. The papers were full of nothing else. Hate and horror. But Eddie never deviated from his course. People began turning to his small daily offering of cheer and hope. They have kept on reading through the years. His fame grows greater.

An article once appeared in Mencken's *American Mercury* which purported to be a character sketch of Eddie, "Poet Laureate of the Obvious." Its main theme was that the people were dumb bastards for reading and liking Eddie's verse instead of more profound offerings.

Some time after that article appeared Eddie went to Baltimore to deliver a lecture. Baltimore is the home of Henry L. Mencken, and Henry then was an editor of one of the Baltimore *Sun* papers, doubling in brass with his cynical *Mercury*.

Eddie had hardly got his bag unpacked when the telephone rang. A reporter from the Baltimore *Sun* to see him. Eddie told the clerk to send him up. He had been a reporter too many years not to know the technique. He was in for a needle.

"I have been sent to interview you about poetry," the reporter began. "As one of America's foremost poets—"

"Just a minute," interrupted Eddie. "I made no claims to being a poet. All I do is to take some pleasant bit of homely philosophy and put it into verse form. I do not call that poetry."

This stopped the bright young man assigned to do the ribbing. "Well," he said finally, "whom do you consider the great poets of America?"

"I like Edwin Arlington Robinson very much," said Eddie. "And then there is Robinson Jeffers. His 'Roan Stallion' is magnificent. Edna St. Vincent Millay has done some excellent work. But the man who, I think, is coming like a house afire is Stephen Vincent Benet."

"Oh!" cried his visitor, "You like *that* kind of poetry?"

"Yes," said Eddie honestly.

So the reporter and the lecturer sat down and had a nice long visit about poetry and poets—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton. . . . Masfield.

As the reporter left he turned regretfully, having remembered his assignment.

"What do you think of the *American Mercury*?" he asked.

"A thought-provoking magazine," said Eddie. "But I think Mr. Mencken edits it with his tongue in his cheek. He is too fine a philologist and too good a scholar to take seriously all the things he writes or publishes."

"What do you think of Mencken personally?"

"I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Mencken. But you just tell him this for me: He is working one side of the street and I the other. There is no reason for us to quarrel."

The Baltimore *Sun* carried in its later editions a fine interview with Edgar A. Guest and presented him as a modest, intelligent gentleman and "a regular fellow."

While I do not know the "Sage of Baltimore" as well as I know the best-loved citizen of Detroit, I am quite certain, from all the talks I have ever had with him, that Henry Mencken would enjoy Eddie as much as we do.

THE THREE EAGLES

THE adventurous-minded, the mechanically skilled, the lovers of speed, come to our city as unerringly as molecules turn to the lodestone.

Of such as these are Jimmy Doolittle and Eddie Rickenbacker. It is not altogether the mechanical urge. Sometimes it is baseball. There are many leaders of business today who will confess that they came to Detroit during the first and second decades of the twentieth century so that they could watch Ty Cobb play.

In the autumn before Pearl Harbor, Cobb came back to Detroit to play a golf match at Grosse Isle against his old baseball rival, Babe Ruth. I went out to see the game for just one reason: I wanted to see if the years had dimmed the fierce competitive spirit of Cobb. They had not. He had trained for that match and had even gone on a diet. He fought for every stroke, would concede nothing. He won.

That night Ty gave a dinner at the Statler Hotel for a group of old Detroiters who had known him in his youth. Among those invited were H. G. Salsinger, sports editor of the *News*, and Bill Kuenzel, the pioneer Detroit newspaper photographer, who made a pictorial history of Cobb's twenty-four years the main attraction of the Big Top. Also with the crowd was Jimmy Doolittle, then a major in the Air Reserve Corps.

I had never associated Jimmy with baseball and yet this was to be so strictly an old-timers' affair that no mention was to be made of the party. As he and Cobb seemed to be old friends I spoke to him about it.

"I didn't know that you were a baseball fan, Jimmy."

"I'm not," he grinned; "just a Cobb fan. As a kid in St. Louis I never missed a game in which Cobb played, but I can't remember being interested in any others."

"What interested you in Ty Cobb?"

"Speed!" said Jimmy. "Just speed! I wanted to see him go around those bases."

"Would Ty have made a good aviator?"

"Yes—a wonder! I have never known any other man who had such complete co-ordination of mind and body."

From that we got talking about the approaching war. We all knew that there was no escape from it. I asked Jimmy what he expected to do when it came.

"Teach again, I suppose," he sighed. "Just my luck! Look! In the First World War I was fit and ready. I was dying for action. I finally got on a transport and was happy. But just before the ship sailed I was ordered off. I knew too much, they said, about flying. I had to teach others. So they sent me to Texas.

"And now there's another war coming and I'm too old. They'll keep me here again to teach. I'm forty-five and I suppose that's all they consider me good for."

I did not see Jimmy again after that visit. In fact, I did not hear of him again until the Associated Press flash ran through the news room: "Doolittle bombs Tokyo!"

Thus it is that fate cuts the pattern of our lives. I am not a fatalist and yet I am convinced that Destiny determined the career of Eddie Rickenbacker too.

"Only fools take chances," he would say, when people spoke of him as a wild racer. "In this racing game you've got to use your head or lose it. Daredevils don't last long. Most of them are dead. It's brains that count, not luck or recklessness. If you haven't got a head to know just what to do, they'll be sweeping you off the track with a broom. I never take chances."

With his earnings on the tracks Eddie opened a big garage in Detroit with his brother. The war came while he was racing in England. He volunteered before the draft. Because of his fame as a spectacular racer he was assigned to General John Pershing as a chauffeur.

Though in later years Eddie has denied the story—but not too emphatically—it has been pretty well authenticated that General Pershing granted him permission to apply to the Air Corps because

of Eddie's seemingly reckless but perfectly safe driving. There were times that "Black Jack" was getting more thrills out of Eddie's driving than he was out of the war.

"There's nothing at the front," he said grimly one day, "that can be worse than what I go through everyday riding behind Sergeant Rickenbacker."

What angered him most was that Eddie would always forget to open the door for him. After one of Eddie's thoroughly safe, but expert wild rides, when he had asked over his shoulder with every lunge of the car if he couldn't join the Air Corps, Pershing told him: "You can go. If you are as dangerous to the Germans as you have been to me, you ought to be an ace within a week."

In seventeen days Eddie Rickenbacker was in the air and nobody knew it quicker than the German flyers. He swooped out of the clouds as he took the turns on the Indianapolis Speedway—wide open. With an airplane that was not much more than an egg crate with attachments he knocked off twenty-six enemy ships and became for that era the ace of aces. Still he insisted he never took any unnecessary chances.

He came back to Detroit with the plaudits of the world ringing in his ears, but the same Eddie. Headed by B. F. Everitt—the "E" of the once popular "E. M. F." car—a company was organized to make the Rickenbacker automobile. But dear old Barney Everitt was neither a production man, a selling genius nor a financier. The company went broke. General Motors hired Eddie and advanced him into the corporation's aviation interests.

Then to the presidency of the Eastern Airlines, with wars behind him and the excitement of the race tracks but a memory. A staid businessman who had reached an age where he could sit back comfortably and reminisce with intimates. A man who had lived his life!

Early in the morning of February 27, 1941, one of the line's giant ships cracked up near Atlanta, Georgia. Seven were killed and nine badly injured. Rickenbacker suffered a smashed left hip, a broken left wrist, eight broken ribs, a badly injured eye and a fracture of the skull.

But some instinct beyond the ken of man roused him to con-

sciousness for a fleeting moment as he lay there in the wreckage.

"Nobody light matches," he cried. "The ground is soaked with gasoline."

With that order—the only one necessary—he sank back to what they thought was death. For days they waited in the hospital for the end. Once the doctors said it was all over and permitted his family into the room. They looked and left.

But he moved his thumb!

He still lived!

The doctors threw aside medical terminology to explain it. "It's just plain guts," they said. He kept wiggling that thumb. It was his speedometer, his barometer, his compass. He gritted his teeth and fought and wiggled his thumb. The whole world watched the battle. He won again!

Shall we say that such exhibitions are manifestations of mere physical courage? That is possible. In 1926 he publicly denounced the United States Army for court-martialing and dismissing Brigadier General William Mitchell because of Billy's fight to develop an Army Air Force. Eddie had served under Mitchell in France.

"The General Staff," he charged, "is committing a crime against posterity."

For this crusade to get the Army interested in aviation Eddie Rickenbacker was denied the Congressional Medal of Honor. It was not until 1930 that it was presented to him, by President Hoover—twelve years late. Now Colonel Henry M. Stimson served in that war, too. When Eddie got his Congressional Medal Stimson was Secretary of State. When the Second World War broke he was Secretary of War. He knew Eddie, his courage, his clear-headedness.

Still limping from his injuries, with one foot permanently crippled, Eddie was asked by Secretary Stimson to make a survey of conditions in the Pacific theater of war. He went as a civilian observer. Somewhere out of Honolulu the ship cracked up. For twenty days the world mourned him as dead—at last!

It was then that we talked around town about him, his cold nerve and poise in little things far removed from the heroics of war. There was the time after the First World War when we took

him down to Bob-Lo Island and a big summer ceremonial of the Shriners. Eddie was one of the class in this playground of Freemasonry.

As a joke he was given a kiddie car to drive around the track inside the auditorium. He was to show us how he used to "take the turns wide open" at Indianapolis. But what Eddie didn't know was that every time the rear wheel spun around an electric spark would hit him in the seat of the pants. It was natural for us to believe that, with the first shock, he would quit. To everybody's amazement, Eddie took that little car and scooted around the complete track, waving his hand and smiling as though thoroughly enjoying himself. He hopped out at the finish line, saluted, walked over and took his seat. Yes, sat down! Never rubbed himself once, though all around him there was the odor of scorched cloth.

Albert Smith and his tricksters tested the thing to see if any wiring had come loose. The spark was still there. "He just ain't human," said Al, completely discouraged.

Then we talked of another type of courage, as cold an exhibition of nerve as I have ever seen. It was after an all-night New Year's Party at the Detroit Athletic Club. I had gone down on New Year's morning to get a shave and some hot towels. I was not alone. A goodly crowd was there. Among them, Eddie.

As I entered the barber shop, there sat Eddie in the first chair, holding a hand mirror close to his eye, the barber working over him like a mother with a sick child.

"Hello, Eddie," I started—and then looked at him. He had the most beautiful black eye I have ever seen on a human face. The eye was closed as tight as a Latin diphthong. Settled around the periphery of the epidermal rainbow were a number of leeches. Eddie was watching them through the mirror as they worked on his eye.

"Hello, Bing," he answered nonchalantly. He never mentioned his eye but directed the barber to "move that one over here."

I got into the chair next to his, waiting for him to explain where he got "the eye." As far as our conversation was concerned he had no "eye." I kept waiting for him to make some crack about it, some remark—anything.

But, nothing!

I found myself fighting the temptation to do the obvious, to come right out and ask: "*Where* did you get it?"

But I figured that that was perhaps just what he was expecting. We talked about the party of the night before, of the prospects of the new year, of the weather—everything under the sun but that eye.

I was shaved and finished and he was still there watching the leeches. I went over and stood near him and looked with him. Not a word.

"Good-by, Eddie," I finally said, feeling my resistance running out.

"Good-by, Bing. I'll be seeing you."

I know I could not have done it. I would have had to say it was a door or an icy sidewalk—or something!

And so it was that when the flash came from the Pacific that he and his companions had been rescued from their raft, Detroiters who knew him seemed to understand instinctively what had happened even before they heard the astounding story. They knew all about Eddie's cold nerve, no matter what the situation.

Never was there such a meeting in our town as there was on the night that Eddie came back to tell us about it. He was still limping—he always will—from the crack-up over Atlanta. He had spent twenty days on a raft. Then with but ten days in the hospital he had flown on his mission—to Australia, New Guinea and Guadalcanal. Back to Washington to make his confidential report to Secretary Stimson, he still did not rest. He swept across the country as a roaring evangelist for greater war production. It was that night-and-day crusade that brought him home.

As he spoke to his fellow townsmen his voice no longer sounded like the voice of the old Eddie Rickenbacker. Something seemed to surcharge the room.

My throat tightened so that I could not breathe and tears ran down my cheeks. I was ashamed. Then I looked around. I was not alone. They were all as I was.

Strange is the reaction of a crowd in one of these intense moments that come so rarely in the lives of grown men. When Eddie spoke of their daily prayer meetings and their faith in Almighty God, there was a roar of applause.

It was the only time I have ever heard God given a hand.

The three aviators who held the world's attention between the wars were Doolittle, Rickenbacker and Charles A. Lindbergh. Lindbergh was the only native Detroiter. A bronze plaque marks the house on Forest Avenue in which he was born. But the only long period of time he remained in Detroit was when he worked as chief technician in charge of the development of Henry Ford's Willow Run bombing plant. There he performed a brilliant task.

Lindbergh is a man who might have been one of the most significant figures of our times. A stubborn streak, inherited from his Scandinavian father who—as a congressman from Minnesota—fought against our entrance into the First World War, led the “Lone Eagle” into making ridiculous statements. He found himself associating with the sorriest galaxy of crackpots ever gathered in America to cheer a wrong cause.

But that unhappy mistake cannot take from him his remarkable achievements. I once asked Dr. Alexis Carrel about him. After the horrible tragedy of the kidnaping and death of his son, Lindbergh had gone to the Rockefeller laboratories to do research work that the agony might be eased.

He had startled the medical world with his mechanical heart and had demonstrated it at the World Congress of Science at Stockholm.

“How much was that heart his, Dr. Carrel,” I asked, “and how much yours?”

“It was all Lindbergh's,” he said very earnestly. “When future generations have forgotten all about that lone flight of his across the ocean, he will be remembered for what he has done in the advancement of medical science.”

I never knew Lindbergh's father, but all those who did speak of his stern qualities, of his refusal to unbend when his mind was made up, and of his even foolish courage in sticking to his convictions. I think the son must have a large element of that in him. Otherwise he would not have hopped across the ocean in that little plane—without instruments other than a compass—especially when warned by the United States Weather Bureau not to start. He made a perfect landing in Paris.

That, regardless of Dr. Carrel, the world will never forget.

While I have never met the father, I have met his mother. You get some understanding of the cool and aloof Lindbergh after you have met her. She comes from one of the oldest families of Detroit—the Lands. Her uncle, John C. Lodge, was Mayor of Detroit when the boy was flying the ocean.

Legend has it that Lindbergh first came to Detroit to see if he could get his uncle, as mayor, to interest local aviation in financing his flight. Uncle John, as the story goes, chided the boy for risking his life in aviation, assured him there was no future in it, and urged him to settle down and get "a good steady job."

His mother teaches chemistry at Cass Technical High School. She returned to Detroit after the death of her husband. When the flight started I was managing editor of the *News*. I arranged to have a wire run out to her bungalow home on the east side, so that she could be kept informed on every flash that came in. My idea was that we would get a break on any comment she might make—if he landed.

When the news came that he had made it, she was seemingly the only one in the world not thrilled.

"Thank you," she said. "That is all I want to know."

Later she did give the *News* a little more comment but not much. She barred herself to all reporters. The following morning she called her class together as usual at Cass Tech. They burst out in a wild ovation.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen," she responded crisply. "And now let us get on with our lessons."

I began looking up this curious lady. I found from James O. Murfin and others who were classmates of hers at the University of Michigan that it was generally agreed she was the most beautiful coed on the campus. And a brilliant student. But serene and aloof to all the adoring young men who sought her companionship. Local society anticipated a big social wedding with one of our gay young blades and was startled when she met and married the grim lawyer from Minnesota with his passionate crusading for liberal causes.

Newspapers, magazines and syndicates rushed representatives here to get her story on her son. She would see none of them. I was authorized by one of the syndicates to offer her \$25,000 for

ten articles on Lindbergh's boyhood. No answer at all. I appealed to Mayor Lodge.

"You do not know the little lady as I do," laughed the mayor. "All I can do is to make an effort to have you meet her and do your own arguing."

After days of delay she finally consented to see me in the mayor's office—after school.

She appeared as a lovely slim symphony in brown—a mite of a person compared with her six-foot-four son. Lodge introduced us.

"Permit me to thank you," she said in a soft musical voice, "for extending that wire to my residence when Charles was flying. But please do not get any idea that I am not fully aware of your purpose in so doing."

"I am authorized," I said, "to ask you if you will write a series of stories about your son—"

"I am not a writer."

"But we will hire any one of the best women writers in the country to act as your amanuensis."

"Whatever credit there is in this thing belongs to Charles. I do not propose to project myself into any ephemeral spotlight and bask in the reflection of his glory. I want you to understand—I am very proud of him. He achieved what he wanted to do. But what would you newspaper people have said if he had failed and been lost in the Atlantic?"

She had me stopped there because I had often thought the same thing myself.

"You owe something to the country," I started feebly. "After all, we must consider the inspiration your son's action will be to all young Americans. The story of his life—"

"Nonsense! If the world proclaims his glory I will not cheapen it by any such action on my part."

"Wouldn't \$25,000 interest you?"

"Not \$25,000,000! Have you no understanding of what I am driving at? Money does not mean that much to me."

I started to say something else when she waved a daintily gloved hand and turned to Mayor Lodge.

"Uncle John," she said, "will you please tell this gentleman the interview is over."

She smiled at my discomfiture. I had spoken so enthusiastically about her boy and pretended a desire to meet him.

"For being so nice about this," she said with a laugh, "when Charles comes to Detroit, I'll have you meet him."

I forgot all about that. But when he did arrive in Detroit on his triumphant tour, Mrs. Lindbergh called me on the phone. It had not been an empty promise. "If you will be at our suite at the Book-Cadillac at five o'clock I will arrange to have you meet Charles—as I told you I would," she said.

The guards would not let me in, but she came out to get me. That was the first time I met the "Lone Eagle." His greeting was about as warm as that which might exude from a frozen turnip. After several efforts to get a conversation started, I said to him:

"I want to congratulate you, Colonel, on having a wonderful mother."

"I know it," he said coldly.

I walked out.

When Henry Ford said one day that I ought to meet Lindbergh, that he was a most delightful fellow, I disagreed with some heat. But, later, when John S. Knight and I were shown through the huge plant by Ford, I met Lindbergh for the second time. I have never been so agreeably surprised. Personality and charm, plus. As delightful a conversationalist as I have ever met.

A strange world, isn't it?

AT LAST HE MARRIED HER!

THE true Detroitter accepts conflict as naturally as he accepts milk from his mother's breast. It is a part of his life. He yields his opinions to no man's persuasion. The pioneer cast of countenance is upon him.

That this is so may be exemplified by the life of Daniel Joseph Campau. While other restless souls found outlet for their energies in building great pharmaceutical industries, salt and soda-ash plants, stove works and the automobile industry, Campau was content to devote all his remarkable energies to personal feuds. But he had the same indomitable spirit.

Dan Campau's first American ancestor arrived here as one of the voyageurs with Cadillac. The Campau farm was one of the largest landholdings in the state. His descendants continued to add to the family fortune, until Joseph Campau, at the time of Father Richard, was known as the wealthiest man in the Michigan Territory. His son Daniel succeeded him as the custodian of the estate.

Dan Campau was always either suing somebody or being sued. He would retain a lawyer to sue somebody and when the case was over the lawyer would have to sue him to get his fee. Not that he was stingy. To the contrary, he was one of the town's best spenders, a sportsman, the owner of a great stable of riding horses, foremost man in the United States in trotting and pacing circles, president of the Grosse Pointe Driving Club, which he owned.

He never could forget that he was a Campau. So powerful was this grim stubbornness that he waited patiently until he was an old man, about to die, to win his argument with the most beautiful woman in Detroit; and then, past seventy, he had the satisfaction of calling her his wife. I will tell about that later.

When George F. Monaghan first began practicing law he did not know about Dan's penchant for suing people and refusing to pay

lawyers. George agreed to fight a suit for him and won it. The next day Dan came into George's office and handed him a pair of cuff links, then walked out.

"I wonder," said young George, "if that fellow thinks this is paying me for winning that lawsuit."

"No doubt," said Dinny Donahue. "You see, George, he does not want to rob you of your amateur standing."

A good index to the contradictions in his character was his fight for free silver and his adoration of William Jennings Bryan.

Though he split with Grover Cleveland on the gold standard he never placed any of his millions in anything but safe, conservative investments guaranteed by that gold standard. His vagaries were for the hustings. Nobody in town could ever believe that he was really sincere in these neo-Populist movements. He just joined up with the soapbox element because of feuds with the conservative Democratic leadership. As the leader of the radicals, he became Democratic National Committeeman and held sway for years.

Dan Campau, Beau Brummell of Detroit, always looked to me like one of those Currier and Ives prints. He was just too flawlessly tailored, too studiedly austere, to be human. As he sat in his box at a harness meeting he exuded all the light and warmth that one finds in an Italian primitive. Every hair of his mustache was an individual problem for his barber.

Yet he drank well and loved the ladies and was known for a half century as Detroit's "most eligible bachelor" with almost everybody knowing about the beauteous lady he finally married just before they both entered the tomb.

As president of the Grosse Pointe Driving Club he usually had as his guests members of the New York's "Four Hundred." And always by his side was the beautiful woman—another man's wife. It was in his capacity as president of the club that he engaged in the most weird court case in all his long record of judicial controversy.

Campau became a somewhat vague character in the case although he had signed the warrant. Edward H. Farley was charged with the high crime of ringing in a horse at a running horse meet and cleaning up something like a half million dollars in the handbooks.

Farley was a national figure as a strikebreaker. His private army of hooligans moved in trainloads from one town to another to break strikes by strong-arm methods. Out of this racket Farley was able to amass a large fortune. His avocation was running horses. He was not the fine, gentlemanly sportsman which Daniel J. Campau exemplified. Farley had larceny in his heart.

One horse, Sarah Black, was what the racing people would call a dog. She had never won a race in her life. Farley had sold her in disgust, to a farmer in Louisiana for thirty-five dollars. Having disposed of Sarah Black as a piece of horseflesh, he did not dispose of the name. He bought another filly with a fine track record, registered as Aimless. He had her dyed to the blackness of Sarah Black and entered her under that name in a special event at Dan Campau's track.

His agents placed bets on the new Sarah Black at every book in the country that could be reached, getting odds as high as twenty-five to one. The heavy play and the terrific take aroused the suspicion of the Western Jockey Club. Campau insisted that his track should never have been contaminated with such a foul crime and shrieked for vengeance.

The judge of the races demanded that Farley bring the horse before him. Farley said the horse was at Highland Park, that it was raining, and that he was not going to risk the life of his wonderful horse. It might get pneumonia.

Here was Farley, racketeer, engaged in a knock-down-and-drag-out fight with Dan Campau, the aristocrat. Ormand F. Hunt was prosecutor and he had with him Louis W. Wurzer, as his young assistant. Campau spared no expense in getting evidence.

The prosecution had an open-and-shut case, everybody agreed. There were hundreds of letters written by Farley giving instructions on the placing of the bets and even on dyeing the horse. Campau himself was to be the leading witness.

Farley hired Tom Navin, Republican political power and wily in handling juries. With him for the defense was Ed Henderson, Democratic party stalwart. But the evidence was so overwhelming that the attorneys and Farley agreed that something new should be added. They sent over to Chicago for Robert Cantwell, criminal lawyer in Chicago, courtroom actor and smart jury comforter.

I first heard the inside story from him in the Pompeian Room at the Congress Hotel in Chicago during the White Sox-Cub World Series in 1906. As he unfolded the yarn to us that night, the first scene was in Farley's suite in the Normandie Hotel, on Congress Street just off Woodward.

"We all agreed that Farley was in the soup with all those letters he had written. We knew handwriting experts by the score would be brought in by the prosecution. Navin suggested that Farley get a doctor to put his arm in splints and then testify that Farley's arm was broken.

"'That won't do,' said Farley. 'The court will order it examined and then where will we be? The thing to do is really break it. That's better than ten years in the pen.'

"He sent for one of his lieutenants and ordered him to get a baseball bat. Then he bared his arm and pointed to a spot just above his wrist. 'Hit it right there,' he said. He gripped his hand on the table and the man did as he was told. Made me sick to look. But it never bothered Farley a bit. He sat there watching that arm swell up as calmly as though it belonged to somebody else. 'Nice job, Joe,' was all he said.

"That done, my big job was to cool down Dan Campau. I knew a lot about that guy and he knew I did."

Both Hunt and Wurzer knew that witnesses were being influenced. The local newspapers were curiously silent on the trial, treating it merely as a humorous story. But a dozen out-of-town reporters were here from all parts of the country.

The local idea seemed to be that it was a row among thieves; that it was, after all, a good joke on the bookies if they lost a half million. Most of the trial was covered by sports writers who had an unfathomable loathing for Dan Campau. They considered him a whited sepulcher. Navin, Cantwell and Henderson were all hail fellows well met, great storytellers. They made it clear to the young reporters that the whole thing was very, very funny.

That is what they also impressed upon the farmer jury of twelve good men and true. They sold the jurors on the idea that they should be tickled to death to have these dirty crooks of bookies nicked for a half million.

But Chicago and Pittsburgh correspondents did not see anything

hilarious about scooping up that money at twenty-five to one. Coming into Detroit with these outraged gentlemen of the press was as heterogeneous a collection of humanity as ever packed a courtroom. They ranged from owners of tracks and large plush gentlemen with strings of books down to touts.

All during the trial, which lasted a week, these gents were making bets in open court, yelling odds at each other. When the jury was finally retired to consider the verdict they opened a book right in the courtroom and took odds on what it would be.

A man did not have to be much of a gambler to bet twenty-five to one on the verdict. The farmer from Louisiana who bought the original Sarah Black had testified. A whole flock of witnesses from Latonia had sworn that Farley had bought Aimless. Others had testified as to her being dyed.

Against all this evidence, the defense put on the stand just two witnesses. They were two little colored boys. They said they had been with the horse Sarah Black, for two weeks and that there just could not be any horse named Aimless because they had never heard of her.

But Cantwell, Navin and Henderson were not worried. Farley was giving instructions to his workers in the court to take all the bets they could collect at any odds possible on acquittal.

The one man they had been afraid of, as their strategy worked out, was Dan Campau. If they could muzzle him they had a chance. If he went on the stand as a fiery crusader for the prosecution they might lose. There were two reasons for this theory.

In the first place that was back in the years when Horatio Alger was accepted as the great American philosopher. If you worked hard, and were good, you were bound to be rich; and wealth was the index of success. Therefore, anybody who was rich was a success and anybody who was a success was good. The only disgrace was to be poor. That is why almost all obituaries of people in that era began by saying, "He was born of poor but honest parents," as though it was a rarity to find any person of integrity among the poor. Dan Campau was tremendously rich and therefore, in the eyes of that simple farmer jury, would be considered a man whose honor was beyond question.

In the second place, no man in our environs so loved a good horse

as did Dan Campau. Since early boyhood he had maintained his reputation handling the reins. While farmers have a contempt for the running races, they love, above all else, a good trotter or pacer. As a famous gentleman horseman, Dan was their hero. They did not know him personally.

Thus the lawyers figured out their campaign for Farley's escape from a sure penitentiary sentence. Campau was a quiet, almost disinterested witness. He seemed, they said, always fearful of some crack about "that little woman whose grave is not on your family lot."

But the ace in the hole was the trial judge.

They were willing to bet that he would belong to them.

The judge, Joseph W. Donovan, was not a crook. He could not have been bought for money. To be blunt about it, he was slightly balmy. An egotism beyond all understanding made him eccentric to a point of insanity. He had one oration which he would deliver at the slightest provocation and even sometimes without warning. He called it "The Golden Age of Now." At times in an outburst of unexpected modesty he would ponder whether Demosthenes or Daniel Webster might not have been able to match him.

When it became time to address the jury Cantwell did all the talking. He was a handsome man and one who might have won fame on the stage. On this afternoon before addressing the jury he soaked a handkerchief with the juice of an onion.

He dismissed all the evidence with a wave of the hand. Who could believe anybody who made his living gambling on horses? But all men could trust the pure hearts of little children. Had not those two innocent little colored boys testified that the horse was really Sarah Black and not a ringer once named Aimless?

That was all he said about the case. The rest of his time he devoted to apologizing to the court and the jury for any show of temper he had displayed during the trial, for any conduct on his part which might be deemed unworthy of the high calling of the law.

While he sniffed the onioned handkerchief and tears poured down his manly face, his baritone voice sank into dulcet whisperings.

"My conduct here grieves me deeply," he sobbed. "My righteous

anger over what they are trying to do to this poor innocent man has made me say things in violation of my lifetime code of conduct in any court. And, more especially, am I upset for having so acted in the court of this great jurist whose gentleness and consideration for all, whose keen understanding of the law, whose masterful dignity in most trying situations, make him stand forth as an honor to both the bench and the bar.

“Let me explain to you, gentlemen of the jury. When I was a young man leaving the law college of the University of Pennsylvania, through which I had earned my way as a tiller of the soil, my old guide and mentor, my beloved friend, the dean, called me into his study.

“‘Robert, my son,’ he said to me, ‘You are going forth into the world, a young man to make your way. I have watched over you and have grown to love you as a son. Others might give you gold, Robert, but I have none. Instead I have a treasure more priceless than gold. I have here a little book, Robert. It is entitled *Tact in Court*. I have never been able to ascertain the author of this little volume, Robert. The title page had been lost from it when I got it. I have treasured it all my life. It has been my guide and inspiration. And now, Robert, I am an old man and must soon join the great caravan to that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns. Take this with you, Robert, and learn it by heart. Keep it with you and you cannot fail to make a great success in your profession as a lawyer. If you can keep before you always the high ideals that you will find in this little book you cannot fail. Good-by, Robert,’ he said, ‘and God bless you!’”

Here Cantwell had to cease speaking, to recover from the emotions that seemed to sweep over him in memory of that gentle guide and mentor.

“I, too, gentlemen of the jury,” he cried, “wish that I knew who wrote this great book, *Tact in Court!* Nothing in all my career has ever helped me one-half so much. And in the spirit of meekness and humility which it inculcates I ask you, gentlemen of the jury, and you, our honored judge, to forgive me if I have transgressed. There comes to me now a burning passage from the pages of that little volume—”

He quoted page after page from memory until, again, no longer able to continue because of blinding tears and choking voice, he sat down—to be soothed and comforted by Navin and Henderson.

Court was immediately adjourned, with the understanding that the judge would charge the jury in the morning.

The three lawyers hurried over to the Normandie Hotel with their client. Now came the test whether they would win or lose. Over a bottle of Scotch they waited for the telephone to ring. An hour. No call! Another hour. Still silence! Then, just as they were beginning to lose hope, it rang.

It was their man, Judge Donovan, speaking in a high-pitched frightened voice.

“Mr. Cantwell,” he said, “I should not be calling you, I know. But the situation is so strange I felt I must. You quoted from a book in court this afternoon, *Tact in Court*. You said it had been your guide and inspiration throughout your career and that your one deep regret was that you could never find out who was the author of it. Is that correct?”

“It is, Judge Donovan!”

“Would you like to know who is the author?”

“I would give everything in my life to know, Judge Donovan.”

“Well, I’ll tell you. I am the author!”

“At last! Judge! At last! My search is ended! I have found you! I might have known! Judge Donovan, can I come up to your residence tonight—”

“No! No! That would not be proper, Robert. After all, I am the judge in this case.”

“But, Judge Donovan, we would not mention the case! Not two such honorable men as you and I. I desire, above all else on earth, just to stand before you, to bow my head in heartfelt gratitude. Please let me come up, just into the sacred privacy of your home, Judge Donovan. I must leave here tomorrow morning. I have been called away. I may never return. Please, Judge Donovan! Just to say, ‘Thank you,’ to grasp your hand and to leave, satisfied that I have found you—at last!”

“Well, then, just for a few minutes.”

Cantwell spent the larger part of the evening with the old

judge, listening to him give forth his favorite orations. The judge presented him with a new copy of *Tact in Court* which Cantwell had never seen or heard of until the night before when he learned the passages he had quoted by heart.

The Farley trial was not mentioned. But the following morning Judge Donovan just about dared the jury to find such a fine man as Mr. Farley guilty of anything.

"The question here is a single one," he told the jury. "Was the horse that ran the race Sarah Black or was it Aimless? Whether the witnesses for the people, who saw the horse from the grandstand at a distance of several hundred feet or more on a cloudy day, are better able to identify the horse than two honest stable boys who lived, ate and slept with this horse day by day, is for you to say." (This is taken verbatim from the court record.)

The jury returned a verdict of not guilty after being out half an hour.

People around town were not glad to see Strikebreaker Farley get away with it, but they were glad that Dan Campau was on the losing side even if it did happen to represent law and order. They just did not like Dan Campau. For that reason they had talked about Dan and the most beautiful woman in Detroit for almost forty years.

Katherine De Mille was, in the eighties, the reigning belle of Detroit's exclusive set. And in those days it was exclusive with a capital *EX*. Her debut was made at the home of Senator and Mrs. Thomas W. Palmer in Washington. Her beauty and Senator Palmer's eminence—socially, politically and financially—attracted national attention. It was the biggest social triumph of the season.

Now a good many people in Detroit expected that she would marry the dashing young Dan Campau. They were always together. The story was that they quarreled over religion. Her father was one of the founders of St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral, then at the corner of Shelby and Congress. Dan Campau belonged to the Roman Catholic Church.

But here, as in politics, it was his insistence on having his own way rather than any deep convictions that brought about Detroit's longest-talked-about triangle. Dan's father, Joseph, had left the

church because of his row with Father Gabriel Richard over the priest running for Congress. Dan himself was never known to pay much attention to the church, one way or the other.

They had parted but a brief time when the glamorous Katy De Mille announced her engagement to George William Moore, a plodding giant of a man with a jet black beard who cared nothing about society and devoted all his time to theories of law and government. He, too, believed in Bryan and Coxey. They were married at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Began the friendship of the three. Mr. and Mrs. George William Moore and Bachelor Dan Campau became almost inseparable. Moore became Campau's regular attorney with offices adjoining his. Most of the time the doors were wide open so that they actually worked together in the same suite. Every noon the two men ate together at a table set aside for them at the Detroit Club.

In the evening at the opera or at the theater the three shared a box, with Dan Campau always in the front seat with Mrs. Moore.

At first society looked askance at this seemingly happy arrangement. The common question was, "Which one of these men did Katy De Mille marry?" But as the years rolled on the affair was taken for whatever it might be. At the opera, at the theater, at the Driving Club, at the hunt clubs Dominant Dan was always boss of the trio. All the attentions came from Dan. George William Moore stood around like a large Newfoundland dog, as though asking himself how he got to be there.

George William Moore grew older. His black beard turned snow-white. Dan didn't change much. He just grew more austere and more like a Currier and Ives print. Mrs. Moore, though her hair had turned gray, could still make people stop and turn to look at her, so stately was her walk, so exquisite her figure. Lillian Russell had nothing on her.

Then, after thirty-eight years of this beautiful friendship, she quietly slipped out to Reno and got a divorce from George William Moore on the grounds of incompatibility! That was in 1923. A few months later, Daniel J. Campau, at the age of seventy-two, married his boyhood sweetheart. He had won the argument! She joined his church.

Dapper Dan and George William Moore, his giant frame now stooped, still were the best of friends. They still occupied the same offices and still ate at the same table every noon.

And they still sat together in the same box at the theater.

Two years after the marriage George William Moore died—in 1925. In 1927 Campau died. In 1933 Mrs. Campau died. A scenario for de Maupassant or Flaubert?

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

THIS is the story of a misanthrope who had to wait until he died before he could laugh at his last joke on the people of the town that hated him.

If that's an Irish bull, so was Jim Scott.

Generations of children grew up hating Jim Scott and went to their graves hating him. It was generally agreed that he was the meanest man that ever lived in our town.

For half a century youngsters of Detroit had a song they used to sing as regularly as they did "London Bridge Is Falling Down." It consisted, however, of just two lines:

"Old Jim Scott!
There's a fly on your lot!"

He owned much vacant property around town, waiting for the city's growth to increase its values. It infuriated him to see happy kids at play on his lots. He would chase them, shrieking his maledictions and waving his cane. Only the braver lads dared his wrath, but the rest could at least sing the song.

He fought with everybody with whom he came into contact and sued almost everybody with whom he did business. He was so foulmouthed that people hurried across the street to avoid him. He hung around bars where strangers from out of town might foregather so that he could shock them by his profanity, filthy yarns and insults.

He gloried in his feuds and boasted of the number of people he could count his enemies. It was no brief effort on his part to acquire this position. It was a lifetime work, and he lived to be seventy-nine.

When his will was read the town realized that he had played his

last practical joke posthumously. He left his fortune to the city for the purposes of having a monument built to himself. His will was very simple. After a few minor bequests, he stated:

"All the rest of my property I leave to the City of Detroit to build a fountain on Belle Isle to be called the James Scott Fountain."

He died on March 5, 1910, and five days later when the will was read many and violent were the outbursts of rage. There are still those among us who grow splenetic at the very mention of his name or his fountain.

The pulpits thundered in protest. They feared for the soul of our municipality. They dwelt on Sodom and Gomorrah, tarried a little while at Nineveh and worked right through Babylon. The disgrace that would be visited upon our children and our children's children! To honor such a man—even if he were paying for same—was to take from us the last vestige of our common decency. . . . He had lived in sin and had died in sin—a gambler, a drunkard, a debauchee and a crook. The going was good.

Charles Moore, chairman of the City Planning and Improvement Commission, meekly mentioned the glories of the fountains of Versailles, "which continuously for more than two hundred years have given pleasure to great numbers of people from all parts of the civilized world who visit Versailles for the express purpose of seeing the fountains." That last line was obviously an appeal for business on the part of our Tourists and Convention Bureau.

But the angry defenders of our fair name answered by declaring Versailles was the residence of the harlot Pompadour, who brought on the deluge through her power over Louis XV. Once a girl goes wrong she gets blamed for everything. The "Reign of Terror" was given a good going over.

Now it so happened that in the old forty-two-man Common Council of the day there were those who did not represent the culture of our community. There were a few gamblers, dive-keepers and bartenders. Others had no other known means of existing than their stipend as aldermen. But they lived well. Louie Tossy got a little extra beer money by renting out his annual baseball pass to City Hall employees for twenty-five cents a game. With the exception of about a dozen good sturdy high-minded

citizens who so loved their city they were willing to stand the smells of the Tuesday night sessions, the rest were hardly authorities to pass upon a question of ethics or morals, to say nothing of art.

And so it was a bit confusing to attend the sessions and hear them echoing the ecclesiastical protests against taking money willed to Detroit by "that awful man." He was a safe political bet to denounce as he had no friends and the moralists were watching them. Besides, he was dead. They had all known Jim Scott, an established town nuisance.

But they knew little about the man except his vulgarities, his genius for lying and his poisonous invective against most of the people who lived here. They had never heard that he had ever murdered anybody.

Yet they protested against taking his money because it was "filthy" and "dishonest" and had been won on the gambling tables. It was really high comedy to hear some of them denouncing a man who had made a fortune by conduct unbecoming a gentleman.

The affair grew dizzier as substantial, highly respected people of the city came to the front on behalf of Jim Scott. They did not care about Jim. They never did. But they could not see the sense of losing a fortune to be spent on the beautification of the city. So they had to put themselves in the position of defending his honor! The trick was to make a civic hero out of him.

John C. Lodge, leader of the "silk-stocking" brigade in the Common Council, who had known Jim all his life, made an eloquent plea for taking the money. Jim had never been a gambler! "Jim Scott," he said, "was too stingy and afraid ever to be a gambler. Jim Scott would not bet a cent that the sun would rise on any one day in the week. Jim Scott came by his fortune honestly through inheritance from his father, old John Scott, wealthy contractor, town marshal and once even an alderman. He was wise in his investments and bought downtown real estate. That is the basis of Jim Scott's fortune."

Lodge was right. But the town was too excited to listen to the man who knew more about Detroit than anybody else who ever lived in it. A counterproposition was to have some chap who claimed—rather vaguely—that he was a nephew break the will, get

the money and then let him give it to the city, with a commission for himself. Still another was that a great statue of Jim be placed in the center of the fountain, but that it be made of soap. Scott had not specified what material was to be used.

Judge George Hosmer and Historian C. M. Burton had been made administrators of the estate. They were perfectly willing to let the arguments go on. The real-estate holdings of Jim Scott in the early boom days of the motorcar industry were soaring. Valued at the time of his death at \$350,000, they were worth \$500,000 by 1914 and a few years later around a million.

However, it was felt that the council had to take action. Art lovers got the newspapers to begin asking whether there were not two sides to this matter. That is sometimes a tip-off. The fountain advocates organized a barrage of emotionalism. "Poor old Jim Scott!" they said, wiping away their tears. "How he loved his city!" He had been converted in his old age. He went to church every Sunday—what church not specified. Wistfully he had looked back through the long years to his innocent boyhood here on the streets of our city. And what had he contributed to its dynamic growth? Nothing! 'Twas on his conscience and (not being able to take it with him) he wanted to do something for the little children. He wanted all the world to remember him as the dear, sweet, kindly man (inside) that he really was. He had seen the light. He had reformed and had prepared to meet his God. Should this great city deny him that little pleasure of comfort in being, at last, able to serve his fellow man with all the joy and peace that only a fountain can bring to a world-weary eye?

One of the "character witnesses" before the council was the venerable Thomas W. Palmer who, according to the report of the day, raised his palsied hand and with the trembling voice of great age cried:

"The first time I ever saw James Scott was in a little schoolroom. He was standing up, a wee bit of a laddie in a frock. Tears were running down his face because the teacher had scolded him. That was seventy years ago. I called him my friend that day. He called me his friend ever since.

"In his early manhood he grew up with a crowd of red-blooded, fun-loving young people. There were no diversions for him. No

Y.M.C.A. Without parents, without the loving influence of a mother or a sister, he followed the easiest path. . . .

“And I’ve known in my time many a good church worker, full of years and full of sanctity, enjoy quietly the very things that James Scott enjoyed publicly and without shame because he knew no other life.”

The only thing lacking was the orchestra from the Whitney House of melodrama around the corner to play “Hearts and Flowers.”

But it went over. The Anti-Fountain Forces of Righteousness were weakening. A city doesn’t get a million bucks tossed into its lap every day for a fountain.

Jim Scott was born in Detroit in a house on the west side of Woodward between Fort and Congress in 1831. His father had married the daughter of the housekeeper of an old Scot, Robert Smart, who kept a neighborhood store at the corner of Woodward and Jefferson. He left some of his money to the old lady and she in turn left it to her daughter. John Scott bought real estate, became a wealthy contractor and politician and left his fortune to his only remaining child Jim.

Whether Jim Scott was ever really a gambler or not, I do not know. I’ve heard him tell wonderful tales of his marvelous exploits in other wicked cities and on the Mississippi. He was always able to bribe the police, the mayors, the governors, to let him open gambling hells and was always able to outsmart everybody. He was such an unamiable liar I was never willing to believe anything he said.

John Lodge insists to this day that Jim never gambled a nickel in his life. Once, says Lodge, he did rent an upper floor to some professional gamblers at three times the regular rent, and 15 percent on the take. But even with all this additional income the strain was too great on his nervous system. He asked them to get out.

The first of his famous rows was with the G. & R. MacMillan Brothers, grocers at the corner of Fort and Woodward. He had some high-pressure clothing outfit renting the store he owned next to MacMillan’s. After each sale the now forgotten merchants rang a great alarm bell to attract attention. As sales increased the clanging became incessant. The MacMillans protested to no pur-

pose. So they went to court and got an injunction restraining Jim's tenant from committing this nuisance. That infuriated Jim.

He had his store front painted a solid black. Then he had a wooden pig carved, about six feet long. This he had painted pure white. He hung it up over his store so that the curled tail pointed directly into the MacMillan store. Then he renamed that portion of the street "Hog Block."

There was nothing the MacMillans could do about that. The "Hog Block" acquired national fame as a curiosity in our Americana.

His second famous battle was his spite house at Park and Peterboro. By some strange procedure Jim got title to a long piece of land on the southeast corner. While it extended through to the alley there were only twenty feet on Park. Jim and the owner next door got into a fight when Jim wanted him to sell his land so he could expand. Jim's efforts to build a spite fence were blocked, so he erected a three-story stone house front on Peterboro with a depth of the twenty feet. It completely ruined the other man's property and never could be rented or used. But there it stood for a generation as "Scott's Folly" or "Scott's Spite House." He dearly loved to dwell on such ways he had taken to get revenge on those who opposed him.

Once when I was city editor of the *News* there was a fire on Baker Street. A young husband and father dashed through the flames, with police and firemen trying to stop him, and carried his two babies from the third floor. Just as he staggered out badly burned, the whole building collapsed. That was good copy. All the papers gave it front-page play with art on the heroic young man.

Some days after, Frank G. Kane, star reporter, went over to St. Mary's Hospital to get a follow story on the hero who was successfully fighting for his life. There he caught Jim Scott—caught him cold in the act of doing a kindness. He had sneaked in and left some oranges and bananas and apples wrapped up in a newspaper. As the sympathy of the whole town was with the young father this also made a good story, that "even the heart of the meanest man in town had been touched."

The edition was out on the street only a little while when Jim

came in, bellowing his indignation. It was a damned lie, made out of whole cloth! He had not given any fruit to anybody and he had not been in St. Mary's Hospital. He had never even heard of the young man. He resented such attacks on his character. To get rid of him I promised a retraction and an apology. I would explain that he most certainly had not done a decent thing. That mollified him.

But the next day Fred Postal, owner and manager of the Griswold Hotel, verified Kane's story. He said he knew it must be so because Jim Scott had swiped the fruit from the Griswold House restaurant, that he was always helping himself to things he didn't want—to give to other people.

Jim was the last man in Detroit to wear a high silk hat and a frock coat as a regular daily diet. And after the Pro-Fountain Forces of Iniquity and Culture had worn down the Anti-Fountain Forces of Civic Purity, there was much argument over whether the statue should show him wearing the antique topper.

After the Pro-Fountain Forces had induced the council to agree to accept the filthy lucre, they went cultural in a big way. They were keenly sensitive about suggestions to fool Jim out of his joke. One was to make him a midget under a bucket.

"The intention," intoned Chairman Charles Moore, in his report to Mayor Marx, four years later when plans began to crystallize, "is to carry out the provisions of the Scott will according to their spirit as well as their letter, so that no generously inclined citizen hereafter shall be able to say that our city, having accepted a gift, used it in an unbecoming manner."

The wags around town wanted to know how any generously inclined citizen could say after he was dead whether his money had been used in "an unbecoming manner." But Moore further stated that, to set at rest all such suggestions of trickery, he wanted the world to understand that the statue would be of bronze and not small. In fact, it would be much larger than Mr. Scott's normal stature. He would be sitting in a chair.

"Without a hat?" asked an alderman.

"Without a hat!" vehemently vowed Moore.

Thereupon it was contended nobody would recognize him.

However, the report went on to say, "The essential feature of

Cass Gilbert's design, and the one which especially commended it to the jury, was the large use of water."

The fountain as it now sprays the lower end of Belle Isle—all built land—is one of the most beautiful in the world. It was designed by Cass Gilbert, the architect who first won fame for designing the Woolworth Building in New York. He designed the beautiful Public Library building in Detroit, the Minnesota State Capitol, the U. S. Customhouse in New York, the Central Public Library in St. Louis, the Art Building and Festival Hall for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and hundreds of others. He was President of the National Academy of Design and a member of the National Commission of Fine Arts.

Professor Eugene Duquesne, French Government official in charge of the fountains and gardens of Versailles, was brought here to supervise the work of building the fountain.

The gift was most certainly not treated in "an unbecoming manner."

But, by some strange coincidence, because of that "large use of water" the pudgy figure of Jim Scott, sitting in his boxed chair, is covered with showers when the fountain is running!

Jim sits there in perpetuity, looking down the river to the great skyline that is the city of his birth. His favorite summer pastime was riding up and down on the Belle Isle steamer *Promise*—he would use no other—sitting alone in the prow, spitting his tobacco into the river and thinking what thoughts I have not the slightest idea.

The city still remains uncorrupted—at least by Jim Scott's lovely fountain. And normally everything is all right because the spray hides him all summer.

THE THREE "NEW YORKERS"

LONG before Clarence Budington Kelland became established as one of America's most prolific and popular novelists and short-story writers, long before he won fame as an after-dinner wit and the rapier of the Dutch Treat Club, he was not without renown in his own home town of Detroit.

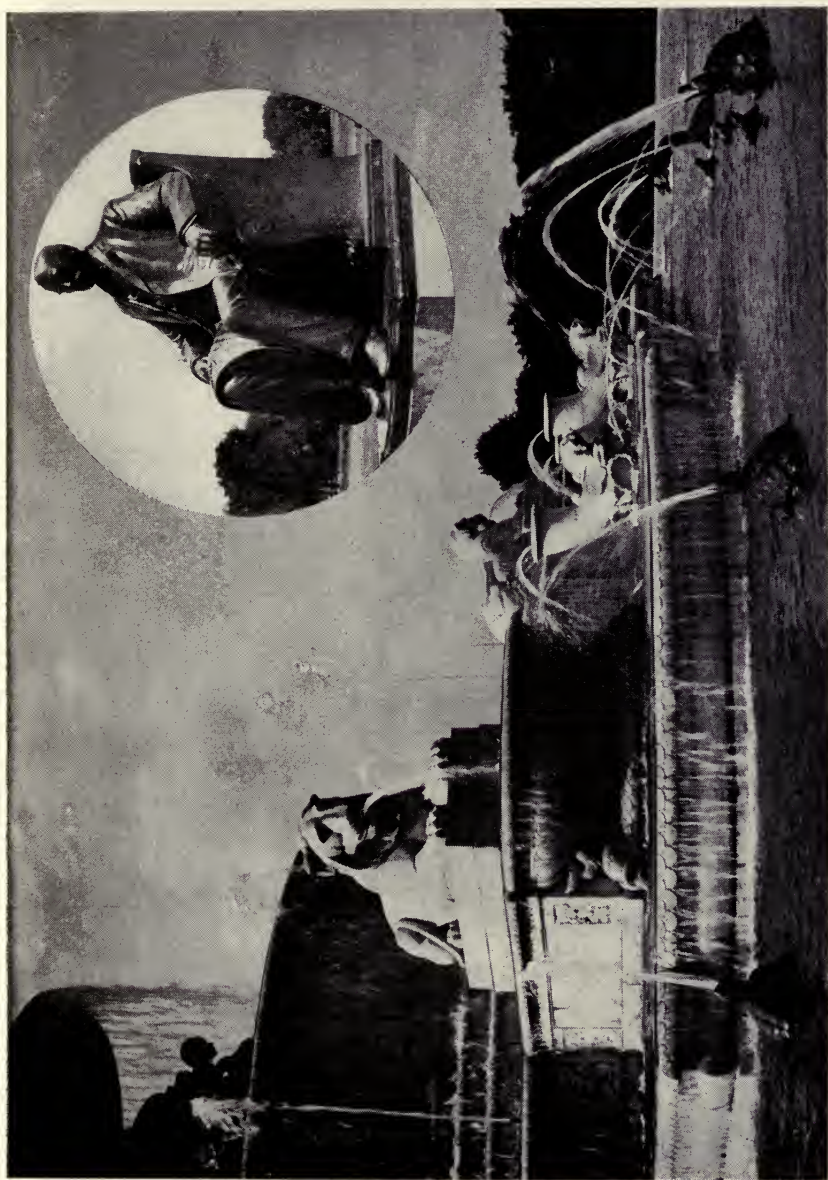
Bud was the original Wrong-way Corrigan of football, a generation before Roy Riegels of California University sprang to dubious glory in that Rose Bowl game against Georgia Tech. Bud was playing substitute quarterback on our Central High team. Filled with the old Rutgers spirit of do or die, he dashed down the field with his own teammates doing everything they could to stop him and the opposition cheering him on quite lustily. After that he decided football was a game much better to report than to play. When he had finished law college he joined the *News* staff as my five-star assistant on the sports staff.

Bud's idol then—and now—was Grantland Rice, who was sports editor across the lake in a little town known as Cleveland, where I understand they still persist in a quaint form of baseball. Grant was writing sports verse of such high caliber that he had both Kipling and Robert W. Service squirming. Bud had an idea this was the way to fame and glory.

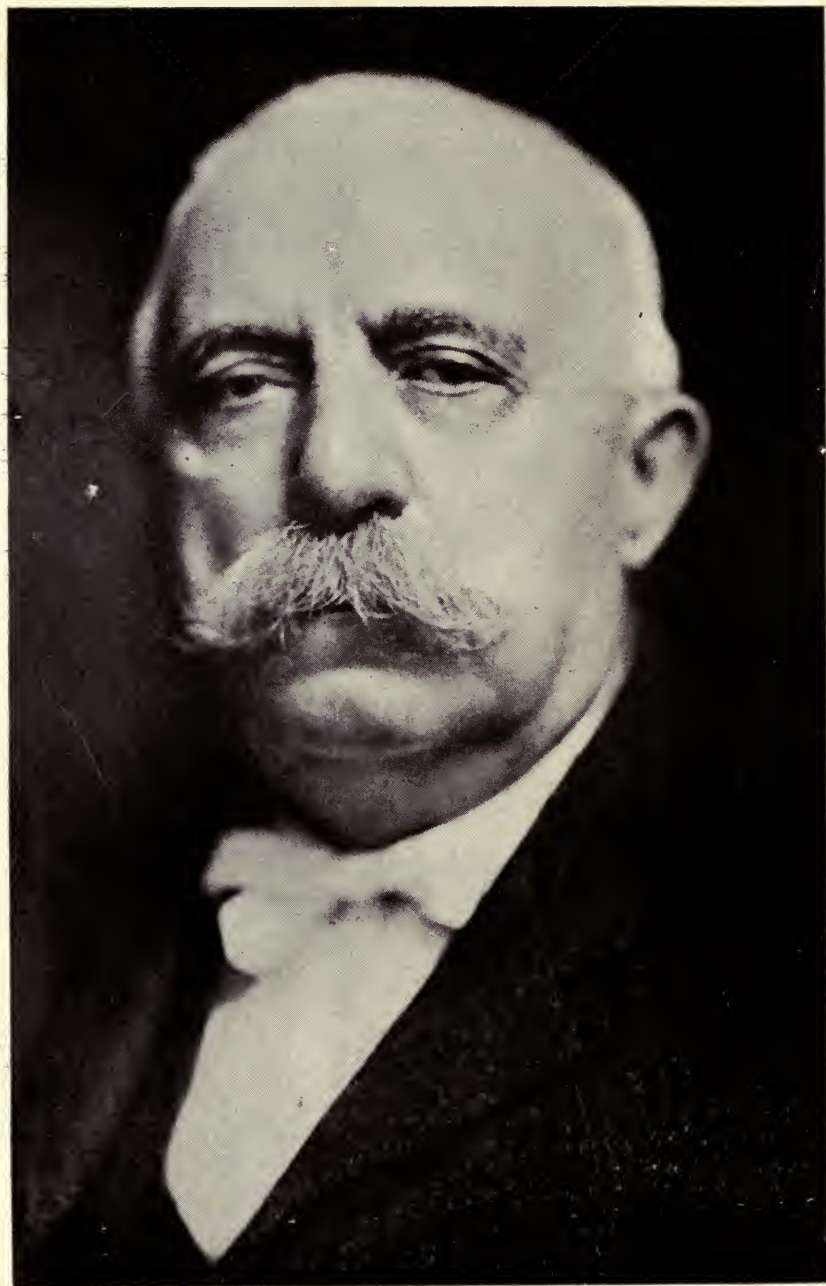
That presented to me my first difficulty with Bud. Pegasus never kicked the Hippocrene in time for an edition. After all, what the literal-minded subscribers wanted to know was who won the third race at Pimlico. I had to explain to Bud that if he would just let the readers know how the ninth inning came out, they would be happy enough to write their own songs.

After he got that knocked into him, "Mr. Deeds went to town."

When I left the sports desk to be city editor—the greatest advance in my life and five more bucks a week—Bud came over on



Part of Jim Scott's million-dollar memorial fountain with an inset of his bronze statue.



JIM SCOTT

the local side, too. Among other things, he did the City Hall beat where he got a taste of politics and it has cursed him ever since—in fact to such an extent that he serves as Republican National Committeeman from Arizona. He returns from each quadrennial brawl all bruised and cut but still positive that Abraham Lincoln belonged to the right party.

In 1940 he made a Lincoln Day campaign speech in Dallas, Texas, and sent me a copy of it for comment. I asked him who he expected to convert to the party of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover in the Jacksonian state of Texas. He never answered me. In 1945, when I was vacationing out in Arizona, he took me to Nogales on the Mexican border, where he was going to make another speech on Lincoln's birthday.

"It was a great and convincing address, Bud," I told him on the way back to his ranch, "and I hope I'm here with you in 1948 because I want to hear you make it in Mexico City. You keep getting farther south."

Bud gets his fishhooky barbed after-dinner wit from his English father, Thomas Kelland, and the other side of him—which he does his best to hide—from his mother.

I can prove that the strange, stinging, spontaneous wit which sparkles from him at banquets and which has given him the designation of "the happiest man on his feet in America" comes from his father.

Dad was a traveling salesman. One day down in Georgia there was a washout on the railroad and the passengers had to eat at a farmhouse. The old fellow who ran the place was a religious crank. He insisted that before anybody could eat he would first have to recite a verse from the Bible. They had not had anything to eat all day and were willing to do anything. Most of them were able to stagger through some quotation. Then came the fellow sitting next to Bud's Dad. All he could remember was the shortest verse in the Bible. That was why he could remember it.

He got up and said: "Jesus wept."

Tom Kelland got up, bowed his head and murmured: "He sure did!"

In his eighteen years as president of the Dutch Treat Club, made up of writers, artists, playwrights, publishers and other such odds

and ends, Bud has pinned back the ears of most of the notables of this nation, with a dead pan that makes a stuffed moose head look like Donald Duck in Technicolor. Some of his cracks have become historic, such as his introduction of Nicholas Murray Butler: "For years all sorts of organizations have besought, besieged and entreated this retiring gentleman, Dr. Butler, to address them—with astounding success."

At a Detroit Adcraft Club dinner he introduced E. St. Elmo Lewis, the spellbinder, as a man "born making an after-dinner speech." Lewis had been limited to three minutes, as were all the rest. He finished under the wire, taking only two. "Gentlemen," said Bud, "he kept his promise. It only sounded long."

When in his swing at golf Bud generally cracks an 80, and he plays—for keeps—at bridge with minor leaguers like Ely Culbertson and P. Hal Sims.

Bud's old homestead was at 938 West Kirby, right near Central High. Mrs. Kelland had only one son but there were always a dozen or more boys in her home. That house was the school and neighborhood rendezvous. If they stayed all night Mother Kelland had breakfast for them in the morning. It was that kind of a home.

Mrs. Kelland wanted her boy to be a lawyer, so he dutifully studied law and was graduated at twenty-one. But he hated law! He wanted to be a writer. He opened an office in the old McGraw Block and saw to it that he got no clients. If there was any danger of such a disaster, he would insult the prospect until the poor devil got discouraged and found somebody else to go to court for him.

Having satisfied Mother that he would never be a lawyer, he came down to the *News* and got a job. From there he went over to the *American Boy* because of the remarkable success of his Mark Tidd stories for boys. Then he passed onto the national stage. All he did was to apply the Detroit "know-how" on mass production to his typewriter.

Bud became a national institution. But his little old mother was dazzled a bit by his success as a novelist. She still felt that he should have stuck to law. Napoleon's Letizia had nothing on her. Not even the large monthly checks he sent home impressed her. The old folks didn't think it was a business with a future.

Bud did not know anything about these fears until the bank

crash of '33 when Mother wrote him and confessed all. Instead of spending the money he had been sending them, so that they could live in luxury, they had carefully saved it. And now all the banks were closed and it was gone!

Bud was having his own troubles just then. He had accepted the presidency of the Port Washington National Bank and merrily signed any paper that was handed to him. When the crash came he found himself heavily obligated. He filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, locked himself in a room and wrote. When he came out, a solid year to the very day and hour after filing his petition, he had \$250,000 to pay his creditors a hundred cents on the dollar, and he got his properties back.

For years he had been begging Mother and Dad to come to New York to live with him and his family, but they had refused. Their ways were not his; he had his own family. This time Bud got them to make a visit. He drove them from New York over to Long Island. He drove slowly at one point so they could see a beautiful little cottage by the sea.

A white picket fence surrounded a lovely garden and two Scotties, black and white, played on the porch. Mrs. Kelland loved Scotties.

"What a wonderful little place!" she exclaimed.

"Let's look at it," said Bud.

"But we would be intruding."

"Not at all! People here are complimented by such visits. Come on!"

A maid answered the bell. Kelland explained that they just wanted to see the place. She let them in. Mother was entranced.

"Isn't it strange!" she whispered. "Everything is just the way I would want it if it were a home of my own. Even the flowers in the garden are my favorites. And those dogs! This is the kind of a home I have dreamed of all my life."

"All right, Mother," said Bud, "it's yours! Here's the deed for it, Dad. From now on you two live where I can keep my eye on you and you will not be doing anything foolish—like saving money. I can pass by every morning on the way to town and toot my horn and say hello."

"But our church?" gasped Mother.

"There's a Presbyterian church just around the corner and the minister is waiting to meet you."

"But our old home in Detroit?"

"That's up for sale and all your belongings are being shipped here for you to dispose of as you will."

The story can be told now. The old folks have gone.

I have often wondered what might have happened if I had put that blue-pencil mark around another "house-to-rent" ad than the one I picked. There were hundreds of others right in the same new neighborhood. My pencil just happened to hit that one and it was the pencil point of destiny for Kenneth C. Hogate.

It was toward the close of the First World War. I was managing editor of the *Detroit News*. I was desperately up against it for copyreaders. A letter came on *Cleveland News* stationery. Was there a position open on the copy desk for a man of twenty-eight with eight years of newspaper experience? Graduate of DePauw University. A fine intelligent letter. I wrote him to come on for a talk.

When he arrived it seemed that it was with difficulty he got through my door. He was so huge the office suddenly seemed small. He had big blue eyes, baby-pink cheeks, and a bland smile. He understood my startled glance and smiled even more broadly.

"Don't judge me on looks," he said. There was a delightfully serene tone to his voice. In ten minutes he had me convinced that while he might be fat, there was no fat in his head. I turned him over to the copy desk for the usual two-weeks' trial.

Within that time this placid giant was the talk of the office. Nobody ever read copy faster. The sparkle of his heads made them jump right out at you from the front page. Here was a slot man's gift from heaven. I gave him an employment slip to fill out so that he could be on the regular pay roll. When he had turned it back to me I noticed that he had given his age as twenty-one.

"You've made your first mistake handling copy," I said. "You put your age down as twenty-one."

"That's all I am—" he beamed at me—"just twenty-one."

"But you wrote to me from Cleveland that you were twenty-eight."

"Yes, I did. But if I had told you that I was only twenty-one you would not have hired me and agreed to pay me fifty-five dollars a week, would you?"

"Son," I said, "it's all right! I don't care if you are only eleven. You've got the stuff. But what about that eight years of newspaper experience?"

"That is correct. My father owns three country dailies in Indiana. I was weaned on printer's ink."

His work improved steadily. Yet I hesitated to give him the next step in advance because of his weight. I hated to see him suffer standing on his feet all day up in the composing room, in charge of making up the paper. But, again, we were in desperate shape. The edition was late every day because we had nobody qualified. The foreman of the composing room, dear old Jack Tracy, was a tough man to get along with when editions were late. The war between the two departments was constant.

With some hesitation I asked Hogate if he thought he could handle it. The grin just grew a little wider. "Why not?" he answered. "My feet were made to hold this bulk. No bother at all!"

From then on there was peace in the composing room. And now about that marking of the liner-ad page. He came in to me and asked for advice on where to rent a duplex apartment. He was bringing his wife and baby to Detroit and wanted a good neighborhood. I picked up the Sunday liner section and ran my eye down a column.

"There," I said, "is as good a place to start as any. A nice neighborhood, out in the new northwest section. If you do not like that one, there will be dozens of others near by."

Monday morning he told me he had taken the house. Then some months later he came in to me again. His agate-blue eyes were dancing. It was the closest I have ever seen him to being excited.

"A strange thing happened to me last night, Bing. Remember that house we picked out—that duplex?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is owned by a young couple who live in the downstairs section. The woman is a niece of Clarence W. Barron, the publisher of the *Wall Street Journal*."

Barron was one of the fabulous figures of Wall Street, owner of

the Dow-Jones Service, *Barron's Weekly* and other vast interests. He was the confidant of Presidents and of the world's money masters, a fellow who could borrow a match from the elder Pierpont Morgan or argue with him over art and the vintages of wine.

"Mr. Barron was out to their place for dinner last night," Hogate continued. "His niece told him about me—said I also was a newspaperman and that I looked just like him—or rather was built like him.

"He told her, 'No man on earth was ever built like me.' She said she would ask me to come down. As I turned the stair corner he gasped and said, 'My God, if I had ever had a son he would have looked just like that!' We talked all evening. And now he wants me to go to lunch with him this noon. That is what I wanted to ask you about: Can I get off?"

"By all means, K. C." (He has never been known by any other name than "K. C." or "Casey.")

The next morning he came in beaming. I'd had a hunch that he might. "Mr. Barron wants me to spend a month with him on his estate. He says he likes me and wants me to learn the business of the Street under him. He wants to know me better. Would it be possible to get a month's leave of absence?"

"Yes," I said, "and, Casey, I don't think you are coming back to us. I think the dice are rolling for you."

The editor of the *News* then was George E. Miller, a most estimable gentleman, but stern and literal-minded and with a hair-trigger temper. I told him about Casey's proposition.

"Send him in to me," he growled, "and I will have a fatherly talk with him."

That "fatherly talk" must have been a honey. Casey came out to me with his pink cheeks red with indignation.

"He told me I was lacking in loyalty and had no sense of honor, that the *News* had brought me up and I was showing ingratitude—quitting when I was needed. He offered me a five-dollar raise to stay."

"Casey," I said, "this institution will be running long after George Miller and you and I are dead and forgotten. Don't let that worry you. You have not been disloyal and you have acted

honorably and decently. This is an opportunity. Much as I hate to lose you, grab it!"

He never came back, except to visit. Under Barron's guidance he quickly learned every angle of the business, went up to the editorship and, when Barron died a few years later, took the old man's place as publisher. He remade the old paper into the best financial publication in the United States and housed it in a magnificent new plant on Broad Street.

Casey has been ill lately and I have not seen much of him. But the last time I saw him he was still the same serene ever-smiling giant of a fat man, to whom Presidents and financial kings turn for counsel even as they did to his predecessor.

Bud Kelland could make of him a Scattergood Baines with a Wall Street setting.

Nobody would ever suspect Bud Kelland of having a sentimental streak in him except those who have known him for at least forty years. It takes about that long to get behind the armor he wears as a defense mechanism. So this night as we walked together under a cloudless sky in the Arizona desert, Bud was twanging on a spiritual guitar attuned to his heartstrings. The stars were so close we could hear them twinkle.

"He's the most moral guy I have ever known," said Bud. He meant it as an accolade for a lifetime of friendship and affection.

He was talking about the skinny brash kid out of Cork Town we both knew in Detroit, the man who created the night-club floor show, which now blights this fair land of ours; the man who conceived the utterly mad idea of tossing balloons into the air during a festive evening and exploding them with cigarette butts; the man who invented that instrument of torture, the dinner-table mallet, to create noise at night clubs; the man who wrote, directed and produced eighteen of Flo Ziegfeld's *Follies* and sixteen of his *Midnight Frolics*.

This thought of Bud's struck me as strange out there in the desert, far removed from Woodward Avenue, Detroit, and Broadway, New York. And yet the more I pondered on it the more I realized the keen judgment of Bud in sizing up our friend Gene Buck.

If that seems to be a contradiction, morality is, nevertheless, the basic element in the character of Gene Buck.

When I first knew Gene as a kid coming out of Cork Town he was a baffling contradiction. He has improved on this with age. He could never make up his mind, then, whether he wanted to be a song-and-dance man, a composer, an artist, a banker or a contortionist. As there were times when he tried to be all five of them at once there were folks who got the idea he might be somewhat balmy. Mike Guarenira, who sold peanuts and fruit from his stand at the corner of Fort and Griswold, under the shadow of the City Hall, and who was regularly robbed by politicians and policemen, understood him. Gene sold newspapers on his corner and always paid—eventually—for every peanut he stole.

When Gene was given a testimonial banquet in Detroit and all the notables of the town who could squeeze in were on hand, Mike was the one who took up most of Gene's time. Gene wasn't satisfied until he checked and rechecked to make sure that the old fellow was not lying to him when he vowed that he had retired as a well-fixed merchant of bananas and goobers.

That is the way Gene Buck has been all his life. To him President Hoover was "Herb" and President Roosevelt was "Frank." He has their silver-framed pictures so autographed in his home on Long Island. But Mike and Tony and John and Joe and everybody else in Cork Town, or any other part of Detroit, are just as important to him. He is just as much a part of St. Patrick's night in his old home town as the shamrock itself.

Gene has never tasted any alcoholic beverage in his life. He is as model a family man as old Dean Savage of Holy Trinity ever prayed for. But that wasn't the kind of "morality" that Bud Kelland meant. I doubt whether I can describe it. You have just got to know Gene to understand that intangible something which flows forth from him, a faith in all mankind.

"He's the last of the sentimental Irishmen on Broadway," said the usually wisecracking Jimmy Walker one night while he, Earl Hudson and I were talking about Gene. "All the rest are gone," he went on solemnly. "George Cohan is gone and now Gene is left alone. I mean those sons of Irishmen who came over here from the old country and brought with them that stern rectitude, kissed

by a gentle mysticism. That's Gene! They do not breed his kind any more. Not on Broadway!"

At another testimonial dinner, this time at the Lambs' Club—Gene has had more testimonial dinners than any other man on earth and loves them—Wilton Lackaye, the most acidulous wit of the theatrical world, forgot his satire and tearfully proclaimed that Gene combined "the soul of a Sister of Charity and the efficiency of a Schwab."

When I first knew Gene he was a messenger for Jerome Remick's music house, struggling to be an artist. By that he meant drawing pictures of girls' heads and pale green moons over yellow lakes on sheet-music covers. The Peninsular Engraving Company was in the *News* building on Shelby Street. It was part of Gene's job to take cover drawings, by other artists, over to have them engraved. The *News* Art Department was along the same corridor. It was headed by the altogether lovable Major Joseph L. Kraemer, Detroit's best-known illustrator.

Gene would stand behind Joe's board, watching him sketch and usually doing a tap dance at the same time. Joe gave him instructions. He even outlined, in pencil, girls' heads and moons and lakes and told Gene how to fill them in. Gene did so and got \$25 a cover from Remick.

But he was torn by conflicting urges. He wanted also to compose songs and write lyrics. His vitality and enthusiasms had him in a constant turmoil. He was positive he could write better songs than Remick was publishing—and illustrate them, too. New York was the music center. *Ergo*, New York! Tin Pan Alley was calling. Then Gene, the laughing, carefree, young Irishman, went blind from overwork.

In that free and easy land of Bohemia people whom he did not know and could not see came to his rescue. In the darkness he found light. His sight came back to him at last and with it a great gentleness and consideration for every member of the human race.

He haunted Flo Ziegfeld's office to get his songs accepted. And all the time they were being rejected he was studying Ziegfeld. He knew the strange master's passionate love of colors. He painted a whole stage setting in miniature and took it in to Ziggy. He was right. Ziggy could not resist looking at colors. He accepted a

song and the setting for Lillian Lorraine. But A. L. Erlanger, financial backer of "The Great Ziegfeld"—at that time—threw it out. Gene got Lorraine to sing it, with his setting, at Hammerstein's vaudeville house. It was a hit, running for twenty-two weeks. The song was "Daddy Has a Sweetheart; Mother Is Her Name."

Ziggie sought him out and apologized. For the next twenty years Gene Buck ran the *Follies*, leaving the selection of the girls and the stage setting to Ziggie—although it was Gene who got for Ziggie the master of color, Josef Urban.

Ziegfeld was utterly devoid of any sense of humor. He could never understand why people laughed at Leon Errol, W. C. Fields, Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor, Joe Frisco, Frank Tinney, Bert Williams, Fanny Brice and all the others in his shows. Buck hired them all, digging many of them out of small-time acts and burlesque shows. Ziggie went mad with rage when Gene hired a cow hand with dirty chaps as a novelty—to do a rope act amid the Urban mural glories and the pulchritude of "the most beautiful chorus in the world." The fellow's name was Will Rogers.

To save Rogers from being fired, Gene got him to spring the gags that bubbled from him constantly. Ziegfeld was too great a showman not to bow to the verdict of the wildly applauding public.

The only girl Gene ever hired—outside the comics—was Dolores. John Barrymore told us about it at a luncheon of the Banshee Club in New York when Al Smith and Robert Brennan, minister to Washington for the Irish Free State, were guests of Gene.

Gene was looking for a tall statuesque beauty for a certain setting. He took Barrymore with him—Jack said as a guardian—to the gown shops on Fifth Avenue, to look over the mannequins. There he found the woman who became the sensation of both Europe and America as "Dolores." She was a big hulk of a girl from Brooklyn. Gene called her to him.

"What are they paying you here?" he asked, as though buying a door mat.

"Fifty a week."

"How would you like to earn a hundred in the *Follies*?"

She blew a fuse. "Listen," she snapped, "why don't you lugs get a new line? Now tell me you have a pull with Ziegfeld. Spill it all! I've heard that gag until I'm sick of it."

"If you want the job," barked back Buck, "report to Ziegfeld's office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning and present this card."

She got the job.

Another discovery of Gene's was Eddie Bergen. Ventriloquists were to be had for a dime a dozen and no show wanted them even at that price. But Gene discovered in Eddie Bergen a quality hitherto unknown among ventriloquists. Here was one who could ad lib instead of being forced to stick to a stereotyped patter.

He first hired Eddie for a private party to help "the little guy out." He found that Eddie's dummy, Charlie McCarthy, was making wisecracks about the crowd and current events—and wowing them. Here was a Will Rogers wit coming out of a piece of pine.

"Can you do that right along?" asked Gene.

"Sure I can," said Eddie.

Gene always put on the famous Farmers' Club party each year at the Willard in Washington, as a token of his friendship for his friends Jack Garner and Nicholas Longworth. He was getting that floor show ready.

"Look," said Gene: "If I put you in that show can you sit on a pedestal with your dummy and ad lib on the night's events?"

"Certainly!"

"You're hired."

Also on that program was Rudy Vallee. Bergen made such a hit Vallee put him on his radio program. From there he and Charlie McCarthy went over to the Chase & Sanborn hour, as an added attraction to the big star, W. C. Fields.

Long after the *Follies* are forgotten, Gene Buck will be remembered by the music composers of the world. He made it possible for them to get paid for their creative genius. Until that historic fight began theaters and cafés used their melodies without paying them a cent. Victor Herbert began the battle because they were stealing his music. He turned it over to Gene, who had written close to 200 songs himself—among them "Tulip Time" and "Hello, Frisco."

Buck organized the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (the now famous ASCAP). They fought the restaurants and night clubs, they fought the theaters, they fought the phonograph-record manufacturers. Gene acted as president

for some years without pay. Then came the radio! He gave up everything else and organized ASCAP into a nation-wide unit of writers and composers and fought for their rights against the thieving microphones. After ten years of bitter battling, through Congress and up and down again to the United States Supreme Court, Gene won for these men and women the right to the creations of their own heads and hearts.

The struggle had been so bitter that after it was won, Gene found he had made too many enemies in high places. For the welfare of the society he had created he retired. Some day the musicians of the world will be building a monument to Gene Buck, our tap-dancing kid from old Cork Town.

*THE FACE OF THE EARTH
WAS HIS CANVAS*

IF YOU will raise up your eyes before our ancient City Hall you will not see much at first. That which once towered over the entire city when I was a child now rests at the bottom of a deep well, made by surrounding skyscrapers. But in the long ago we climbed up the circular iron stairs, past the clock, to the tower, where we could look down upon the roofs of our whole community.

When the Hammond Building was completed as our first skyscraper, the event was considered of such significance that a state holiday was declared. People came in by train, boat and wagon for the celebration. Davenport, Blondin's rival as a tightrope walker, drew the crowds. He walked from the roof of the Hammond Building, with baskets on his feet, to the City Hall tower and then back again, pushing a wheelbarrow.

No, you will not see much, looking up at our old City Hall—unless you are an old Detroiter. Then you will see symbols of the great city of today; symbols of men who dreamed majestic dreams. No, this time, I do not mean the motorcar. You will see up there symbols of imponderables far removed from marts of trade or roaring factories.

You will see there, if you but have the eyes to see, symbols of racial and religious tolerance which helped defeat the Nazi aggressors and brought closer into being the promise of the Prophet Isaiah: "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

If the monarchial party, the *Junkers*, the military caste of Germany, had not ruthlessly suppressed the liberal revolution of 1848, Germany today might well be one of the great democratic nations

of the world. As it was, the revolutionists, the dreamers of a better life on earth, were crushed. Those who escaped fled to America where their character and vision and courage did much to stabilize the young United States. Of such as these were the forebears of General Dwight D. Eisenhower. These German lovers of liberty echoed in their hearts the thoughts of one of their leaders, Carl Schurz, friend of Lincoln, an organizer of the Republican Party and field general in the Civil War. As a United States senator, Schurz said:

“Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you will reach your destiny.”

Detroit was fortunate in getting a large element of these heroic Germans with their ideals of human freedom. This brings us back to our City Hall and its symbolism. Around the clock tower you will see the sandstone figures of Justice, Industry, Art and Commerce. On the façade you will see statues of Cadillac and La Salle and Fathers Marquette and Richard. All these were carved by one of the German Revolutionists of '48, Julius Theodore Melchers.

Melchers had been a painter and sculptor as a youth in Prussia. He was one of the many who revolted against the tyranny of the Hohenzollerns and was forced to flee for his life. After his escape he lived in New York for some years and finally came to Detroit in 1855. Here the artist and teacher supported himself by carving wooden Indians, which were placed in front of tobacco stores. Later he conducted art classes on Sundays in the hall of the Harmonie Society. Slowly he developed his art school, with his son, Gari Melchers, as one of its graduates.

He christened his son Julius Garibaldi Melchers in honor of the Italian liberator who was his idol. The son shortened the name to “Gari” and today no truly great collection, either in Europe or America, is lacking at least one of his paintings. He painted the murals “The Conspiracy of Cadillac” and “The Arrival of Madame Cadillac” in the main hall of our Public Library. His most famous American canvas is the now familiar portrait of President Theodore Roosevelt in the Freer Collection at Washington—fittingly enough, as Charles L. Freer was Detroit’s foremost art connoisseur. (Why

he felt forced to build his gallery in Washington to house his famous collection—including Whistler's "Peacock Room"—would make a volume in itself.)

Another pupil of the German refugee revolutionist brings us down to the main theme of this chapter. He was a thin, hungry Jewish boy who smelled distressingly of the horses which he had to currycomb every morning as part of his day's task of helping to support his brothers and sisters. His father, a scholar and teacher, eked out an existence in the streets with a pushcart. His mother worked as a waitress in the Union Depot at Fort and Third.

His name was Albert Kahn.

He also came out of Germany.

At the age of eleven, in 1880, the boy Albert arrived in Detroit with his father and mother, younger brothers and sisters. He was a child prodigy as a musician. His father's ambition was to make him a concert pianist. But the boy's artistic yearning was in another direction. He wanted to be a painter. Many stories have been told, until they have become a part of the Detroit legend, that the man who became builder and architect had ambitions in that direction as a child. These are not true. I knew Mr. Kahn during the last forty years of his life and he has told me of his beginnings. I will piece together the story as he told it to me.

The child was burning with an artistic urge and not a commercial impulse. His hope was to paint pictures such as he had seen in the great galleries. To this purpose he sought admission to the classes of Julius Melchers.

One day the kindly old Melchers found the boy in tears. Questioning brought out the pitiful tale. He had no money and he smelled of horses; but he desired so much to learn how to paint.

"Never mind, my son," said Melchers; "you come to me Sunday mornings. Come to my little class. There I will teach you and it will not cost you anything."

It was not long before the teacher discovered the tragedy in the life of Albert with his ambition to be a painter. He was partially color-blind! Melchers broke the news as best he could. He explained to the boy that he had within him gifts which could make themselves manifest in other and perhaps greater fields of endeavor. He could learn draftsmanship and be an architect.

Melchers called up his good friend George D. Mason, the man who, years later, was to build the Detroit Masonic Temple, the largest in the world and one of the finest Gothic structures in the United States, at a cost of \$3,500,000.

"I have a boy here, Mr. Mason—" Melchers explained.

The rest is well-established history. Albert Kahn went to work in the office of Mason, won scholarships to Europe and soon branched out for himself.

Albert Kahn revolutionized the industrial system of the world by making once horridly ugly factories things of light and beauty. Always he preached the doctrine of the utility of beauty.

"There is no reason," he would say, "why utility and beauty cannot go together. In fact, pure beauty is only to be found in the highest utility. Modern industry has proved that it costs no more to plan a building that is beautiful, well lighted, well ventilated and which provides for the welfare of its workers. The old factory building that was once erected without thought of its purpose—to house living beings who were creating things—was ugly because it was built without purpose. Utility, efficiency and beauty are handmaidens."

Albert Kahn has been proclaimed the architect of the Gargantuan, the wizard in the building of factories. That is only one part of the picture. They forget that this happy, smiling little man possessed the soul of an artist, poet and musician. He took the ugly and made it beautiful. The poet in him cried that there were human beings in these factories; that they spent the greater part of their awakened hours within these walls. The musician saw rhythm in steel and stone. The artist sensed the beauty of the ultimate in art: composition. All these, blended, made efficiency. This he was able to prove to the factory owners of America and of the world.

Furthermore, day laborers who work in surroundings that are clean and bright with proper ventilation and the comforts of modern efficiency, will not be long content to go home from such surroundings to filthy hovels in slum areas. They are logically asking why they have better buildings to work in than they have homes to live in—even as their children have better schools to study in than they have homes to return to.

If a pebble is dropped into a pool the ripples expand to its

farthermost shores. This realized dream of Albert Kahn will someday be recognized as an historic pebble stirring the waters of our civilization.

He designed and built the great factories of Russia; he created the miracle of Willow Run. He built the fifty-three-acre plant for the Wright Aeronautical Corp. near Cincinnati, the Chrysler Tank Arsenal, the Chrysler war-production plant at Chicago, the Curtiss-Wright plant at Caldwell, New Jersey. "We give Albert a corn-field one day," said a great industrialist, "and the next day there is a modern plant stretched over a thousand acres ready for occupation."

But Albert Kahn laughed at the idea that he had accomplished anything because of all this.

What he was proud of, and what he liked to speak about in his modest way, were his artistic achievements, such as the Detroit Athletic Club, the Fisher Building, the General Motors Building, the *News*, *Free Press* and *Times* buildings, the William L. Clements Historical Library at the University of Michigan and many of that school's architectural triumphs which were children of his brain.

As for the factories, yes, he was happy about them but in a different way. He never could understand why designing a factory, to house living beings, was not as vital a need, as dignified, as worthy of effort, as building a beautiful church, or library, or house or club. To Albert Kahn love of music, love of literature, love of art, love of utility were only different manifestations of his all-absorbing passion: beauty. He found it in his beloved Detroit and as he implanted his character upon every building he created so did he implant that personality upon his city with his high civic vision.

The dim stone figures around our old City Hall do not seem to mean much these days. But the hands and heart that carved them were the same hands and heart that reached out to a forlorn Jewish child and gave him comfort and encouragement. Some of these small statues look across Woodward Avenue today at the mighty National Bank Building which was the work of Albert Kahn.

The last time I talked with Mr. Kahn was just a few weeks before he died. My wife and I were having dinner at L'Aiglon, in the Fisher Building, when he came bustling in from the Center

Building across the street where his designers and builders were working night and day on war-plant designs. Good humor poured from him. In a talk with him it was difficult to gauge the stature of the man because of his puckish delight in refusing to take himself too seriously.

"Bing," he said, "you've got to let me sit with you because I am in a very great hurry, all waiters stand in awe of you, and I can get quick service. Besides, you owe me a meal. I bought you one seven years ago."

I cannot remember how that little joke started in the years long gone but whatever it was, he loved to play with it.

He chatted on as though he never had a care in the world. "You have got to buy me a dry Martini. I am not supposed to take anything to drink—against the doctor's orders. So don't you dare tell anybody—my wife, especially. Just one! No more, no less. Just one! The doctors say no but my digestive tract says yes. Doctors say it is bad for my heart. You know I have a bad heart."

"You have the best heart of any man I know," I protested, as part of what I thought was his joke.

"No, no!" he went on smilingly. "A bad heart! I mean, someday it will suddenly cease ticking. But I have got to catch the next plane for Hartford, Connecticut. Conference there in the morning for another plane factory—"

"Why don't you slow down, Albert?" I said then, realizing that behind the banter there was a deadly seriousness.

"I cannot slow down. There is a job to be done. We must all go sometime, Bing, and what better way is there than to keep going to the end?"

To break the line of thought I rather abruptly turned to Mrs. Bingay and said, "Albert, you know, is the man who revolutionized industry by designing these great modern new-style factories."

"That," said Mr. Kahn, "is giving me far more credit than I deserve. I did build a Packard Plant about forty years ago and it was an innovation, but the modern factory principle, for which the world gives me credit, came from Henry Ford. I got into it as a result of one of those numerous rows between Ford and Couzens. They were just getting ready to move out to Highland

Park, having bought the land. One afternoon my telephone rang. Ford was on the line.

"'Mr. Kahn,' he said, 'can you build factories?'

"'I can build anything,' I said.

"'Well, come over here, will you, please? I want to talk to you about that new building we are planning.'

"I went over. It was the first time I had ever met Mr. Ford. Mr. Couzens was with him. Apparently there had been an argument.

"'Couzens,' said Ford, 'has had an architect design our new building. I do not like it and they both agree that the kind of building I want to put up is impossible. I want the whole thing under one roof. If you can design it the way I want it, say so and do it. If you can't, let's not waste my time or yours.'

"I didn't think it possible, right then, but I didn't want to tell him that. I wanted to see what could be done. He was no help. He could not explain just what it was he wanted. But when I showed him the first rough drawings he said, 'You've got only part of the idea. Now if you do this, and then do that—'

"That's the way he has always been. I was not finished with that design before I realized the magnitude of his conception. And yet even after I had finished I still had a blind spot. I suggested to him that he had vast acreage behind his plant and urged him not to build the front of his factory so close to Woodward Avenue. 'Why not center it?' I asked.

"He looked at me and laughed. 'You still haven't got the most important part of the scheme,' he said. 'That vacant space is for expansion. By this system we can add on units, link by link.'

"All I ever did was to take his instinctive hunch and reduce it down to a working formula—and it has been working ever since."

From that day on Ford never wanted any other architect. Albert Kahn through the years built whatever Ford had in mind.

"He is a strange man," said Mr. Kahn. "He seems to feel always that he is being guided by someone outside himself. With the simplicity of a farm hand discussing the season's crops, he makes moves as vast, it seems, as the geological changes."

"Take the Russian situation, for example. The Soviet Government sent representatives to ask if I would accept a commission to

design a tremendous expansion of industry. I was somewhat hesitant about accepting such a task. First, I knew little or nothing about the Russian Government, and the people behind it. Second, the United States had refused to recognize that government. Third, there was bitter feeling against Communists among the people with whom I had to do business. Fourth, the enemies of my people echoed what the Nazis were saying and accused the Jews of fostering Communism. I wondered what would be said if I took the job. And yet the challenge fascinated me. Deep down in my heart I believed that the Russian people—regardless of their form of government—were entitled to help after all their generations of suffering under the czars. The more I thought about it the more I became convinced it was the right thing to do. I said yes.

“The following morning Mr. Ford called me up. He had heard about it. I knew that he had once had a prejudice against the Jews. He wanted to know if it were true that I had taken such a commission. I said yes. I thought that he might then tell me that he and I had reached a parting of the ways. Instead he said:

“That’s fine, Mr. Kahn. I want to do all I can to help. You are in touch with these people and I am not. Can you come out this morning and talk it over with me?”

“I arrived at Dearborn as agreed, at eleven o’clock. Mr. Ford was supervising putting away some luggage. He and Mrs. Ford were just leaving for a trip to Jamestown, Virginia. He was interested in the rebuilding of that old colonial city. He walked around the car talking about the luggage as though the Russian matter was a mere incident.

“‘Put that bag there,’ he would say to his driver and then to me, ‘I think that world peace for generations to come depends on the stabilization of the Russian people and their being made self-sufficient by their own industries and farms. If Russia can be put on its feet and everybody given a chance to work and to develop, there may come a time when there will be no more war. Peace will surely come when there are no longer backward people exploited by others.’ And then he would say to the driver, ‘Be sure that little bag is safe; that is Mrs. Ford’s,’ and he would resume talking to me. Finally he said:

“‘Mr. Kahn, you tell these representatives of the Russian Gov-

ernment that I will help them in every way I can. They can have all my patterns, designs, models. Everything we've got in the way of technical knowledge is theirs for the asking. I will not charge them a cent. I will send engineers over to Russia to teach them how to run their factories and I will take five hundred of their engineers into my plants here to teach them the technique of mass production—and pay them while they are learning.'

"I was so startled I could not believe my ears. He shook hands and said good-by as though nothing had happened.

"'Mr. Ford,' I said, 'is this confidential?'

"He looked at me in that funny way of his and said, 'How could such a thing be confidential? I told you to tell them, didn't I? Tell anybody you want.'

"He climbed into his car and drove away.

"And, please remember, this was in 1928—five years before Hitler came to power.

"I had promised to tell William C. Richards, of the *Free Press* staff, of my accepting the commission, at four o'clock that afternoon. When he arrived I told him I had a still bigger story and told him of Mr. Ford's offer to Russia. That night in its early edition the *Free Press* carried an eight-column headline about it. A half-hour later the Russian group called me from New York. Was the story true? I told them it was. They arrived by plane in the morning. I took them out to Dearborn. Sure enough, Ford had left instructions with his executives to turn everything over to them. His action broke the ice. Other American industrialists got busy."

Knowing how the Russians had created great factories at Stalingrad and east of the Urals, I asked, "Are you surprised by the way the Russians have held off the Nazis?"

"Yes, I confess at first I was surprised," he answered. "I thought the Russians were all crazy. They insisted I build plants with tremendously heavy foundations and extra steel all through the construction in which to make automobiles. I insisted it was not necessary. They smilingly told me that I did not know about their weather, that it got awfully cold in Russia. I told my brother Moritz, who was with me in Moscow, that they were insane. How could the weather, no matter how cold, affect our buildings? But,

you see, Moritz was wiser than I. He said, 'Albert, these people are not crazy. They are building war-production plants and do not want us to know about it.'

"I did not believe that, then. Now I see that Moritz was right. And now, too, I am beginning to understand how they are able to upset all the dopesters and slug it out with the Nazi armies."

✓ Kahn and his staff built 521 plants in Russia—all convertible to war purposes, from Kiev to Yakutsk, and trained more than 4,000 Soviet engineers and technicians to continue the program. He not only built all of Ford's important buildings, industrial and otherwise; he also designed and directed the building of almost all General Motors factories and all of Chrysler's—just as he built all three of the great modern newspaper plants of Detroit.

But there he sat at dinner, laughing and joking and telling of experiences in his self-effacing way. Suddenly he looked at his watch and gasped.

"Good-by," he said merrily. "I'll be seeing you again—I hope."

That was not to be. The great heart could not stand the pressure he had placed upon it. But his spirit hovers over Detroit. His finger traced our skyline. The frightened little Jewish boy who had once dreamed of painting pictures grew to be the great artist who had used the whole world for his canvas.

SILENT DEPTHS

I THINK it would be a good idea for our municipal government—when it has solved all its other problems—to build a hotel for visiting reporters, magazine writers, authors, sociologists, historians and what not. This could be run something like the Scribe Hotel in Paris during the war. The corps of visitors could be briefed daily on whatever it is they want to know about us. It would be much more efficient than haunting the newspaper offices and would save us a lot of lunch money. Journalistic protocol, it seems, requires feeding these visitors as well as informing them.

A little while ago I sat at a lunch at the Detroit Club with a magazine writer who has been coming here for years to study us and make reports to his audience about Detroit. For some time he has been planning to write a book about our town; but, he says, it always baffles him too much for him even to get started.

“I can never get the feel of the city,” he explained. “It seems such a bundle of contradiction. What I think is effervescence turns out to be dynamics and what I am positive is the key to the dynamic element turns out to be effervescence. And yet the more I come here the more I sense deep undertones to which I cannot penetrate. In all the accelerated tempo there seems to be a lasting and serene sense of stability. What’s the answer? Why cannot I get the character of Detroit as I can other cities?”

“You don’t meet the right people,” I told him. “You do not find Detroit in the places you look for it. Real Detroit is not a night-life town, it is not a milltown, it is not a machine shop. It is more than all these. It is a town of moods and mercurial tempers; it is volatile, fluid, never static. Yet you will find deep down a sustaining, sturdy character in keeping with its ancient tradition, a something that makes it unique.”

“Go on; explain yourself.”

"You are fascinated by the dynamics, yet write about the froth. We who have spent our lives here know all about the dynamics, but also understand the substance. The stability of this old city you visitors rarely mention. For instance, I don't suppose you have ever heard of a woman by the name of Eleonore Hutzel?"

"No. Who is she?"

"For the past twenty-five years she has been deputy commissioner of police in charge of the women's division. Criminologists and sociologists all over the world know about her. But she never gives interviews, never poses for pictures, never wants any publicity. She has served through a dozen police regimes and several nasty graft scandals without ever being affected or mentioned. She works in the glorious anonymity of selfless service. Statistics tell but feebly the work she has done in saying—she hates the word—young women and in breaking up vice rings. But she'll stand for no publicity and never any exploitation of the poor creatures who go to make up her problem."

"Anybody else?"

"Did you ever hear of Ralph Ulveling?"

"No."

"Librarians all over the world know about him as the director of the Detroit Public Library system. He has performed a unique service in education by building up a vast interest in the right kind of reading. Our libraries top all others in the circulation of books. But you never read of Ralph Ulveling in the headlines. He has no interest whatever in personal publicity.

"And across the street from the Main Library on Woodward Avenue is the municipal Art Institute, housing one of the finest collections of paintings in the world. Clyde Burroughs has spent his life watching over that work so quietly and efficiently nobody ever thinks of mentioning him.

"Go out to the Ten-mile Road and see the Zoological Gardens with one of the most beautiful exhibitions of wild animal life in the world. This has been financed and supported by a group of Detroiters who never think of publicity and who labor and give their money solely for the joy the gardens bring to children.

"There's James S. Holden, who retired awhile ago from at least twenty boards of directors of various business concerns, to rest.

And he has been busier than he ever was before in his life looking after civic and charity organizations as well as the zoo. Detroit is full of these veterans of civic life who never think of getting into headlines.

"Henry Reichhold finances the large part of the cost of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, now under the direction of Karl Krueger. He never wants his name mentioned. Just the orchestra.

✓ "Our City Hall is filled with career men who under civil service do magnificent work. Oakley Distin is one. He has made a national reputation for himself as an authority on election laws and voting procedure. Nobody ever questions the integrity of an election under his supervision.

"For thirty years Frank Cody was superintendent of our public-school system with never a scandal or a controversy. Despite the growth of the city our educational system has kept pace with it.

"For more than a generation Detroit has led the municipalities of the United States in its health records. Dr. Bruce Douglas is merely carrying on the tradition established by men such as Dr. Herman Kiefer and Dr. Henry Vaughn. This city has pioneered in the science of preventive medicine."

Just then a tall, lean, leathery gentleman passed our table to join a group in the corner.

"Do you see that chap?" I asked. "Well, he is of the type of which I speak—the ideal citizen!"

"Who is he?"

"Henry Schoolcraft Hulbert."

"What is he?"

"One of the foremost living authorities on Indian lore and the history of the Northwest."

"That would hardly rate him your accolade."

"No, but if he were to die tonight every fisherman would know about it. One of the best fly casters in the country—"

"That rings no bells with me. He doesn't look like a sportsman."

"I was waiting for you to say that! He is also an authority on archery. He used to go out to the Rockies and shoot grizzly bears with bows and arrows."

"That thin man!"

"Fine athlete in his day. Taught me how to play basketball when I was a kid and he was a volunteer instructor at the Y.M.C.A. when it was at Griswold and Grand River. Also a rare type of Christian gentleman, leading layman of the Episcopal Church in Michigan."

"But you were talking of him as a sportsman?"

"That's only part. He was also a balloonist—used to go up in balloons before the airplane was perfected."

"What for?"

"To study eclipses, the stars and the celestial system in general."

"Was that sport?"

"No, science. He is internationally known as an astronomer."

"But we were talking about civic leaders. What has he to do with our subject?"

"I'm coming to that. Henry Hulbert for forty-five years served in our probate court. He organized the juvenile court here and made it a model for all the other courts of the kind in the United States. No Judge Lindsay stuff! No newspaper stories were ever allowed from juvenile court—under laws he had enacted. Names of wayward boys and girls are never mentioned. No other man has ever won the hearts of boys as has Henry Hulbert. But nobody has ever heard him mention his work for publicity purposes. He spent his days in his court and his nights in the slums seeking an answer to his problems. Nobody knows how many volunteer workers he got to aid him in cleaning up bad neighborhoods by organizing boys' clubs and recreation centers. But it has all been lasting work. Harry does not believe in bass-drum reforms. He is too much the scientist for emotionalism."

"Has he left the bench?"

"Yes; after forty-five years of such work, he is now a financier, vice-president of the National Bank of Detroit, in charge of the trust department. He retired from the bench before the New Deal second landslide could sweep him out of office."

"But you say he is a scientist, an astronomer?"

"Haven't you heard of the McMath-Hulbert Observatory out at Lake Angeles?"

"No."

"Well, go to any university in the world and ask the physicists

and astronomers about it. They'll tell you. From Galileo to the McMath-Hulbert Observatory is the way they will speak of it. By their system of photography—motion pictures in color—they are getting a story of the heavens that will last for ages. By these pictorial studies they will either prove or refute the Einstein theory. Their observatory makes the sun come so close to you that you feel burned and the moon so near you think you can scratch a match on its surface."

"Go on!"

I didn't bother. Nevertheless it is true. The observatory was started by three Detroit "amateurs"—Hulbert, Dr. Robert C. McMath and his father, the late Francis C. McMath, famous bridge engineer. They devised a motion-picture camera for photographing the sun which, jestingly, they call the *spectrobeliokinematograph*.

At an exhibition before the Royal Astronomical Society in London, a British scientist exclaimed: "I have devoted twenty years of my life to a study of the heavens. I have learned more about what the surface of a star really is in the last twenty minutes than I did in those twenty years."

Solar storms are filmed in such striking displays as to excite the interest of astronomers all over the world. There is a library now of over a half-million separate solar pictures and the work is just getting under way. The films show solar fireworks that dazzle the eye and stun the imagination. Hydrogen atoms spray upward from the sun's surface for more than 150,000 miles. One film reveals a terrific explosion which lifted from the sun a volume of atmosphere large enough to swallow the earth several times—600,000 miles above the sun's surface. Flames at thousands of degrees of temperature are shown descending on the sun in great curving spirals from some vast unknown source in the outer regions. One eruption shows a burst of gas mounting at a speed of 430 miles a second or around 1,500,000 miles an hour.

The larger observatory was finished with funds from the McGregor and Rackham Foundations. In 1940 Hulbert and McMath gave it to the University of Michigan, and accepted positions as members of the faculty.

These scientists are seeking to bring to the people of the earth

the secret of the sun itself—the source of all life. Somewhere, sometime, they may find answer to Charles F. Kettering's riddle, why is grass green? Sometime they may learn the answer to atomic energy. The scientists of the world are beating a path to their door. The observatory films go to universities and accredited scientific bodies with the regularity of a Hollywood exchange system.

"Yes," I continued to my visitor at the luncheon table, "if you asked anybody on the streets of Chicago or Kansas City or New York anything about Henry S. Hulbert they would say, as you have, that they had never heard of him. You see, he is not a .300 hitter, a football star, a Hollywood actor or a politician.

"You all talk about how much money Henry Ford has made, but seldom ask what he is doing with it. The Henry Ford Foundation for Charity and Education will be the largest the world has ever known.

"There is a stability and a strength of character in the town that gives it the undertone of which you speak. Detroit is full of thoughtful, serious-minded citizens of the Henry Hulbert type—not as unusual, of course, but just as sincere, and just as self-effacing. Hang around here long enough to meet the folks, and you'll begin to understand. You cannot learn the real spirit of Detroit by just stopping off between trains."

BOOK FIVE
AROUND THE TOWN

*PROHIBITION, THE BRIDGE,
THE TUNNEL*

STRETCHING across the Detroit River is the longest international suspension span in the world. Under the river is a white-tiled tunnel, the only international tube on earth. Thus are we bound to Windsor and Canada. And now there is agitation for Detroit to acquire acreage along the Canadian shore for a giant airport. By international agreement this would be leased and controlled so that there would be no tariff or immigration barriers for passengers and freight landing there.

Behind all this development is one of the maddest dramas of our times.

It is a tale of rumrunning and horse racing; of the frontier of Alberta and of Wall Street; of prize fighting and salvation; of the "Stork Derby," when women in Canada raced to see who could have the most babies in ten years; of a man who beat the bass drum in the Salvation Army for twenty years and then dropped his drum to become a financier.

It is all quite involved.

To begin with, there is Kid McCoy, once light heavyweight champion of the world. I cannot remember which one of his wives he murdered out in California. It was either the twelfth or thirteenth. He was sent to San Quentin penitentiary for life but was later paroled to Harry Bennett, former personnel director of the Ford Motor Co. He died here as one of Bennett's factory guards. This was sentiment on the part of Bennett as The Kid once trained him to be a prize fighter.

It was The Kid in his palmy days who evolved the trick of walking through a train and helping himself to a ticket off the hatband of a sleeping passenger. He would thoroughly enjoy seeing the

fellow get kicked off the train at the next stop or pay another fare. He won \$10,000 in Paris on a bet that he could beat the French *savate* (foot-boxing) champion, after others had been nearly kicked to death. The Kid got in the ring, looked up into the rafters and laughed out loud. The French champ looked up also to see what McCoy was laughing at. He never found out.

When Bill Yawkey, owner of the Tigers, hired Tommy Ryan, world champion, to teach him boxing, McCoy came to town to see Ryan. He had been a former sparring partner. He begged Ryan to give him a fight, promising to take it on the chin after the third round. Ryan agreed and did not train. McCoy came into the ring "in the pink" and beat the daylights out of the champ. The Kid was that kind of a heel.

As his legs grew older he made tours of the continent in faraway places, agreeing to knock out anybody matched against him in five rounds or forfeit fifty dollars. This was easy picking.

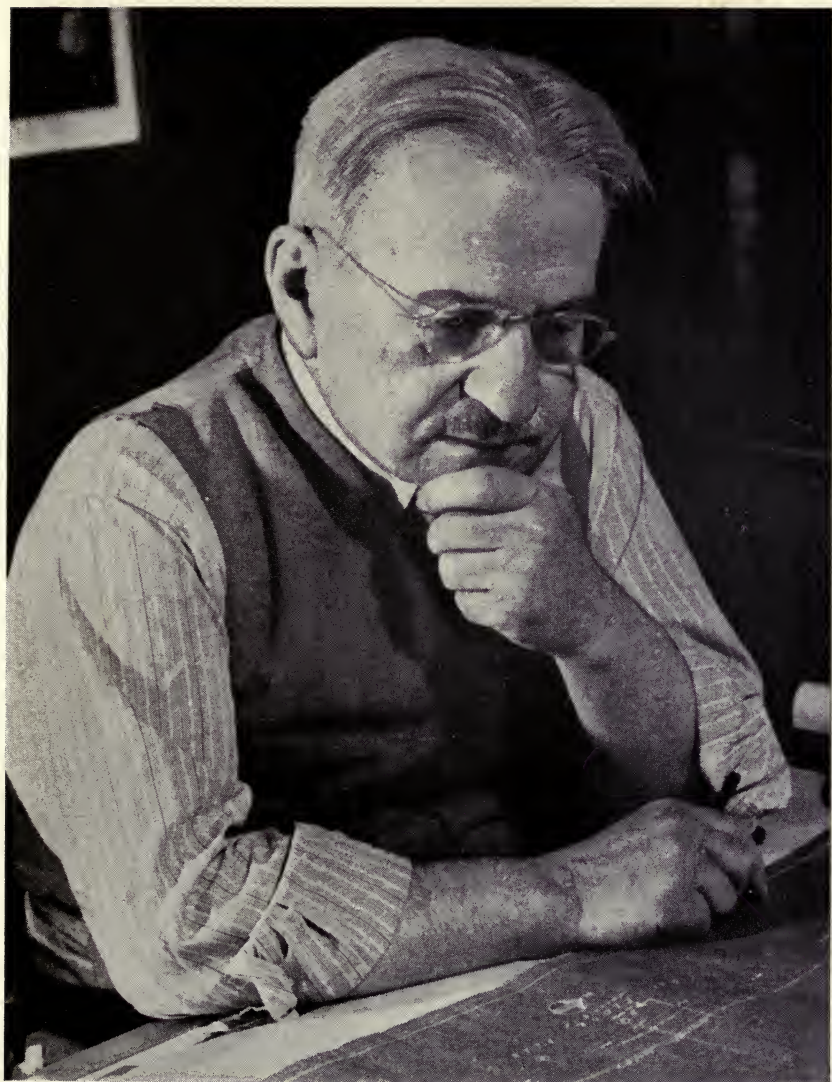
The fights were usually staged in halls with the ring at the rear, near an open window. A kerosene lamp with a great shade was hung over the center of the ring. If a customer proved too tough The Kid would jockey him over by the open window, beyond the rays of the lamp. His confederate would then tap the fellow on the skull with a club.

Well, The Kid was working out in Alberta when Edmonton was wild and woolly. There he was matched to fight a big rough youngster who earned an honest living as a bouncer in a poolroom and dance hall. As the lamp gag was not workable, the youth, Fred W. Martin, battled the former champ to the finish of the five rounds. That gave him ambitions and he became a professional boxer along with his nightly bouncing act.

Maybe he would have gone on to fame in the ring. Maybe the \$25,000,000 Detroit-Windsor Tunnel would never have been built. Nobody knows. One night after wiping the floor with two or three real tough guys, Freddie Martin went out on the street to cool off. He heard a Salvation Army band playing. He listened.

"I saw the futility of the life I was leading," he said later. "God called me, and I came."

He joined the Salvation Army. For the next twenty years he beat the bass drum in the band instead of beating up poolroom re-



Associated Press Photo

Albert H. Kahn, world-famous designer of factories.



Willow Run, last of Albert H. Kahn's great factories, with giant bomber in foreground.

calctrants. This labor of the Lord eventually brought him to Windsor where he thumped away with right good will. Then suddenly there came to him a thought: "Why not a tunnel between Detroit and Windsor?" Why not, indeed! He took off his uniform and within two years was hailed across the continent as a financial wizard who had put "the big hole" under the river bed.

He had saved up \$300. With this he went to Charles Vance Millar, brilliant, but slightly balmy Toronto lawyer, whose religion consisted of hating the human race as unfit to exist. Millar owned a franchise for such a tunnel but had never used it.

Millar obtained it only because he was furious at the Detroit-Windsor Ferry company when he missed one of their boats to Detroit and had to wait half an hour. That's the type of mind he had. He sold his franchise to the bass drummer and took a 10 per cent share of the stock as part payment.

When he died all Canada—and the rest of the world—was startled by his will. The half million he had made on the tunnel deal he set aside to be awarded to the Canadian woman who gave birth to the greatest number of babies during the decade after his death. He also bequeathed his stock in breweries and race tracks to all the clergymen of Windsor. With some few indignant exceptions, they took these stocks "in the name of the Lord," and preached sound sermons on the theme that out of evil cometh good.

As Millar died in 1926, the good people of Canada were treated for the next decade with an amazing education in obstetrics, biology and romance—of a sort. The race was fiercely contended and was fought right down to the last minute, with stop watches guarding the seconds unto midnight of the last day.

Prime Minister Hepburn denounced the baby-breeding marathon as an outrage. Clergymen of all denominations shouted their pulpit protests. Newspapers roared. But there was nothing that could be done about it. Toward the finish women were claiming that they were sure they were going to have triplets. There were profound legal rulings whether a child had to be born within the last hour.

One woman of twenty-five entered the contest with a claim of ten babies. But her rivals charged that five of them were illegitimate. This brought more court controversy when it was ruled that

illegitimate babies were barred. It was argued that no baby is ever illegitimate; the parents may be, but not the baby. On such lofty notes the battle raged.

✓ On October 30, 1937, the race was declared a dead heat with four women being awarded the half million dollars, to be divided equally. Each had had nine babies in ten years.

Before the derby was determined, Fred W. Martin had died, destitute—on May 2, 1935. He had left his bass drum, financed one of the greatest tunnels in the world and crashed in less than five years.

He insisted he was inspired by God to build the tunnel. "Hundreds of years after we are gone," he said as the tube neared completion, "this tunnel will be making nations friendlier, eradicating foolish boundaries and serving all mankind."

Just how much God had to do with it, I am not in position to state. But the real money that was poured into the project to the tune of \$25,000,000 was not exactly sanctified by high impulses. The United States was then theoretically dry under the prohibition amendment. Canada was thoroughly wet. Also horse racing was barred in Detroit and there were two tracks running in Windsor.

But there need be no question of Fred Martin's own sincerity. While he had never missed a thump of that bass drum for twenty years, he had been busily engaged in study. He had taken a course in business and another in engineering and architecture from a correspondence school.

As the unexpected millions rolled in on him in his few brief years of opulence, he gave of his wealth to hospitals and churches and planned to use more for settlement works. He was as devoted to the cause of humanity as his strange associate, Charles Millar, hated it. Millar used to write long essays to prove that the human race is no good. His Maternal Marathon, his associates said, was conceived deliberately to show his contempt for the human animal.

✓ Detroit lawyers who tried to break the will for distant relatives contended:

"Here we have one of the most extraordinary documents in the history of wills—a document which, *in esse*, has no counterpart. . . . Considering the man, we find one, who, like Lincoln, started at the bottom and by sheer grit and fighting spirit became one of

the great leaders of the bar of Canada. It was a tough battle he fought and it was fraught, like Lincoln's, with disappointments, shove-backs and disillusionments—but he carried on.

“And then, at a tide in his life, he cloaked himself in the habiliments of Brann the Iconoclast, with leanings to Nietzsche and Schopenhauer. Through many years of contact with mankind, observing their foibles and deceits, he became obsessed with the view that all humanity is hypocritical and false—a view which we cannot approve. It is therefore, for this reason, that the heirs have started suit. . . .”

You can carry on from there. They lost.

Of course, all this has nothing directly to do with the tunnel itself. It is merely to note that because a misanthrope got sore over missing a ferryboat and a man of God quit beating his bass drum, one of the world's greatest engineering triumphs was achieved.

Yet truth must raise its horrid head to report that the international amity and peace-on-earth purposes of the man who whammed the drum were not exactly achieved. During the prohibition era the big tube was known as nothing else but the “Windsor-Detroit Funnel.”

Remember, it was back in the days when the racketeers and gangsters ruled America, with murder and kidnaping the order of the day. It was absolutely impossible to get a drink in Detroit unless you walked at least ten feet and told the busy bartender what you wanted in a voice loud enough for him to hear you above the uproar.

But it was not drinking with comfort. Not that you or the bartender were afraid of the law. They loved the law. It was so nice and pliable—and so profitable. It was the gangsters who gave both customer and bartender the cold shivers. One never knew when these kings of the jungle would walk in and start shooting from the hip because the proprietor of the joint had not come across with “protection” money. There are former proprietors of speak-easies—now prosperous businessmen—who still have crinks in their necks from jerking their heads around to note suddenly opened doors. Then there was fear of being sold disguised poison.

Shiploads of liquor poured across from Canada all night and

all day, with the toughest bunch of gangsters that ever rode the river since the day of Cadillac. They shot to kill, not policemen and law enforcement officers, but rival gangsters who lay in wait to highjack the loads.

They would pack their "liquid gold" onto trucks and, with guns in their laps, would cannon-ball over the highways to Chicago and points west. Al Capone was the international expressman in those merry days. His boys had orders to shoot it out with anybody who got too curious.

This condition made God-fearing, law-abiding, but thirsty Detroiters eager to visit Canada where they could guzzle under properly respected and duly observed statutes. Hence the first big success of "the funnel."

Now all this, of course, had nothing whatever to do with the Ambassador Bridge. This was conceived neither by a misanthrope nor a drum beater for the Lord. This was the dream of a Detroit youth who became known as a sound, conservative financier. Joseph A. Bower had studied both business and law in Detroit and finally took up banking. He left Detroit as vice-president of the Detroit Trust Company to continue a brilliant career in New York.

To him the bridge was sound, practical business. He was linking the motor way of the east and the west.

How did he know that prohibition was going to be repealed? How did he know that horse racing would be outlawed in Ontario? How did he know that Kid McCoy in far-off Alberta, had knocked religion into the head of a bouncer and had set such a bad example for the youth that he joined the Salvation Army? How was he to know that Charles Vance Millar was going to get sore over missing a ferryboat? How, in fact, did he know that the Salvation Army veteran was going to drop his drum and pop up overnight as a financial genius to build a tunnel in opposition to his bridge?

A man cannot imagine all these things and get anywhere. Chances must be taken. Bower promoted the suspension bridge, meeting all requirements for the tallest ships that will ever sail the lakes.

Bower started his project in 1924. It was never considered visionary or impractical but a sadly needed passageway to New York and the east through Canada. From the days when the first white

man arrived here there had been talk of building such a bridge. And now it was to be accomplished.

But while he started in '24, Drummer Martin started in '26. Nobody paid any attention to Martin at first. The very idea of a Salvation Army drummer promoting a \$25,000,000 tube under the river! But rumors spread fast. Certain very wise investors got hold of the idea there was something in his scheme. He had bought the franchise. They could use it.

Construction work on the Ambassador Bridge began on May 7, 1927. Work of digging the tunnel started on May 3, 1928. By rushing the job the steel companies finished the bridge and had it opened on November 11, 1929. The tunnel was opened on November 12, 1930. So you can see there was quite a battle between the mole and the eagle.

In less than three years around \$50,000,000 was spent so that people could get back and forth—quickly—between Detroit and our ever-kind liquor-supplied neighbors of Windsor.

The unexpected repeal of prohibition was only a few years away. Ontario now bars horse racing, but Detroit has taken it up again. After the usual financial readjustments that come with most promotions, both tunnel and bridge are doing nicely. With the war over and the tourist trade booming, the turnstiles are clicking.

And now there comes the proposal to lease a large section of the Canadian shore line for that Detroit airport, with the Ambassador Bridge as the direct runway into town—twenty minutes.

POLITICS IS FUNNY

✓ **N**ow," said the drugstore oracle, "Theodore Roosevelt was a statesman. He was different from his cousin Franklin, who is just a politician."

Well, while he was talking and I was waiting for my pint of ice cream, I was looking at one of those drugstore displays. This time it was a cold cure guaranteed by a Mr. Hill whose picture reveals him with a long brown beard. "W. H. Hill," the name read. And then the mazda of memory clicked.

W. H. Hill? Sure! I remembered him! He won local fame because of the way he signed his name: it looked just the same upside down. He was very proud of the fact that hotel clerks were startled when he signed the register. There it was, W. H. Hill, any way you looked at—upside down or otherwise. Well, as I say, he wore a beard and made a fortune that lawyers are still thoroughly enjoying, through litigation.

And I was looking right into that beard when this drugstore oracle was explaining to the high-school-boy clerk, the soda jerker, that T. R. was a statesman and not a politician. May the good Lord save me from growing cynical in my old age! Because it all came back to me—the story that Charlie Nichols told us of his experience with Theodore Roosevelt, which had to do with W. H. Hill, the gentleman with the beard.

✓ It was back in 1912. That was the year of the split in the Republican party which resulted in the election of Woodrow Wilson. T. R. had organized the Bull Moose party because he was so mad at the GOP leaders who had swiped from him the Michigan delegates—who were as honestly elected as any political delegates ever were elected, which is not saying much.

Well, T. R. had Charlie Nichols as his Michigan manager. He

was then city clerk, he was later congressman and he had been my old pal as a reporter.

T. R. came to town. His secretary phoned "Nick" to come to the Michigan Central station to see him, but to approach his car on the tracks and not by the station platform—which Charlie did. He found all the curtains of the Pullman pulled down on the platform side. T. R. talked to him about the Michigan situation and then said:

"The lunatic fringe is outside there waiting to meet me. Before I let them in I want you to peek out at them and tell me who they are."

So Charlie got on his knees with the ex-President of the United States and they peeked through the little crack that T. R. made when he pulled up the curtain ever so slightly.

"Who," said T. R., on his knees, "is that funny-looking fellow with the big gray mustache?"

Charlie peeked out. The whole platform was filled with Eager Souls waiting to meet T. R. "That's Ed Grece," said Nick. "He is a screwball on spiritualism."

From old Ed on, he picked them. The fellow who was sure he had solved the problem of perpetual motion and the man who said he knew Lincoln. There were single taxers and there were chaps of the school of Joe Labadie, the gentle anarchist. They were all there and all Bull Moosers. Among them, of course, were steely-eyed, practical politicians, who dreamed of landing jobs as clerks in the drain commissioner's office or even as assistants to the dog-catcher.

"And that fellow with the beard?" said T.R.

"That's W. H. Hill," said Nick. "He makes some kind of pills to cure colds."

T. R. got off his knees. He turned to his secretary who had guided Nick into his private car. "Let them in," he snapped, "so I can get this over with!"

The door opened and in they poured. Right then and there T. R. gave a demonstration of his genius in remembering faces—even faces that he had never seen before.

"Ah, Mr. Grece!" he cried. "Dee-lighted, I assure you! Some

day, when we have time, I want to spend an evening with you talking over your researches into psychic phenomena."

And so on down the line until—

"Why, Mr. Hill! This is one of the things I have long waited for! To meet one of the great leaders of the American pharmaceutical business! Dee-lighted, I assure you."

There was the strange case of Proctor Knott Owen, a wild man from the Ozark Mountains who almost became mayor of Detroit, having been nominated on the Republican ticket by the Democrats, for the purpose of clinching the office for William B. Thompson, Democrat.

After Mayor Breitmeyer had been defeated by Owen for the nomination, Thompson rested on his oars and did not have to do any campaigning.

"Butcher Bill" Thompson took it for granted that even the most hateful black Republican would vote for him as at least the lesser of two evils. But it was discovered on the Two o'clock Count of the ballots that ol' Proctor Knott was away ahead.

A hurried council of war was held in the Pontchartrain bar. Something had to be done to save the city. Judge Connolly, our local Democratic boss, was equal to the occasion. The word went out in the city's precincts: "Open the graves! Let the bluebird fly!"

Everybody in politics knew what this meant. In our complete and happy corruption nobody ever bothered to check over the polling lists. The names of men who had been dead for years were still carried as voters. In the controlled precincts to "open the graves" meant to vote the names of the dead.

The "bluebird" requires a little more explanation. Precincts were passed on from father to son, generation after generation. A man owned a precinct with the same assurance that he owned his saloon. The same man served on the boards from youth to old age. So they became expert in skulduggery. And one of the tricks they learned was a bit of sleight of hand. They practiced for years to palm a little blue pencil stub.

With this trick perfected they could, right under the glare of a challenger, re-mark ballots as they counted them or have them

declared illegal because voting for both men. So when the order went forth to "let the bluebird fly" the lads knew what was expected of them.

Here there developed a curious situation. On that bleak November day the angels were drafted by the church and civic leaders to be on the side of the corruptionists. It was agreed that the election of Proctor Knott Owen would be a calamity from which our fair city would never recover. He had been promising free streetcar rides, free beer, free everything—and no taxes. They said that Proctor was insane and sought to prove it by the promises he had made. I always felt, however, that the old coot had merely out-promised the professional politicians. They had been promising the people almost everything and he just went one step further and promised everything. How does that make a man crazy?

The graves were never opened so wide nor did the bluebird ever fly so fast with all our Better People on their knees praying that there would be enough corrupt precincts and that the owners thereof were sufficiently skilled in thievery. They proved worthy of the faith imposed in them.

I spoke of sleight of hand. In one instance in a precinct in the lower end of the Eighth Ward a challenger was causing all sorts of trouble. He was strong and smart and knew his rights. When they started counting the votes he refused to leave. The boys had such a job to do they figured they could not function with him hanging around.

Suddenly the chairman shrieked that someone had picked his pocket and stolen his watch. That was the cue. Another lad said that the thief could not have left the place, that someone still there had stolen it and demanded that everybody be searched by the police officer. All agreed.

The policeman found the watch tucked away in the challenger's pocket.

"Officer," cried the board in unison, "arrest that man!"

They dragged the protesting challenger over to the Trumbull Avenue Station and locked him up for the night. The boys went merrily on, undisturbed in their larceny. One of their number was a partially reformed pickpocket.

He had used reverse English, however. He slipped the watch into the challenger's pocket.

"Silver Ed" Riley, boss of the second precinct of the Fourth Ward, was never bothered by such matters.

"Let 'em stuff the ballot box, m' boy," he would say to those who tipped off skulduggery from the opposition. "That ain't the box from which we are going to do the counting."

The most honest precinct in the city—bar none—was that of Billy Boushaw, the First of the First, or as the editorialists proclaimed it, "the Foist o' th' Foist."

Billy's "hotel" on the river front was a flophouse for dock workers and bums. There is a difference. When they were broke he fed them and housed them until spring. He was their friend. And they voted as he asked them to. Never anything crooked at Billy's precinct.

Along the river front he was a boyhood friend of such fine Detroit citizens as John C. Lodge, our elder statesman, and James S. Holden. He was born on the other side of the railroad tracks and never wanted to mix with them after he grew to man's estate. If they wanted to visit Billy they had to see him at his place and there he treated them as he had done in the days of boyhood's equality.

Hazen S. Pingree was his idol because Ping was an honest man.

His silk-stocking friends always got his vote without spending a penny. This gave people the idea that Billy could be bought and hence he was denounced by whichever side did not get his vote. He was insulted when crude politicians tried to offer him money.

John Gillespie managed the first campaign of Phil Breitmeyer. John, as green then in politics as a grasshopper's tummy, walked into Billy's one night and baldly asked the river-front boss how much he wanted for his votes—as though buying a ton of coal.

"Five hundred dollars," said Billy.

"Bought!" said John and laid down five hundred-dollar bills.

Breitmeyer's vote in "the Foist o' th' Foist" was exactly zero.

But Gillespie learned the game rapidly. The next election was

over municipal ownership of streetcars—one of a dozen such campaigns—and Breitmeyer had a “plan.” Just what it was nobody was ever able to figure out.

A week before the election Billy Boushaw found that all his boys had been laid off by the water board. Gillespie was a water commissioner. Billy hunted up John and demanded an explanation.

“Work is slack,” said John airily. “Things will not pick up until after election. See me then. And, by the way, how is the vote going in your district?”

John got the vote.

In the first vote ever taken in Detroit for woman suffrage the society women came out in force as precinct workers and challengers. One gorgeous hussy whose papa had much money lived in the swank Palms Apartments on Jefferson. The precinct was down by the railroad tracks.

Some smart Irish lads, who dressed just about as well as her boy friends, owned that precinct. And a delightful morning was spent by all. At noon the boss of the precinct—now a dignified Detroit businessman who signs ringing resolutions for civic reforms—asked the lovely lady with the alluring gams to go to lunch with him at the Pontchartrain. She drove him down in her electric.

The lunch was delightful and the drinks were better. They spent a very happy afternoon, arriving back at the booth just before closing time.

Woman suffrage carried in that precinct without a dissenting vote, though snowed under in all other parts of the city.

“Thank God,” cried James Schermerhorn in his reform paper, *Detroit Today*, “that there is at least one precinct in the city which understands that the purity of our politics depends on the high-minded vision and instincts for decency on the part of our home builder: the Woman!”

Dave Heineman was a dilettante in politics and in most everything else. As his family had left him a fortune, he played in politics for amusement, as he played in music, art, literature. He might have been one of the great figures of Michigan if he had ever taken himself seriously enough.

It was just at the beginning of the cubistic, futuristic, altogether nutty vogue in art with "A Nude Descending the Stairs" looked upon as the masterpiece that would emancipate the artist from his "chains" of the past. All of this brought groans from Dave, the art connoisseur.

As city controller Dave had to sign 10,000 city bonds. He used a large green blotter. When he had finished, the clear sharp strokes of his signature covered the blotter with purple dashes. Dave went up to O'Leary's art store and bought a heavy glassed frame. Into this he inserted his blotter. Then he entered it in an exhibit of this futuristic junk at the Detroit Art Institute. He titled it "The Duel."

Dave's blotter won first prize, was reproduced in the art magazines and was ponderously written about by the "impressionists" who found hidden meanings in it.

It was not to be wondered that Dave did not sit well with that old council largely made up of bartenders from both sides of the mahogany. And Dave's cultured friends looked down on him because he associated with such people.

Bill Dever really belonged to the modern age of scientific polling in politics. He had been district sales manager of the American Lady Corset Company. He had his trade so well organized he did not have to work hard, so, to take up his leisure, he began supporting the candidacy for mayor of George P. Codd.

Codd was the greatest of the D. A. C. pitchers and the man who pitched the University of Michigan team to national championships. His catcher was Frank Bowerman who won immortality with the New York Giants in later years. Bowerman was supposed to be studying "art" at the U. of M. but never learned how to spell it.

Bill Dever went to work developing a system all his own through a card index. He had every precinct in the city catalogued and kept track of every favor granted by any member of the Codd organization so that it could be used for future returns.

This master statistician lost his fortune and his job because he became so devoted to his system. Though he could deliver for Codd he could not get any votes for himself. He found this out after he had announced his candidacy for sheriff.

Jimmy Burns was his Democratic opponent. He was a fighter, a wrestler, the proprietor of a tough hotel, and, along with George Stallings, the first American League owner of the Detroit Tigers. Burns spread the word through the precincts that Dever was "a stingy Canuck." Bill was neither stingy nor Canadian but Burns had his reasons.

Bill was tall, thin and bald-headed. Burns picked out all the tall, thin, bald-headed fellows in his political menage to visit the saloons where the precinct votes were controlled—loaded down with Dever cards and banners.

One of these fellows would walk into a joint and hand out one of the Dever cards to the bartender.

"I am William Dever," he would say in a high-pitched querulous voice. "I am running for sheriff and want your support. Give me a small beer."

"Hey, fellers!" the bartender would yell to the crowd, "here's Bill Dever, candidate for sheriff!"

The crowd would rush to the bar in anticipation.

The visitor would hand out cards, asking one and all to vote for Dever. He would then lay down a Canadian dime to pay for his small beer and demand his nickel change.

Often some one of these scoundrels, better at histrionics, would start an argument about the change or complain that the glass was all foam and no beer. He would always put the nickel change back into a leather pocket purse and close it very carefully.

"I'll leave these placards here for bar display," he would say in departing. "Be sure and vote for me. Don't forget the name—Dever."

As Bill Dever had never gone out into the precincts himself, being always an inside master mind, the trick worked. Since the Codd organization made no effort whatever to help him he was a badly beaten man in a big Republican year.

Alfred J. Murphy was one of the most brilliant of a dazzling array of geniuses that came out of Old Cork to make their mark. But ambition gave him an austerity that did not set so well with the warm-hearted Irish of his native origins.

Young Murphy was not only intellectual; he was also one of the handsomest men of our community. And God gave him the gift of tongues. He was no doubt the greatest orator of his time in Michigan. It was cruel of Mike Dee of the *News*, after the silver-tongued boy orator had thrilled a large audience with his peroration, to pull the deadly parallel on him, and to reprint along with it the same language from a speech by Edmund Burke.

Young Murphy with his courtly charm quickly won the heart of Margaret Ducey, the daughter of one of Cork's wealthiest residents. In the words of the lads at Tom Trinder's, Alfred moved up from "the shanty Irish" to the "lace-curtain Irish." And they did not like him for the hauteur of his manner.

Strangely enough this great jurist had never tried a case. He had earned his way through law school by acting as press agent for Pop Wiggins' Wonderland museum.

Now comes into the picture James Phelan, who was a railroad switchman until he retired from all work and became a town character and a powerful vote getter.

He could do little more than read or write but under Grover Cleveland he became collector of internal revenue and later justice of the peace. He could not tell a law book from a city directory, yet he had political cunning and a wealth of common sense and when he announced that he wanted to be judge of the recorder's court there was no man who could say him no.

The party had to get somebody to run with Phelan as associate—there were only two such judges in those days. They picked on Murphy, then just graduated from law school. Young Alfred was to furnish the legal brains and Jim the votes.

Once elected the clashes between them became terrific. Alfred was to write the old man's decisions and to watch him. But he had his dignity. He resented Jim's walking into his court when he was hearing a case and yelling across to him to hurry up and "do this and that"—especially when Jim would come in without a coat and with his collar open, usually eating an apple.

Now, one of the greatest attractions at old Wonderland was a large cage of monkeys. Young Alfred's soul fairly writhed in agony when Judge Jim would refer to him as "that press agent for the monkey house I picked to run with me."

It was distressing for young Alfred, adorned with his frock coat which he always wore when addressing a jury, to be pouring forth his inexorable logic and flawless diction and have Judge Jim slam open the door and yell, "Hey, Al, I wanna see you in my office!" Alfred denounced his superior in open court one day. Then the blood feud was on.

Wily old Jim did not let himself be caught without a walking library, however. The break with Alfred did not come before he had found another one. This was in the person of the late William F. Connolly, who was graduated from law before he was old enough to practice and was controlling precincts before he was old enough to vote.

Will Connolly started as secretary of police under Commissioner George Fowle and took over the legal work essential to the judiciary of the recorder's court. Some of Will's decisions, signed by Jim, still remain among our more brilliant legal documents.

Alfred escaped from the impasse by getting himself elected to the circuit bench—and carried on the feud, with rapier against rapier this time.

The old Irish shook their heads when Alfred went Republican and later, when Alfred left the church, they were sure that Ol' Jim must have been right.

Judge Jim Phelan was a rare phenomenon in American politics. He was stingy to the point of miserliness. Yet almost all his days and nights away from the bench were at the bar.

He was never known to buy a drink. For Jim they were always on the house. The proprietor of any saloon considered it an honor to serve him not only his liquor but his meals.

The only man I have ever known to match him as a rememberer of names is James A. Farley. Phelan's political power was largely among the foreign element. To them he was "the judge." There was none other in Detroit as far as they were concerned.

When the statue of Christopher Columbus was unveiled on Washington Boulevard facing Grand Circus Park, it was a great civic holiday. The governor, church dignitaries and Mayor William B. Thompson were on hand. The streets were packed with Italians—mostly of the first generation to arrive here.

"Look at that Thompson shaking hands wi' 'em," Phelan growled at me, "an' wearing gloves while doin' it!"

He deliberately left the receiving line as the parade started, and walked across the street, to stand alone.

The Italians spotted him over there and made a beeline for him. He was "the judge"! From the governor down all the other politicians, including the mayor and the gathered congressmen, forgot all about the roped course of the receiving line. They dashed across the road to be with Jim. That was where the voters had flocked.

Jim came out of Cork Town but Cork Town was not proud of him. He let his wife take in washing to support him while he spent his afternoons umpiring sand-lot baseball games in the field at Michigan and Trumbull which had once been a municipal zoo. The animal cages still remained.

When a player resented a decision too strongly, Jim would punish him by tossing him into one of those old cages and locking the doors. This went all right until one afternoon when the boys and the umpire lingered to finish their second lard can of beer.

Jim forgot that he had locked up a fellow younger than most of them. His family notified the police that he was missing. He was found through his shrieks for help. This led to Jim's arrest. He appeared next morning in police court.

Even then he imitated Buffalo Bill by wearing a long flowing mane that stretched halfway down his back. It was to become a big political asset for him. A reporter and cartoonist named Dinny Donahue wrote a humorous bit about Jim and illustrated the yarn. That piece of publicity led to Jim's amazing career as one of the powerful political bosses of Detroit.

Jim began cultivating the friendship of reporters. Strangely enough, too, he had an uncanny nose for news. He was always good for a yarn on a dull day.

From precinct work he began moving up until the election of Grover Cleveland when he landed the then small office of United States collector. On this job, for reasons never made quite clear, he won the great friendship of Daniel Scotten, multimillionaire tobacco manufacturer.

Gossip had it that Scotten was hard pressed for ready money during the depression years of the nineties and that Phelan sold him

tobacco stamps "on credit." As the money was always promptly paid, nothing ever came of this Federal violation. So, when Phelan decided he wanted to run for justice of the peace, Scotten financed him.

A justice of the peace then did not have to know anything. Most of them didn't. No legal training was necessary. At that time the bar of Detroit began hating Jim Phelan with a hate that became a religion. Jim always depended for his law on a young clerk, Ed Cullen.

"Your honor," said a lawyer, "I refer you to the thirty-fourth Michigan—"

"Clerk of the Court!" yelled Jim. "Bring me the thirty-fourth Michigan!"

Cullen reached over and handed him the city directory.

Jim pretended to ponder on it and then ruled against the lawyer.

By the time he had served one year on the bench as a justice he had become so well known a figure and was so adroit in political finesse and publicity that even the wealthy Daniel J. Campau was afraid of him.

Jim demanded that he be placed on the Democratic slate as recorder—the presiding judge in our criminal court.

That is how they happened to select the brilliant Alfred J. Murphy as his running mate.

On the recorder's bench his publicity and vote-getting abilities grew until he held in his hands an absolute power if he cared to use it. Jim was a lone wolf. He played his own hand and had no ambitions other than being "the judge." Yet a word from him could turn any election.

It was at a time when the newspapers still delivered their papers by horse and wagon. "Scorcher" cops on bicycles roamed the streets.

Among the more persistent violators of city ordinances were the drivers of the afternoon-paper wagons in their spirit of competition. The circulation managers usually paid their fines as part of the delivery system.

One day Harry S. Scott, as the watchdog of the *News* treasury, discovered to his horror that fines in one week had amounted to

\$14.50. He gave prompt orders that from there on the boys driving wagons would pay their own fines.

I was on the city desk. Two apple-cheeked kids came up to me with tears in their eyes. They had got tickets for not having hitched the horse or for driving too fast. They begged me to save them. Would I speak to the judge? A fine meant their whole week's pay. They gave me the works about their widowed mothers. I violated office orders. I called Frank Kane over and gave him their names.

"Tell Phelan," I said, "to give these kids a break."

Kane told the judge. Jim said he would take care of them. But on that ordinance session day the old court was packed with violators and Judge Jim was having a field day. He delivered a long lecture on men who let horses run wild on our streets "endangering the lives and limbs of our citizens."

"This must stop!" he roared. "I will now fine everybody guilty of galloping a horse or leaving it unhitched the limit of the law!"

Clerk Tom Penniman kept handing him up names in batches—from one of which he forgot to pull out the names of the two kids I had agreed to help. Kane jumped from the press table and raced up to the bench.

"Jim," he whispered, "those are Bing's two boys."

Phelan never batted an eye.

He glared over his glasses, stroked his great mane of hair and bellowed: "What do you boys mean, harbouring a vicious dog?"

"We ain't got no dog," sobbed the frightened kids.

"Don't lie to me," thundered Jim, "or I'll send you over the road for thirty days for perjury! Get out of here before I lose my temper—and get rid of that dog!"

Once in an involved City Hall scandal our best attorneys brought up before Jim's court questions of law which aroused the interest of the whole legal profession. The settlement of their points would determine very largely the fate of the Republican administration in office at the time. Accusations were made against Dewey Moreland, Department of Public Works commissioner.

Judge William F. Connolly, Phelan's associate, acknowledged to be one of the finest legal minds of the city, wrote the decision

for Jim—as everybody in town knew. Reporter Charlie Nichols was a close friend of Connolly's. Connolly had promised to give him a scoop on the decision.

"Here is a copy of it," he said. "Get it set and run it in the two o'clock home edition. At that time I will have Phelan begin reading it."

Everything was set.

But Phelan went over to Joe Lume's Stag Hotel for lunch. With convivial companions he decided to take the afternoon off and to go up to his fishing lodge at the Flats in Lake St. Clair. Two o'clock arrived and no Jim. The *News* home edition was on the press. After phoning Joe Lume's, Connolly got a boy on a bicycle to race down to the White Star Line dock. Phelan was grabbed on board and dragged to the phone to answer Connolly's call.

"I won't come back!" yowled Jim.

"You've got to," vowed Connolly. "Your whole political life is at stake."

So Judge Jim was dumped into a hack and got to the courtroom by 2:30. Through regurgitative belching he blundered along reading words of which he did not have the slightest understanding.

But it did not matter. The members of the legal profession who packed his court were already reading the decision in full on the front page of the *News*.

One of Jim's publicity tricks was to have it announced that he had given his overcoat away to some poor down-and-outer. Court attachés were mildly puzzled by this each winter as Jim always kept on wearing the same coat. The last time he pulled the stunt, word of his humanitarian gesture came from the hospital where he had been taken suffering from a bad cold.

As he had been home in bed for a week prior to that announcement, nobody could figure how he had given his coat away the night before. But that was the last time. Jim died of pneumonia. And then came the big surprise.

Outside of Cork Town Jim had always presented himself as a single man, his washwoman wife having died many years before. But when he died an Indian girl from the Flats announced that she was his widow and produced a marriage license to prove it. As

the old fellow left a considerable fortune she had done pretty well for a wild Indian lass.

The bar and bench sighed with relief, as did the politicians. Jim's control of the precincts was gone.

In the old days of violent partisan politics when the names of Jefferson and Hamilton, Lincoln and Douglas figured in every municipal campaign the leader of the local Republican party was Edgar O. Durfee, our one probate judge. He had lost an arm fighting in the Civil War. The leader of the Democratic party was Major Thomas Penniman, a man so big and so pompous that it was said the City Hall trembled when he walked down Griswold Street. Never was there more fierce enmity between two men in Detroit politics as there was between them.

Penniman continued to grow more extreme and extravagant as the years passed. Finally, his family began worrying about him. They called in the doctors, who agreed that Major Penniman was completely and incurably insane. He would have to be committed to the asylum, they told the family, because he might become violent.

Now, under the law of Michigan the only person who can adjudge a man insane is the probate judge. Judge Durfee was the only one we had. Durfee was a gentleman of the Old School. He had a long list of medical men testify and sign affidavits, so that nobody could accuse him of taking any advantage of his lifelong enemy. When he signed the commitment papers, Major Penniman was in court, quiet, calm, perfectly poised.

"It grieves me very much," said Judge Durfee with real depth of feeling, "to find that I am the only one who can sign these necessary papers of commitment. I hope you realize, Major Penniman, that I look upon it as a very unhappy duty to adjudge you insane."

Major Penniman rose to his majestic height and bowed low. "I quite understand your unhappy plight, Judge Durfee," he said. "Am I to understand that I am legally declared insane by your action and that I am to be no longer held responsible for my actions?"

"That is right," said Judge Durfee.

"All right then," said the major, still perfectly poised. "I will

now proceed to tell you some things that I have wanted to say to you for years, you one-armed—”

For half an hour he didn't miss a thing in the way of invective and slander. And when he finished, with the dignity of a gentleman addressing the United States Supreme Court, he bowed low and again marched out of the court on his way to the asylum from which he never returned.

THAT RACE RIOT

THE National Open Golf Tournament was on here and I had promised to have dinner with the Old Guard of sports writers and ex-sports writers who had taken over a wing of the D. A. C. for the week. There were Grantland Rice, Clarence Budington Kelland, Westbrook Pegler, John Kieran, Charles Hughes and all the rest of the old gang. I was chided for being late.

"I have spent the afternoon and early evening," I said, "with one of the greatest personalities I have ever met and I got far more out of him than I could out of this bunch."

"Who was he?"

"A Southern gentleman," I said, looking straight at Bobbie Jones, of Atlanta, "even if Bobbie does not agree with me."

The greatest of all golfers was propped up on some pillows with his feet higher than his head. "Who is he?" he asked languidly.

"Dr. George Washington Carver, of Tuskegee Institute."

"You don't get any argument out of me on that," he said sitting up with a big grin. "I agree with you. When Dr. Carver walks down the streets of Atlanta, white folks take off their hats to him. He's done more for the South than any man I ever did hear about."

I had met the gentle old scientist at the convention of the Chemurgic Conference held at Dearborn Inn. Dr. Carver, pioneer in plant chemistry, had been brought here to deliver the principal address of the meeting. The Negro, black as a telephone, born a slave, had revolutionized American agriculture—or, rather was one of the leaders in a great movement now under way.

And so we talked through the evening about Dr. Carver. All tried to remember who said something about anyone who grew two blades of grass where one grew before. Some said it was from the Bible. Grantland Rice went down to the library and checked. It was from Dean Swift—and fitted:

"And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

There could be no more fitting epitaph on the grave of Dr. Carver. Not two ears of corn or two blades of grass, but thousands upon thousands of flowers and fruits and vegetables have sprouted from once sterile soil through his magic.

More, having restored the good earth and having seen the harvest thereof, he was not content. He began teaching the people what to do with the product. From the lowly peanut he extracted over 500 products, including candy, paints, plastics and numerous medicines. Great industries have grown up as a result of his quiet work. He turned abject poverty into wealth and comfort—and never would he take a cent for himself. He contended always that he was merely doing God's will. That was all the reward he desired.

When I saw him first that day he was sitting out in the corridor by the door of the banquet hall. The place was filled with leaders of industry and science. He was to be the speaker of the evening. But he did not enter. He had dined alone in his room. I asked him why he was not at the speakers' table.

"It's nicer out here." He smiled. "Some people just do not understand. They'll call me when they are ready for me."

And so we sat and chatted and I forgot all about the dinner and the other speakers.

"God has ordained," he said, "that there should never be any want, any poverty of any kind. All we have to do is follow His guidance and find His secrets. It's all so simple, if we could only understand."

"Will the time ever come when there will be plenty for everybody?"

"Yes, yes," he said, intense with eagerness. "There will come a day when, out of the soil, we will make our houses, our clothes, our automobiles—everything on earth we need. Plant chemistry is just at its beginnings. We have only opened a crack in the door. The age of plastics has not yet arrived. If wars are caused by the

lack of things, there will be no more wars because the earth will pour forth plenty for everybody. There will be no such thing as a have-not nation. Mr. Ford understands that. That is why we began working together years ago."

When a blight hit the southern peanut crop and it looked as though the growers would be ruined, as well as the owners of factories who made products from them, Dr. Carver was sought. He studied the mold that was infesting the plants and prescribed some simple remedy. It worked. The crop was saved. But when the growers' association asked him how much they owed him he answered, "You do not owe me anything. God gave you the peanut. How can I charge anything for serving Him?"

Some years later, I spent the day with him in his laboratory at Tuskegee. I found him on the second floor of the boys' dormitory where he lived alone in one little room. His clothes were patched and worn. Always they tried to "dress" him but he never had any thought of clothes. A tramp would have scorned his shoes. But every morning there was a fresh flower in his button-hole. He changed the world but never seemed to be living in it himself.

And now let us go from the sublime to the meticulous.

The average social worker, if given enough pencils and brightly colored pins to stick on a graph, can prove anything. He can even find things that do not exist. One of them announced recently that one of Detroit's most efficient and trusted police inspectors was utterly unfit and should be retired. At the very last minute he discovered his mistake. He had moved the wrong pin on his chart.

Ever since that race riot in Detroit, in the summer of 1943, this city has been inflicted with—among other things—visiting sociologists who seek to dig deep, and think deeper, in ascertaining how it happened. If they stopped there, it would not be so bad; but they go away and write books about it and proclaim them to be of great social significance.

I never realized before quite so well what St. Paul meant when he admonished the Corinthians: ". . . not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Other books and magazines toss all statistics, facts and reason

out of the window in going madly emotional about the sweep of hate which ended when the United States Army arrived—after thirty-five people had been killed.

But any good reporter, not obfuscated by either statistical hypnosis or emotionalism, could tell all that happened in a few sticks of copy.

The colored and white citizens of Detroit who are possessed of maturity and judgment understood what caused the flare-up. The riot was not made in Detroit. It was brought here.

Detroit has always had, since Civil War days, a large Negro population. It was the last stop of the "underground" through which escaping slaves made their way into Canada, before and during the War between the States. Many of them settled here and they have been good, law-abiding citizens. As the industrial growth swept over the city they increased in number but were quietly absorbed into community life, though badly handicapped, as were many others, for proper housing because of the tremendous development of the city.

When the Second World War came on both white and Negro workers poured in here from the South. And with them, as is always the case in any migration, came certain elements of riffraff, both white and Negro. This hoodlum element soon began causing trouble, with both sides freed of the inhibitions peculiar to the places whence they came.

And here politics enters the picture.

What they used to call "a scorned woman," the sweetheart of a petty gambler and racketeer, had jumped out of a window and killed herself, after writing letters to all the editors, judges and other public officials, telling of graft in the Police Department. She wanted revenge before she killed herself. She got it.

The Detroit *Free Press* hammered away until a grand jury was called, headed by Judge Homer Ferguson, now United States senator on the strength of the prosecutions that followed. It was revealed that Mayor Richard Reading was in league with a bunch of gamblers. The combination had corrupted the superintendent, numerous inspectors and many policemen. Reading was dubbed "Double-Dip Dick" because he insisted on his son also having a cut in the rake-off.

Edward J. Jeffries, Jr., was elected mayor on a clean-up platform. He took office under this burden. He immediately appointed Frank D. Eaman, one of Detroit's outstanding lawyers and a civic-minded citizen, as police commissioner, to clean house and reorganize the Police Department. Few men in our town have ever done a better task. After three years of night and day work Eaman retired and Jeffries appointed in his place John Witherspoon, another estimable citizen with a fine, honorable record, to take his place.

But, whereas Eaman had had long experience in police work through his early career as a prosecutor and on the Prison Parole Board and as Civil Service commissioner, Witherspoon was wholly devoid of such a background. He had been a tax expert in the corporation counsel's office and knew little about police routine.

Incipient disturbances began breaking out. People expressed fear of possible rioting. Kenneth McCormick, Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter of the *Detroit Free Press*, was sent over to ask Commissioner Witherspoon what was being done to meet a flare-up; also, what was being done to prevent one.

Witherspoon assured McCormick that the police had everything in hand. If trouble started the state police and the United States troops at Fort Custer and Fort Wayne would be rushed here "in forty-five minutes."

"And what is being done to make sure that such action will not be necessary?" asked McCormick.

"Oh," was the gist of the reply, "we are handling the situation with kid gloves. Our policy is to avoid trouble. Some of our policemen have to take a lot of abuse from these hoodlums, but it is better than precipitating trouble."

I think John Witherspoon was honestly wrong. He did not know the hoodlum mind. He did not realize that the street-corner loafer knows only the force of the law and its reason. The policemen on the beats had to treat the loafers—white and black—"with kid gloves."

As a veteran inspector explained it to me, "Once a policeman lets a hoodlum get away with anything, his contempt for that policeman increases and the next time he goes still further."

Mayor Jeffries had a campaign on his hands for re-election. He

was apparently hopeful that all trouble could be avoided until the votes were in. That is only my conjecture. Hindsight is far wiser than foresight. It's easy to tell the manager after the game is lost why it was lost.

On the Sunday night of June 20, with vast crowds of both Negroes and whites escaping the sultry heat on Belle Isle, the explosion came—as most of the older officers predicted it would.

Then it was discovered that “arrangements” had not been really made to get the troops here in forty-five minutes. United States Army troops cannot just be “borrowed” by a municipality to stop local disturbances. An order had to come from the commander in chief, the President of the United States. Before the troops moved in at eleven o'clock Monday night thirty-five were dead and the hospitals were filled with injured.

There was no trouble after that.

There has never been any since.

There was never any trouble before.

And here is the significant thing that the army of sociologists overlook in their studies of Detroit: Not one factory's routine was upset by the rioting. Negroes and white workers maintained their schedules. When work shifts came they helped one another home. Here was a comradeship that refutes all the wild yarns about any general feud.

Right in the heart of the Negro section stands the Ebenezer African M. E. Church, one of the largest in America. It has a congregation of around 5,000. Not one member of that group was ever molested, injured or arrested.

Never before were the decent white and colored citizens of our town so closely united. Our riot was a by-product of the war and war production. It was not made in Detroit.

As a result of it, however, under the guidance of James K. Watkins there has been organized an interracial group of splendid citizens. They are doing a magnificent work in creating mutual understanding.

In one of these meetings I delivered an address to the colored people, dwelling on my experience with Dr. George Washington Carver. But I went beyond him. I told of my long friendship with Bert Williams, the greatest pantomime artist the American stage

has ever known and one of our finest actors. Each year when he came here with the Ziegfeld *Follies* we gave him a wild duck dinner in the basement of Louis Schneider's saloon on Woodward Avenue. We gave it there because Bert liked wild duck and Louie Schneider could always get the ducks for us—without too many legal technicalities. Bert was stricken here while playing at the Garrick Theater and died on his arrival in New York.

Bert understood the problem of his people. He called it "the peculiarly American phenomenon." He was more than just an actor. He was a scholar and a philosopher.

"I agree with Booker T. Washington," he said, "that my people have got to earn respect; they cannot demand it."

He did not regret his Negro blood. He was very proud of the fact that his people had advanced so far against such adversities in less than three generations from slavery. Williams had dramatic talents equal to those of Paul Robeson, but he confined himself to comedy. Prejudices even then were still too strong to permit him to stand on his own as a tragedian.

That achievement was left for Ethel Waters by her performance of stark tragedy in *Mamba's Daughters*. It won for her the acclaim of Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell as our greatest dramatic actress. And just the year before she was bringing down the house with comedy songs, playing the clown.

Williams stuck to comedy because, as he said, the people had an idea the Negro was only made for laughing purposes. "So," he added, "I make them laugh. But someday my people will be respected for the God-given talents they have in their own fields of endeavor. I'm not discouraged. My people have traveled a long, long way from the slave-ship chains and the whip of the cotton fields. Their biggest danger is false leadership which exploits them. The best friend a Negro can have is one who does not make him feel sorry for himself."

And then—a far cry from God-inspired George Washington Carver—is our own home-town boy, Joe Louis, who came out of the slum areas of Detroit to win the championship in the *Free Press* Golden Glove boxing tournaments.

I think Joe Louis has done more for his people than all the agitators for their rights I have ever heard of or read about.

By no stretch of the imagination could prize fighting be considered an uplifting or cultural activity. Joe himself was sent to the school for backward children because of his slowness in getting his lessons. There, his report card read, he was "capable with his hands."

But even in this prize-fight business the Negro was barred when it came to the heavyweight class. It was decreed that to have a Negro heavyweight champ would be "bad public policy."

Then along came quiet Joe.

He stands today, alone, in the lowest of the big sports.

There has never been the slightest hint of any scandal in connection with any of his fights—which alone makes him unique. He has never struck a foul blow. He has never complained at any time of being the victim of foul blows, although many have been rained upon him. His name has never been associated in any way with any of the talk of shady deals which always haunt prize-fight activities. No other heavyweight has been so sportsmanlike and decent in the ring.

This black man, who once picked cotton in the fields of Alabama and came to Detroit as a child of the slums, has actually uplifted the sport in which he has been the only consistent champion—never having refused to accept any challenge.

When the Associated Press flashed from Chicago the fact that his wife was suing him for divorce, Eddie Edgar of the *Free Press* sports staff hunted him up to ask him about it.

"Please don't fool me," pleaded the worried colored lad. "This is serious—to me. I never heard of such a thing."

"I'm not fooling, Joe," said Edgar. "Here is the AP report."

"I don't know nuthin' about it a'tall," sighed Joe. "But, please, sir, if you put anything about it in the paper, will you *please* say that whatever she says is right? I wouldn't want to hurt her."

Before his fight with Tony Galento, the "beer-barrel boy" made a swipe at Joe while they were weighing in. This is part of an old ring technique, the idea being to frighten the opponent. Joe moved his head back dreamily to miss the punch by a fraction of an inch.

"Whaz'za matter, bum?" bellowed Tony. "Are yuh afraid?"

✓ "I do my fighting in the ring," said Joe.

As far as I have ever been able to find out, Joe Louis never struck

a blow at anybody in his whole life without boxing gloves on his hands.

His quiet, modest way has won him the admiration of the fight fans and the deep affection of the United States Army, which he joined gladly as soon as the call came and thereby set an example for a lot of other high-priced athletes.

“We can’t lose this war,” he said at a bond rally, “because we are on God’s side.”

Nobody wrote that for him or told him to say it. He didn’t even know he was to be called on.

The great Dr. Carver, I told the colored people of Detroit, and your actresses and singers and musicians, and all the rest of you who are doing worthy things, down to lowly Joe, are setting the example. “That is the way to win your fight. You can’t all be great scientists or great dramatic stars or great composers or singers. You can’t—and perhaps do not want to be—great fighters like Joe Louis. But you can emulate them by proving your worth in the same modest way that they have. None of us in America, white or black, can demand respect. It is the one thing that money will not buy nor position grant to any of us. It must be earned.”

OUR ALL-AMERICAN TEAM

THE clubhouse of St. Andrews Scottish Society stands on East Congress, once one of our more aristocratic neighborhoods. The sons of auld Scotia are getting ready to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the club's beginnings in Detroit.

About a half dozen blocks farther north, on East Grand River, is the Harmonie Singing Society, one of the oldest German organizations of its kind in America. It, too, is laying plans to celebrate its centennial.

In order for you to understand the tale I am about to tell, I must explain that I am an enthusiastic member of both these organizations—not that I can play the bagpipes or sing, I assure you.

During the early part of the war I received notice from St. Andrews that at the annual banquet on the night of December 4, 1939, I would have conferred on me a life membership and be called on to make a speech.

I was justifiably proud of that honor. While bowling at Harmonie I told some of my companions about it. They were members of Harmonie's Chorus which has been delighting Detroit audiences for ninety-seven years.

"Now, that's fine," said Harmonie President Bill Hoffmann. "Let us do the neighborly thing. That's the night we hold choir practice. When we are through we will walk over there in a body and give them some songs as a compliment to you."

Then I was in a quandary.

While the war-service stars were as thick on the shield of Harmonie as they were at St. Andrews, and both clubs were made up of fine patriotic Americans, there was—after all—a war on. Right at that time the Nazi Luftwaffe was doing its best to pound Scotland to pieces. Older members of St. Andrews had brothers and sisters

and younger men had mothers and fathers right in the path of the aerial hell that was blowing over their land.

"It's a grand thing, Bill," I said, "not just for me, but for the city. But how will the Scots take it?"

"We are all Americans," said Bill simply.

I hunted up Richard MacRae, President of St. Andrews, and explained to him what the singers of Harmonie wanted to do. He nearly swallowed his pipe.

"Malcolm," he gasped, "ye ken the difficulties? I'm for it! A grand thing! But there are lads here whose ain folk are being killed this very minute. I'm for it, but I hae me doots. But, I'll ask. That I will! I'll ask."

The directors of St. Andrews met and pondered the question. They were all in favor of it—but what would the others say? At last they agreed that it was "the richt course."

I notified the Harmonie lads of the decision.

The great night came. The St. Andrews drill corps piped in the haggis in their green plaid kilts. The "toast to the haggis" was given as spoken for a thousand years. And then at a given signal the great doors were flung open and the Harmonie Chorus marched in. To most of those who filled the big hall it was a surprise.

I was proud of my American friends of German ancestry. They were mostly the sons of men who so loved human liberty that they had fought the revolution in Germany in '48 and had fled to America for their lives.

In perfect step they marched upon the stage—seventy of them. At a signal from their director the roar of their voices shook the rafters. They were singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." The kilted Scots and their lasses joined. The pipes took up the national anthem but—I swear it—for the first time in history the pipes were drowned out.

Then the Harmonie songsters sang the old Scottish favorite so close to the heart of all men of the heather, "Annie Laurie." There followed, with all its poignant exaltation, the beloved old German folk song, "Silent Night," in German.

The last notes and the applause had scarcely died away when they broke forth with the song written by the little man who was once a Jewish singing waiter in "Nigger Mike's" restaurant in East Side

New York: Irving Berlin. Yes, it was "God Bless America." To me it was never sung with such power and glory.

With a wave of their hands as a salute, my Harmonie friends marched out into the winter night while the Scots wiped away their tears and blew their noses. "'Twas a braw bricht nicht for a?'"

It is in this manner that old Detroit, the backbone of our ancient community, has solved its social problems concerning those who came here in the long ago as "furriners."

Detroit has been a melting pot for almost two and a half centuries. When first they came here we had Dutch Town, meaning the vast east side German settlement and Cork Town, home of the Irish on the west side. And, of course, there were the French and the Belgian and the Hungarian and the Italian and other "towns."

But, except for the newcomers of the last generation, these are all gone now. They gather from all over the city and its environs for various meetings but the sentiment is for their fathers and mothers and their forebears rather than any national ties.

I know one fine Irish citizen born in Cork Town whose mother and father were born in Dublin. He married an east side German girl whose parents were born in Munich. One of his two sons married a French girl, another married a Belgian and his daughter married an Italian. And their children are reaching an age when they will soon be seeking mates. That is Detroit and that is the greater part of America.

The Cork Town and Dutch Town and the other "towns" that we knew in our childhood have vanished for three reasons:

One—Youngsters born in these areas wanted to be completely American. As they grew up and married they moved out into newer neighborhoods.

Two—The automobile made it possible for them to get out to what was at first looked on as "the country." It was said for the motorcar that its development would prevent the growth of crowded tenement areas.

Three—In an automotive industry which dominates the community everybody is taught a horror of obsolescence. Change, change, change, is the order of the day.

In a city where every boy can take a jalopy apart and put it together again and have it running better than it did before with

parts gathered from the junk yards, nothing is static. Every citizen knows that to avoid obsolescence the great motor companies junk millions on millions of dollars' worth of machinery to put in new equipment every year. Competition makes this necessary to maintain the markets of the world.

It is that readiness to toss away old and outmoded techniques for the establishment of the new and more efficient methods, that adaptability to meet every change, which gives Detroit its savor. It is reflected in the manners and habits of our people.

But, while the automobile and the desire for change and improvement took the people out into the ever-growing periphery of our municipality, this very movement left the large spots we call our "blighted areas."

In the last three decades we've been too busy fighting wars and depressions ever to have time to settle down and meet these problems. But nobody needs to worry. This old town has the vision and the courage and the "know-how" and the money. We plan again to win the right to that once famous slogan, "Detroit, the City Beautiful."

I may be wrong—I have not checked—but offhand I do not know of a single Irish family now living in old Cork Town. Holy Trinity of tender memories now has Mexicans and Maltese mostly as its communicants.

Yet there was a time when Cork Town was so completely Irish that all others were looked upon as "furrin." Take the case of the riot on a St. Patrick's day in the nineties.

The Detroit Citizens Street Railway Company had decided in a mad moment of generosity to give all its horsecars a coat of paint. For no special reason the manager of the lines picked yellow. And without anyone giving it a thought these newly coated, bright, shiny cars wobbled down the streets on the morning of March 17.

Now the Baker Street line went through the heart of Cork Town, right past Holy Trinity. The first car never got to its west-end destination. The Irish lads figured it was a studied insult. They tipped the car over and chased the driver out of town. They did the same with every other car that was newly painted and every other driver that tried to make the run.

The next day the management apologized. For years after all Baker Street cars were painted green!

So completely Irish was the section that at the last big St. Patrick's night rally of the old clan before the war their children and their grandchildren at the Book-Cadillac Hotel insisted that the song of Dick Lynch had to be sung again. Dick was the town's best beloved troubadour. For many years he was on the Keith Vaudeville circuit with his skit, *More Sinned Against Than Usual*. The song belongs here, but don't try to sing it.

The bell of old Trinity, what a sweet sound to me!
Every time I hear it there's a bend in my knee;
We didn't have chimes for our purses were lean,
But we had faith in God and faith in the Dean.

The Clancys, the Foleys, Mulcaheys and Hines,
The Hogans, the Grogans, the Mahers and Ryans,
The Dumphys, the Murphys, O'Briens and McGuires,
O'Fallons, the Scallens, Caseys, Dwyers,

The Mooneys, the Rooneys, Hollerans, Flynnns,
The Bradys, O'Gradys, McKennas and Glynns,
O'Donnells, O'Connells, McShanes and McGurks,
Shaunnessys, Hennessys, Callahans and Burkes,

The Gavins, the Navins, the Nolans and Hoyles,
Flahertys, Slatterys, Duceys and Doyles,
The Rileys, the Kileys, Cassidys, Lanes,
O'Haras, O'Maras, Corbetts, Lennanes,

Monaghans, Sullivans, Connellys, Breens,
Finnegans, Flanagans, Downeys, Dineens,
The Dillons, the Killens, O'Keefes and McMahan,
Ratigans, Hadigans, Hales and McGann,

The Dooleys, the Hooleys, Bucks and O'Learys,
Shanahans, Trinders, Russells and Carys,
Harrigans, Carrigans, Henegans, Carrolls,
The Howleys, the Crowleys, the Tierneys and Farrells,

The Collins, the Follins, Coughlins and Lees,
 O'Days, the O'Sheas, Mulqueens, Melodys,
 The Leahys, the Sheehys, the Crowes and the Dorkins,
 The Dorans, the Morans, the Garveys and Corcorans,

The Houlihans, Kellys, Kehoes and Dees,
 The Geoghans, O'Reagans, the Sweeneys and Fees,
 The Kennedys, Condons, the Gormans and Quinns,
 The Brenans, the Barlums, Thompsons and Finns,

The Devlins, the Shevlins, the Galvans, McGraws,
 The Sheehans, the Meehans, Horrigans, Shaws,
 Delaneys, Dohaneys, Maloneys and Burns,
 The Hennans, the Kennans, Considines, Currans,

The Donlins, Conlins, Falveys and Downs,
 The Laheys, the Faheys, the Conways and Cowans,
 Gallaghers, Mulligans, Dunnes and Longs,
 Moriartys, Dohertys, Mulvaney's, O'Toole,
 Were pupils attending Old Trinity School.

A great many of them,
 As you know, passed away;
 But we reverence their memory
 On their Patron Saint's Day.

Each day of the year
 When the bell tolls,
 Just say a few prayers
 For the repose of their souls.

The Irish have become jelled in the alembic of our community. They are leaders with the Germans, Italians, French, Belgians, Jews and other races and nationalities in our industrial, financial, social and political life.

And, at last, our Polish population is merging into the setting. A little while ago Arthur Koscincki, fine lawyer, was made a member of the Federal bench here.

I think the Polish people have been handicapped by difficulties on the part of other nationalities in pronouncing their names. An understandable family pride and the glory of their ancient tradition make them hesitate to Americanize these names. They are a proud and sensitive people.

I have argued with them that Joseph Conrad was also passionately proud of his Polish origin. But he knew that he could not become a popular author of sea tales for Anglo-Saxon readers under his Polish name of Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski. I have pointed out that there is hardly an English, French, German or Italian name which has not been Anglicized or Americanized.

One who protested against this campaign of mine was Eugene Zdrojewski. I found out that "Zdroj" in Polish means "Brook." I suggested to him that someday his son or grandson might have a fine chance in this free America of becoming President. The people could easily chant, "We want Brook, we want Brook." But it would be difficult to imagine a great Chicago convention of delegates—made up of Irish, Scottish, German, Italian, French, Belgian, Dutch and other racial strains—howling in their enthusiasm, "We want Zdrojewski." They might, with passionate desire, want Mr. Zdrojewski. But they could not shout it in the universal American tongue as they did for Roosevelt. And the first Roosevelt to arrive on these shores was Claas Martenszen van Rosenvelt—literally a Mr. Martenszen from a place called Rosenvelt in Holland.

Such old colonial American names as Gillet, Lambert, Collins, Lewis, Lawrence were all originally French and therefore unpronounceable to the other colonials.

But, difficult names or not, the Poles are coming into their own and are making a splendid contribution to our Detroit citizenship. None fought better for America in the war. Battling for human liberty is their finest and oldest tradition.

We are all Americans and will remain Americans. Our children and our children's children will be Americans. Slowly out of time and purpose there will evolve a common language, a common tradition and a common understanding for all of us.

AND IN CONCLUSION, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN—

WE ARE told that this new atomic age, just around the corner, will change life on earth in the next fifty years more than it has ever been changed since the days of Ruth in the fields of Boaz.

If this be true, then our Detroit of today will look to our grandchildren fifty years from now as we today look on Babylon, Nineveh, Carthage, Rome—places that once were, of which traces are still left, but which are not understandable.

Time and space being eliminated and a “fourth dimension” established, we will have a world government. The whole human race will attend gatherings not unlike the old New England town-hall meetings.

I am willing to believe this. What I have seen happen in the past fifty years adds tremendously to my gullibility. We will all have astral bodies and, like the daring young man on the flying trapeze, we will float through the air with the greatest of ease.

It is much easier to believe the predictions of what life is to be like in 1996 than it was for us back in 1896 to believe what life would be in 1946. People still used the wooden washtubs for bathing purposes—and then on Saturday nights only.

The newspapers always referred to a prostitute as “a painted woman.” This was because the generally accepted dictum was that only women of uneasy virtue used rouge and lipstick. It was one of the reasons for the church’s antagonism to the stage. Actresses painted their faces so as not to look like cadavers from behind the gas-lighted footlights.

When these Welsbach gas mantles came in, my old man insisted they were a fad and that sensible people should stick to the kero-

sene lamp. When the electric light came in, all chandeliers were made for both gas and electricity because it was believed that the electric light would never be a complete success.

It was like this in the Detroit that I first knew.

We got our water from a penstock in the front yard. Toilets were at the far end of the back yard, by the alley. Sanitation was looked upon as interference with God's laws, just as some people now claim that atomic energy is a violation of God's speed ordinance. Smallpox was generally accepted as a plague sent by God to punish us. The "pesthouse" was on Hamilton, where the vast municipally owned Herman Kiefer Hospital for contagious diseases now stands. We always held our breaths within a mile of the place for fear of becoming contaminated.

Bread from the grocer usually smelled of kerosene. When a municipal ordinance was finally passed—after a bitter fight—to make grocers keep their lighting fluid in a shed away from the store, the action was looked on as an infringement of the proprietor's constitutional right to run his business as he pleased because he owned it.

Few foods were ever wrapped. The stuff was displayed in open barrels and boxes for us kids to play in with our dirty hands. The grocers had to shoo the flies off it before digging out a scoopful.

Fruits and vegetables were seasonal. You could buy them fresh in the summer but they were canned or dried in the winter. "Calorie" was a term used in physics concerning heat units and was not associated with food. Vitamins were unknown.

Women's skirts dragged on the ground, gathering all the dirt and germs of the street. It was axiomatic that the shorter a woman wore her skirts around her buttoned high shoes, the less virtue she had. A woman who did not wear a bustle was considered a low creature without sense of shame. The size of her posterior annex was an index to her social rating. Corsets were steel girders which made breathing difficult and smelling salts a necessity.

We had one high school, the old state capitol, after the capital was moved to Lansing. Only the children of the upper classes attended it. It was felt that it was dangerous to give the masses too much knowledge—Lincoln was applauded for never having been handicapped by a college education.

A sign of wealth was to have a telephone in your residence.

Neighborhood drugstores supplied the need, which was only that of emergencies. You rode on a horsecar or walked unless you had money and could afford a horse and buggy. Workers put in twelve hours a day six days a week. Most people had one decent suit which was saved for Sunday.

The children of the present age know nothing of what we of the pre-gasoline-combustion-engine days suffered. We went to bed by the light of a candle or in darkness and climbed into ice-cold beds to warm ourselves with the heat of our own bodies. Our pleasures were few and simple. Once a year we saw a magic-lantern show with colored slides—if we had been good boys and had gone regularly to Sunday school. Today our grandchildren complain that a talking motion-picture show is “lousy” if the technicolor is not perfect and if the story not sufficiently subtle and sophisticated to meet their standards.

We used to go down to Wonderland and put pennies into a machine that “actually talked.” By sticking two dirty knobs deep within our ears we could hear “After the Ball,” the “Ravings of John McCullough” or the last words of some murderer just before he was hanged in Chicago. We liked that record best because there was a clicking at the finish which gave us an idea it was the noise of the trap being sprung.

The tempo of life is accelerating so rapidly that perhaps in another half century this volume of reminiscences of the Detroit of my time will have no more meaning for the generation of that day than has the Code of Hammurabi for us.

So, before the atomic age gallops into being, let me go on record as saying that while the last fifty years have been a strenuous existence, they have not been without their triumphs and pleasures. Hard as we have fought and labored, we never forgot how to laugh. If the archeologists of 1996 think we did, let them go over to the head of Belle Isle and ponder on Jim Scott's statue, tucked away in a wall of dancing waters.

What the Detroit of fifty years from now will be we do not know. But one thing is certain: it will be dynamic. It is a destiny we cannot escape. The lads from the machine shops and the designing boards, the laboratories and the assembly lines will take the atom in their stride. They have the “know-how.”



